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THE NEW OLYMPIAN GAMES

BY

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WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

IT seemed a hazardous experiment to institute a series of international athletic contests under the name of Olympic Games. The sun of Homer, to be sure, still smiles upon Greece, and the vale of Olympia is still beautiful. But no magician's wand and no millionaire's money can ever charm back into material existence the setting in which the Olympic Games took place. It is only in *thought* that we can build again the imposing temples and porches, set up the thousands of statues, make the groves live again, bring back the artists, musicians, poets, philosophers, and historians, who came both to gaze and to contribute to the charm of the occasion. Never again will athletes move in such an athletic atmosphere, winning eternal glory in a few brief moments. The full moon of the summer evening with Pindar's music and wreaths upon the victor's brow belong to the days that are no more, to the childhood of the world free and joyous. We are those "upon whom the ends of the world are come."

Another race hath been and other palms are won.

For most of us life is serious, if not sad.

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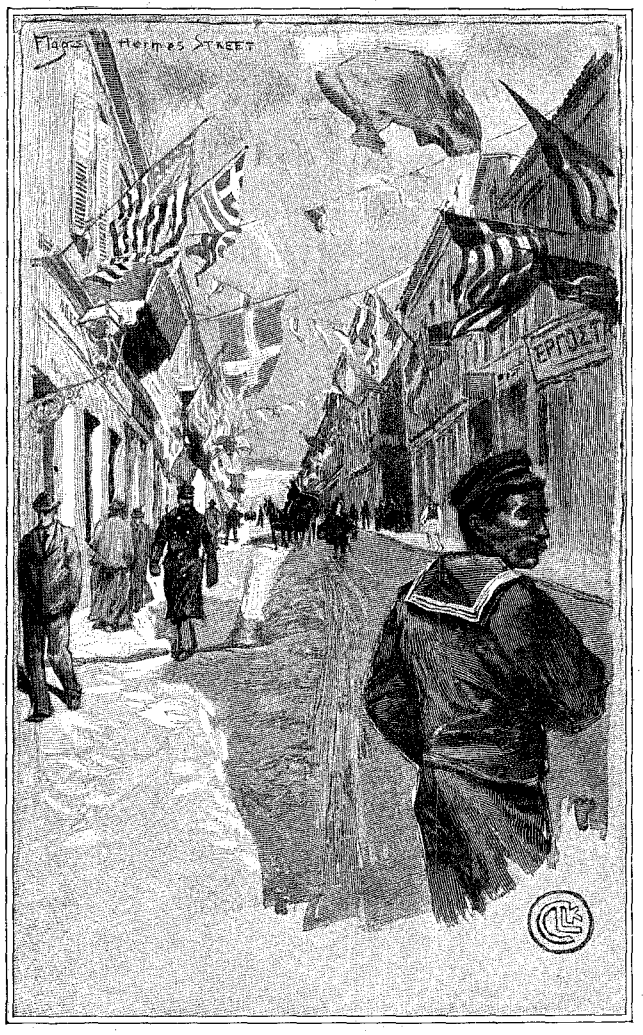

Typical Decorations in the city during the Games.

But although no athletic contest will ever have the splendor of Olympia, the experiment of international contests was not really hazardous. The athletic *habit* may be in a measure lost, as has been shown especially in Greece, but the athletic *instinct* never dies. Let a man try how far he can jump or throw a weight almost anywhere, in any civilized country, and for aught I know also among savages, and the unoccupied bystanders feel an irresistible impulse to join in an impromptu athletic contest. The desire to outleap, outrun, and outwrestle is just as strong now as it was when old Homer recorded: "A man has no greater glory as long as he lives than what he does with his hands and his feet." Clergymen and professors over fifty years old have been caught in summer-time in the North Woods, or elsewhere, showing more pride in a long jump than in their learning or their standing.

Back of Olympia, against which the philosopher Xenophanes protested, and back of the modern "athletic craze," so feared by some of the serious friends of the colleges, lies the athletic instinct, which has caused history thus to repeat itself. The International Committee was safe in appealing to this instinct, and the first contest at Athens has been a brilliant success.

If it did not have the old setting at Olympia, which was the growth of ages, all that could be done to replace this was provided. The restored Panathenaic Stadion; innumerable bands of music; concerts; illuminations at Athens and Peiræus; torchlight processions and fireworks; the presence of the royal family of Greece in the Stadion, accompanied by the King of Servia, the Grand Duke George of Russia, whose engagement to Princess Marie, the daughter of the King of Greece, was announced on the day before the opening of the games, and the widow of the late Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria with her two daughters; and, more than all, a maximum attendance of sixty thousand people, gave something to replace Olympia, and almost persuaded one that the old times had come around again when there was nothing more

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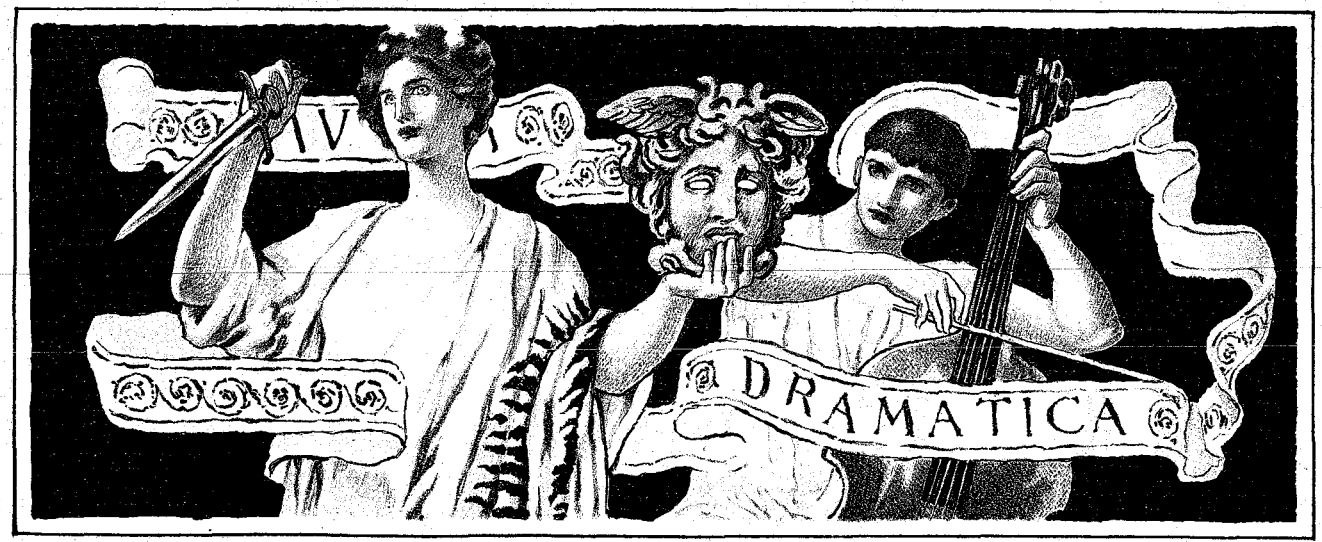

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serious to do than to outrun, outleap, and outwrestle.

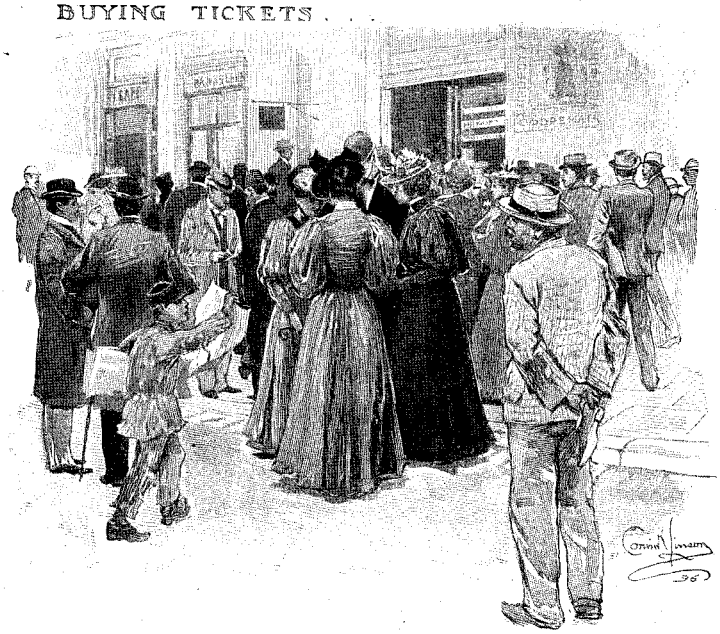
There were some intellectual accompaniments of the occasion. The "Antigone" of Sophokles was presented twice at Athens and once at the Peiræus, in the original text, with music for the choruses by Mr. Sakellarides, a Greek well versed in Byzantine music, who also with his fine voice and boundless enthusiasm officiated as chorus-leader. The newspapers, which for the most part represented a rival faction in music, had for some time made merriment at the idea of Sakellarides vying as a composer with Mendelssohn. For the first hour of the first presentation the theatre was in a hubbub, but Sophokles, who is always effective, silenced it. The music, which was somewhat uniform, achieved a triumph, in that some of the opposing faction confessed that it was not so bad as they had expected, which is a good deal for a musical partisan to say. The greatest wrong done to Sophokles was that the actors of the two leading *rôles*, Kleon and Antigone, put little soul into their parts, which made the play a disappointment to one who had seen "Antigone" presented at Vassar College in 1893. A fine opportunity was lost.

The dead also were not forgotten. A procession of native and foreign scholars marched past the Academy to Kolonos, and with appropriate ceremonies placed wreaths upon the somewhat neglected monuments of Karl Ottfried Müller and Charles Lenormont.

But the kernel of everything was the events of the Stadion. Here for a week everything centred. The wiles of the diplomats ceased. There was no call for "poring over miserable books." Bodily excellence, especially the power to gather all one's forces together for one supreme effort, came to the front. Almost anyone who had gifts of strength or skill had an opportunity to display them and to win generous applause. Young men full of the *gaudium certaminis* were the heroes of the hour.

An ancient Greek, had he come to life again, would have missed some of the events of his old games. The pancration, with its brutalities, was happily lacking. Even boxing was omitted. He might have asked with some reason why the pentathlon was not retained as a test of general athletic excellence. He would hardly have acquiesced in the substitution of the boat-races at Phaleron for the ancient chariot-races, and would doubtless have thought the pistol and rifle shooting a poor substitute for throwing the javelin. Probably he would have approved of the swimming-matches, and looked curiously at the fencing. But of all the additions to his old list of games he would have found lawn-tennis and bicycling most removed from ancient athletics. Considering, however, not the shades of ancient Greeks but the modern world, ought not the patrons of the contest to have persuaded Englishmen and Ameri-

BUYING TICKETS . . .



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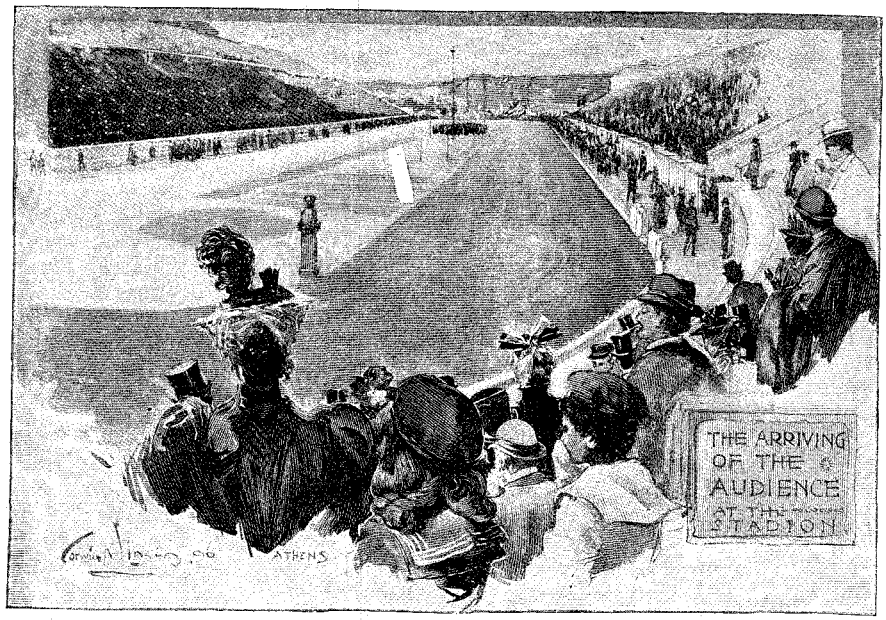

cans to add to the sports games of football and baseball?

It was a happy thought of the committee to bring the first contest to Greece, the mother of athletics. The visiting contestants were forced into contact with history, and their visit to Greece was an education. The Greek athletes, on the other hand, have received an impulse and a suggestion of higher standards than they had hitherto thought possible. In four years from now they will be among the foremost contestants for athletic honors. The effect will be good on both sides.

Of course it must be conceded that the success achieved at Athens might have been even more brilliant at Paris or New York, but who knows? Two circumstances were adverse to Athens: First, it is a small city of only 130,000 inhabitants, and some of its best citizens felt that a wrong was being done to it in thrusting upon it the burden of an honor to which it was inadequate, and that foreigners would simply come to "see the nakedness of the land." But in spite of the shortness of the time allowed for preparation, Athens responded nobly to the call, and put the doubters to shame. It was, however, chiefly George Averoff, who, by furnishing the money to restore the old Panathenaic Stadion, contributed to this success. The visitors are unanimous in their praise of the adequate and warm hospitality afforded them by the Athenian people.

The other difficulty was the season of the year, and this difficulty proved in a measure irremediable. The time was prescribed within somewhat narrow limits. Summer was excluded on account of heat, and winter on account of certain bad weather. October was a possibility, but some time in the spring was the natural time if Greece was to be the place. Perhaps a mistake was made in choosing a date a few weeks earlier than was necessary. But even the first part of May would hardly have obviated the difficulty, which excluded, for example, the New York Athletic Club, viz., that it was impossible for the members to get into good form for track athletics, and take the field in a country so distant as Greece so early in the year. The same feeling was expressed by the Germans, who did come. This consideration, to say nothing of some incipient national jealousies, lessened somewhat the number of contestants from several countries. England notably was not well represented.

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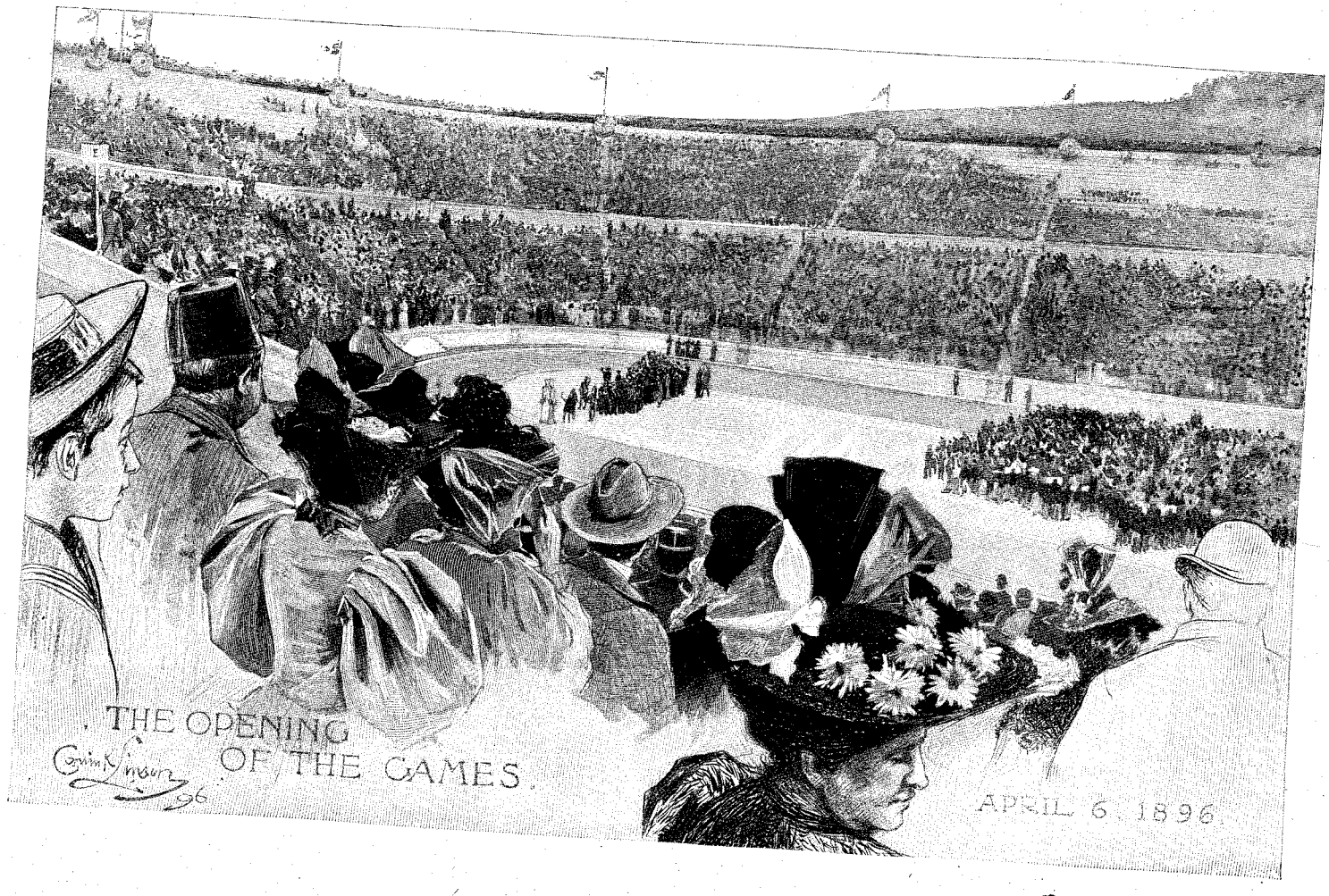

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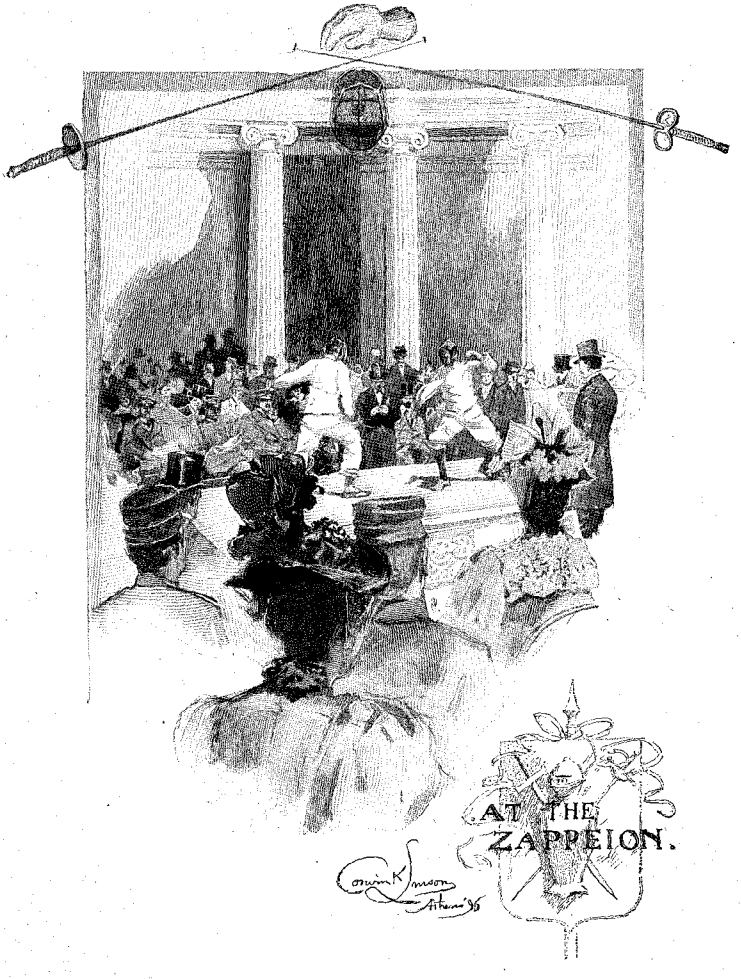
For America the time was particularly unfavorable, as it practically excluded college athletes, for whom a visit to Greece was greatly to be desired as an educational stimulus. It was almost impossible for students, especially seniors approaching graduation, to secure leave of absence at this time of the year. Princeton alone of the colleges, perhaps largely through the influence of Professor Sloane, who has been interested in the enterprise from its inception, sent a direct representation of four men: Robert Garrett, Jr., Captain, H. B. Jamison, F. A. Lane, and A. C. Tyler. The Boston Athletic Association sent a delegation composed of Arthur Blake, T. E. Burke, E. H. Clarke, T. P. Curtis, and W. W. Hoyt. J. B. Connolly, of the Suffolk Athletic Club, accompanied them. Blake, Clark, Hoyt, and Connolly were members of Harvard University, which was thus indirectly represented. In the same way Burke represented Boston University, and Curtis represented the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Columbia College. Thus the athletes who represented America in the Stadion were all college men, making for America a fair and genuine representation. Greece will not soon forget this frank response from so remote a land. In spite of the poor representation of England and the total defection of Italy, Russia, and Turkey, the games took on a fairly international character.

There was also a danger that in the first part of April there might be bad weather. In the first days of May there was certainty of good weather. Still, even in April one might count the danger as slight. But this year the worst that could be expected actually happened. The multitude present at the unveiling of the statue of Averoff at the entrance to the Stadion, on Sunday, the day before the opening of the games, was drenched by a heavy, persistent rain. Clouds also hung heavy and dark over the Stadion all the afternoon of Monday, in spite of which, however, the games went on without interruption. Wednesday was the coldest day since February, and is likely to have caused much illness in connection with the bicycle races and the lawn-tennis tournament, since a cutting



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north wind swept over the plain of Phaleron where those contests were held. On Thursday, April 9th, the spite of the elements appeared most conspicuously. Pentelicus was covered with snow nearly down to its base, an event probably unparalleled in the weather record for this time of the year. On the following Monday the boat-races at Phaleron were postponed, and ultimately given up, on account of a steady gale from the south, and the crew of the San Francisco lost their chance in the races, as they had to leave the Peiræus the next morning. The distribution of the prizes, which was to take place on the following day, was prevented by a rain like that of Easter. The crowd dispersed after an hour of fruitless waiting under umbrellas. All this more than justified the forebodings of the King, who remarked, when he heard of the time proposed for the games, that we often had bad weather about Independence day; and sent the visitors away with the false impression that Greece did not have much advantage over more northern countries in its spring weather.

T. B. CONNOLLY, Suffolk A. C., U. S. A.
The first man to win a final, on the opening day (triple jump, 45 feet).

For Greece the time was in one way conspicuously, brilliantly opportune. Sunday, April 5th, was the Greek Easter, which on this year coincided with the European Easter. This was as usual celebrated with pomp and noise like our Fourth of July, the law prohibiting the sale of large torpedoes being in abeyance on that day. The next day, the opening day of the games, was the anniversary of Greek Independence, when all the army is wont to appear in fine array. This made a congeries of holidays almost bewildering to one wishing to be quite sure what he was celebrating, and gave to the period of Easter a character befitting the name given it by the Greeks, "Lambri," the brilliant. Easter itself was made the proagon to the games by the unveiling of the statue of Averoff.

The attendance in the Stadion, in spite of cold weather, ran up to 35,000 on the first day. It was somewhat less on subsequent days until Friday, the last great day, when the Stadion was filled to its utmost capacity, *i.e.*, with 50,000 people. But outside and above the enclosing wall of the Stadion, especially on the west side, where the hill runs up much higher than this wall, were congregated from seven to ten thousand more, poor people, a sea of down-turned faces, reminding one of those old Athenians who, not getting into the theatre, contented themselves with "the view from the poplar." Many more stood outside the entrance to the Stadion, just across the Ilissos, on ground even lower than the floor of the Stadion, where they could see nothing of what was going on inside, but could only catch something of the spirit of the occasion from proximity. On Friday probably nearly one hundred thousand people were massed in and about the Stadion, besides which the whole road to Marathon was lined with spectators.

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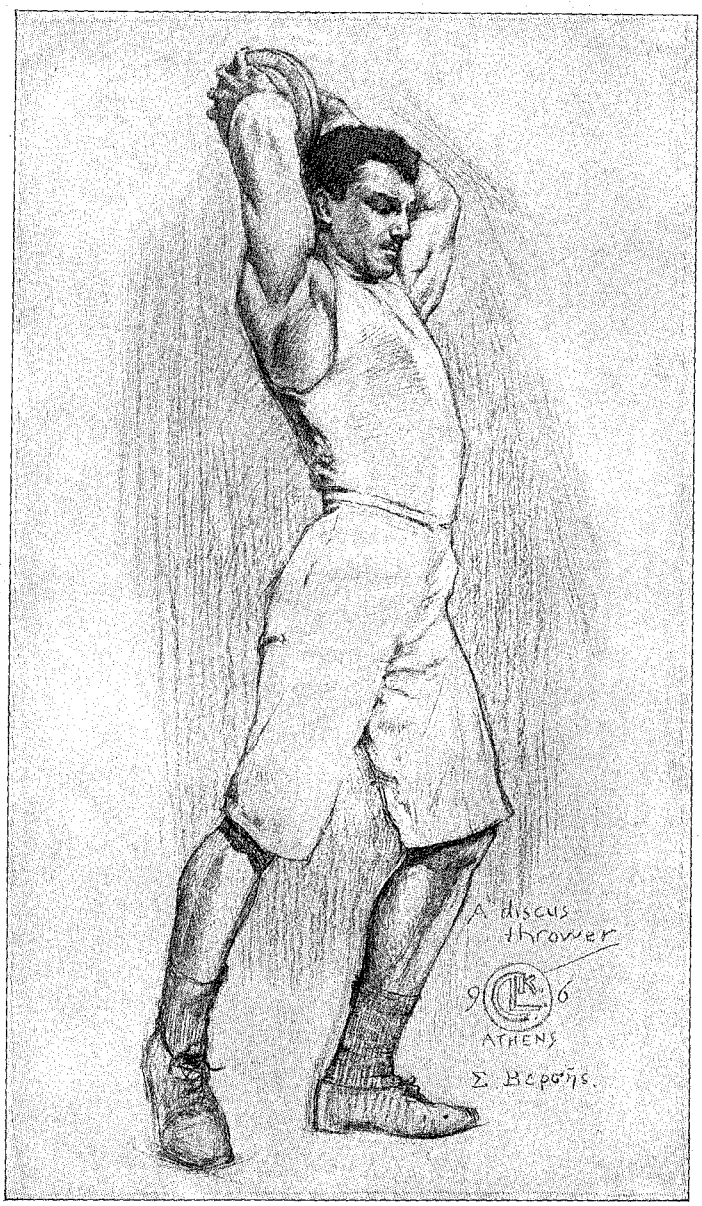
Entrance to the Stadion was, according to our ideas, cheap enough, being two drachmas for the lower half and one for the upper. The drachma, which at par is a franc, owing to the depreciated currency of poor Greece, has now a value of only about twelve cents. It is significant of the *res augusta domi* in Greece that the newspapers made an appeal to the committee during the games to reduce the price of admission by one-half, on the ground that heads of families could not afford to pay such prices. The reduction, it was claimed, would fill the Stadion, and the committee was reminded that the object of the games was not to make money, but to have a joyous festival for all. Yawning chasms of seats were indeed repellant. There was absolute safety if every seat was filled. Nothing could give way and cause a panic, inasmuch as the seats of Peiræus stone, wood, and marble were but a lining of the solid hillside beneath. But no reduction was made, and when the interest was strong enough the Stadion was filled without it.



The forty thousand or more people who were present at the opening were enough to stir that deep feeling caused by the presence of a multitude, the feeling which made Xerxes weep at the Hellespont. When King George entered with his family, and walked the length of the Stadion, accompanied all the way by the acclamations of this mass, he is said to have declared his emotion to have been so great that he could with difficulty compose himself for the great historic act of reopening the Olympic Games after they had remained in abeyance for fifteen centuries.

S. BERSES, ONE OF THE GREEK

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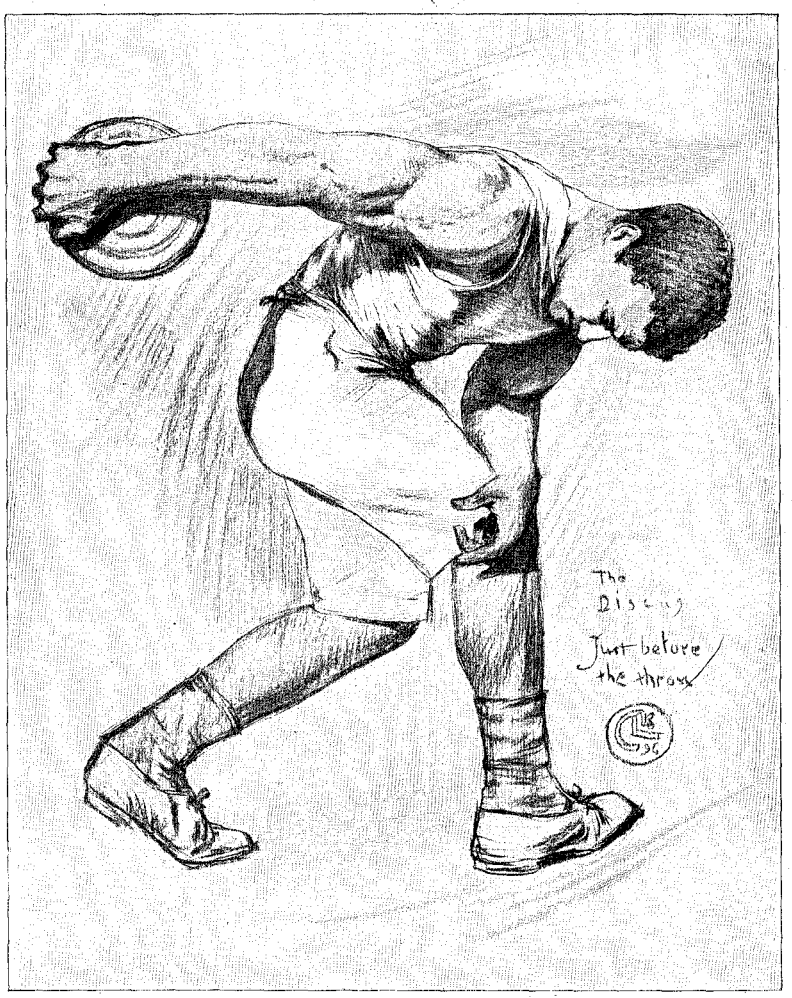
The audience, like the athletes, was cosmopolitan. All the tongues of Europe were heard. But all the foreigners together amounted to only a few thousands. At least nineteen-twentieths of the mass were Greeks. For the reason that the greater part of the events of the Stadion were won by foreigners the enthusiasm, which on such occasions is more important than mere numbers or even sharpness of competition, was during much of the time somewhat lacking. The applause was generous, but not wild.

While at Olympia a mass of fellow-townsmen watched each contestant with the keenest interest, in the Athenian Stadion, even if the crowd had been tolerably evenly apportioned according to the nationalities of the contestants, it is doubtful whether the intensity of feeling between Frenchman and German, or Englishman and Greek, could have equalled that which was evoked at Olympia between Dorian and Ionian. Indeed the closer the tie and the more intimate the acquaintance the sharper often was the rivalry. A Mantinean could more easily endure defeat at the hands of an Athenian or a Locrian than at the hands of a neighbor from Tegea who might cross his path any day.

In the games at Athens the generous national rivalry was acknowledged by the displaying, after each event, of the flag of the victor's country on a pole erected at the entrance to the Stadion.



ATHLETES, THROWING THE DISCUS.

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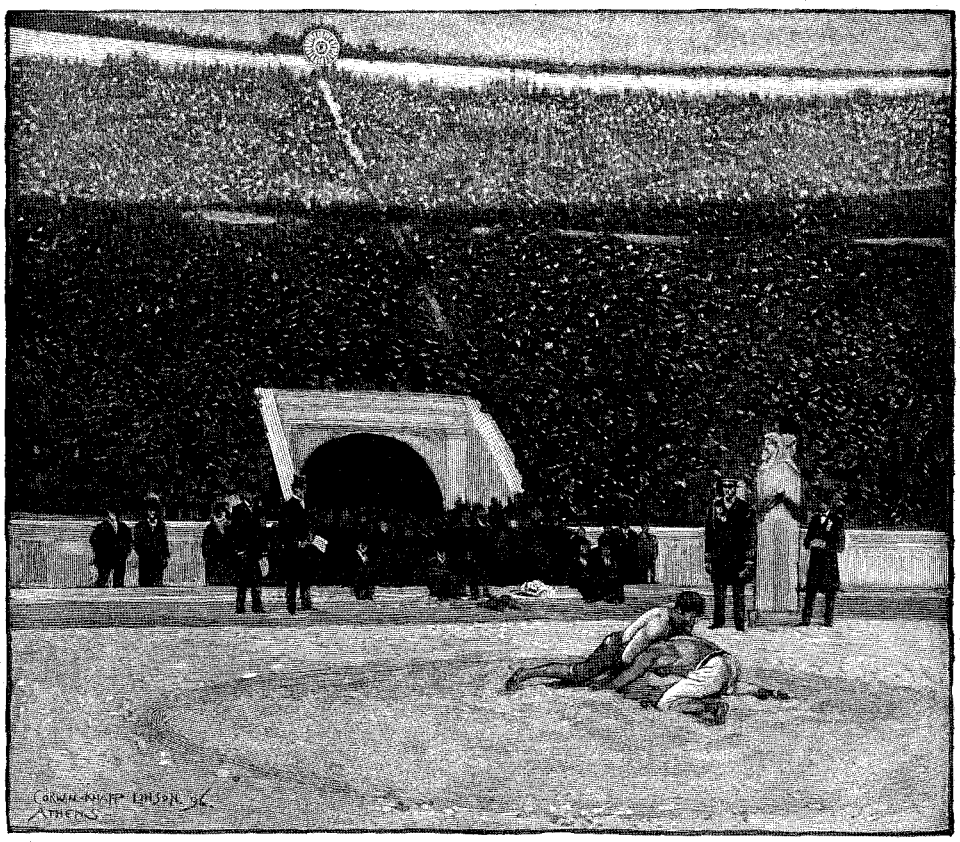

THE WRESTLING CONTEST. (Friday, late afternoon.)

Our own country became conspicuous at the outset. On Monday, in the first contest of the games, Lane, of Princeton, won the first heat in the 100 metre race. This seemed almost glory enough for one day; but Burke and Curtis proceeded to win the other two heats also. Next came the triple jump, which was won by Connolly, and the first flag that was run up was ours. After the intervention of another event, in which no American was entered, came the throwing of the discus, in which Garrett beat the Greeks at what was regarded as their own game, and again the American flag went up. Next came the 400 metre race, in which both heats were taken by Americans—Jamison and Burke. In the five contests of the day, then, the Americans had won the only two that were decided, and in two of the others they had won all the heats. It is no wonder that the victories of the Americans became the talk of the town. The Hungarians, who alone of all the athletes wore a distinctive mark on the street—straw-hats with uniform bands—had scored the first point in the favor of the populace by stepping forward and depositing a wreath at the foot of the Averoff statue at the unveiling. And they remained popular all through the festival. But now they were relegated to the second place. The American athletes were the heroes of the hour. They were lionized and followed by enthusiastic crowds wherever they went at evening. One paper accounted for their prowess by the consideration that in their composite blood "they joined to the inherited athletic training of the Anglo-Saxon the wild impetuosity of the red-skin." Even the Australian, who, on the second day won the 1,500 metre race, was set down as one of us. An educated Greek, whose notions of geography being derived from school-

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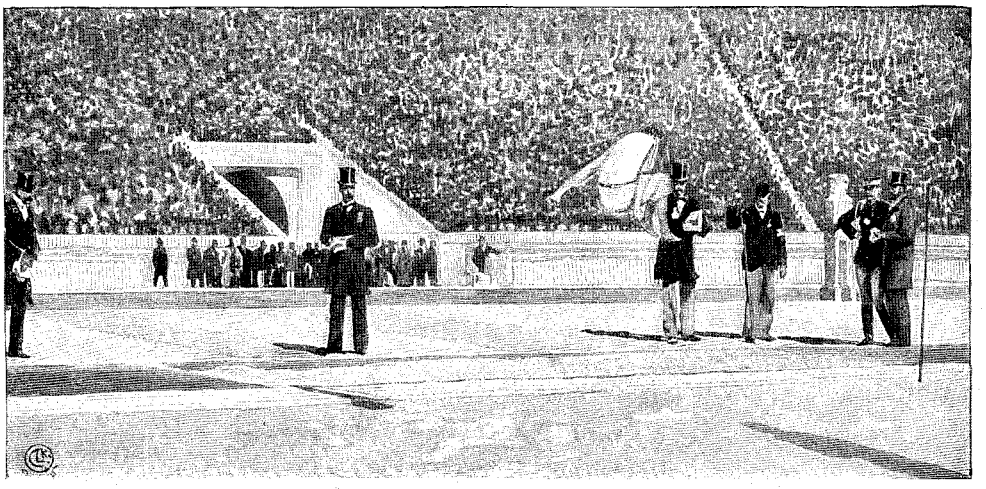
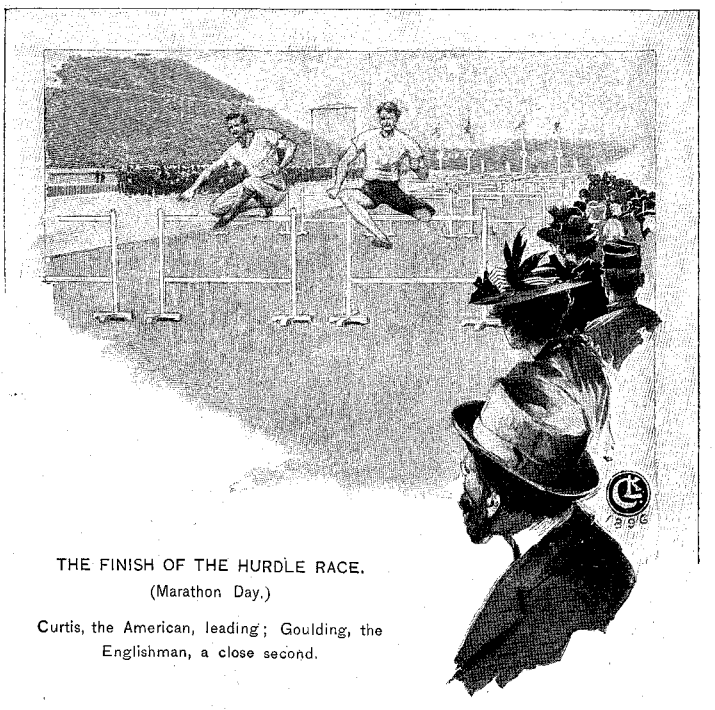


THE BROAD JUMP. (Tuesday.)

days were probably a little vague, said to me, "Australian, why it is the same thing." Being busy in watching another American victory I had no time to set him right.

This second day went much like the first. Curtis began by winning one of the two heats in the hurdle race, Hoyt coming in second. Then the long jump narrowed down to three Americans, who finished in the order, Clark, Garrett, Connolly. Then the final heat in the 400 metre race resulted in Burke first, Jamison second. Then, after a close contest, Garrett succeeded in putting the shot farther than his Greek competitor, the favorite of the Stadion, whom the crowd called Hermes, from his fine form and motions.

The Americans were also evidently great favorites with the audience, partly, perhaps, because they lived so far away as to take the place occupied in Homer by "the blameless Æthiopians," almost beyond the sphere of their jealousies and antipathies. An old priest who sat two seats in front of me kept turning and asking, with smiles, "Is that one of yours?" adding, after an affirmative answer, "Yours are doing well." The danger now was that if the few American spectators made too much demon-



THE FINISH OF THE HURDLE RACE.
(Marathon Day.)

Curtis, the American, leading; Goulding, the Englishman, a close second.

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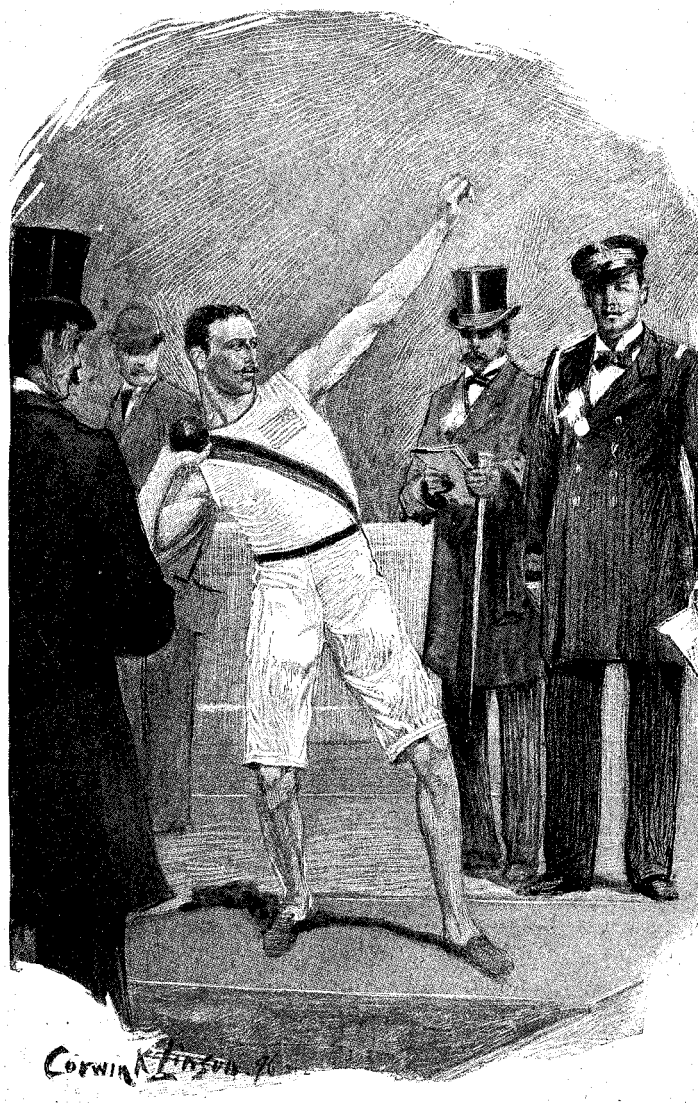
stration this good-will might be turned to envy.

Three times again this second day the American flag went up, and not until the fifth event, the lifting of heavy weights, did another flag reach the masthead during these two days ; then the Danish flag was displayed for the victory in lifting with two hands, and the British flag for the victory with one hand. In the sixth and last event of the second day, the 1,500 metre race, for the first time an American was beaten by a man of another nation, Blake coming in second, while the first place was taken by Flack, an Australian, but that was "the same thing."

It was almost a relief when Wednesday was given up to contests outside the Stadion, and when on Thursday the Germans came out strong on their favorite "Turn" exercise, their squad excelling the Greeks in the accomplishment of more difficult exercises even when the Greek squads kept better form. The Germans also showed some



Prince George.

GARRETT, OF PRINCETON, PUTTING THE SHOT. (Tuesday.)

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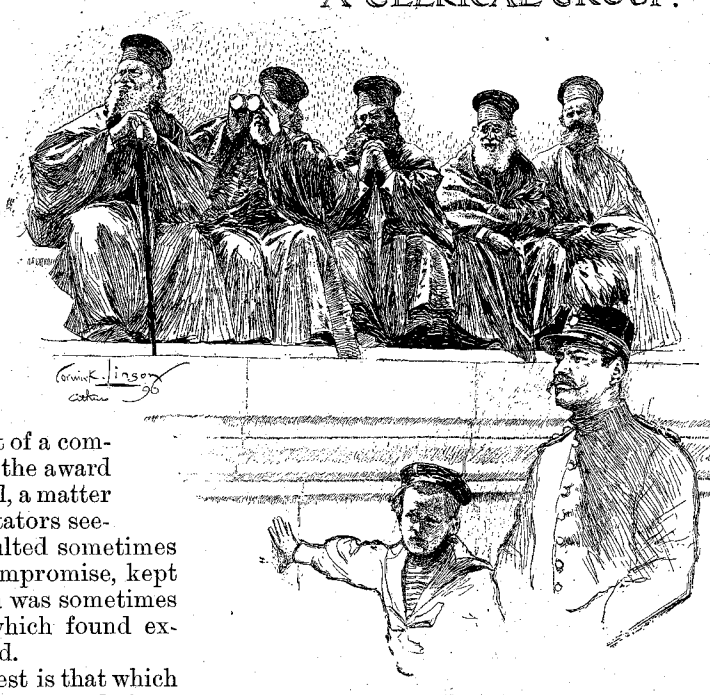
brilliant individual practice. On this day the Greeks also succeeded in getting their flag to the masthead.

But the gymnastic exercises did not fill the Stadion as the running matches had done, and the individual contest in vaulting the wooden horse, with twenty contestants, and the horizontal bar contest, with about the same number, nearly emptied it. The victories of this day depended on the judgment of a committee, and however fair the award might be, it was, after all, a matter of opinion, and the spectators seeing that the award resulted sometimes from discussion and compromise, kept their own opinion, which was sometimes at variance with that which found expression at the masthead.

A CLERICAL GROUP.



The real athletic contest is that which is decided by measurements and time-keeping beyond the possibility of dispute, affording results which the spectators can see for themselves. Such is pre-eminently the run. This, in the present games, as always and everywhere, evoked the keenest interest. It is explicable that for over fifty years at Olympia the games consisted simply of running matches, and that they were always regarded as the central events. It is no wonder that the great apostle, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, was so impressed by this feature of the Greek games that he is constantly alluding to it, saying, "So run," "Ye did run well," "I press toward the mark." In the Athenian Stadion the "cloud of witnesses" also was brought vividly to mind.

With the reassembling in the Stadion on Friday came a heightening of the good will between the Greeks and the Americans, caused by the American athletes displaying little Greek flags besides their own and the distinctive marks of orange and black for Princeton and the unicorn's head for the Boston Athletic Association. There came also a repetition of the same story of American victories. The first event was the final heat in the 100 metre race, which was won by Burke, with Hoffmann, German, second. Then the competition in the high jump narrowed down, like the long jump of Tuesday, to three Americans—Clark, Garrett, and Connolly, and was finally won by Clark. Then followed the final heat of the hurdle race, won by Curtis in an exciting contest, the Englishman, Goulding, being neck and neck with him at the last hurdle. Then came the pole vault, which was immeasurably drawn out by the bar being lifted inch by inch for Greek competitors, long before the Americans, Hoyt and Tyler, had felt called upon to take off their "sweaters" and really compete. These two finally settled the contest at a height about a foot and a half above that at which the other contestants had struggled. When Hoyt had won, the King requested him to try a still higher notch, 3.30 metres, which he accomplished to the King's evident satisfaction. But even this was below Hoyt's own previous record. It is worthy of note that in the whole course of the games no world record was broken.

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Three times already before this the American flag, and no other, had gone up on this day. A detachment of the crew of the San Francisco, who had not, like the other Americans, got tired of cheering on former days, roared lustily everytime the flag was displayed. But with the pole-vaulting America rested its case; and even before its flag went up for this fourth time the great event of this great day came in, preventing envy, and stopping for a time the talk of American invincibility.

The Greeks had waited long for their turn. On Tuesday they thought that in putting the shot their man had won, whereas he had not reached by several inches a mark attained by Garrett in one of his earlier trials. For the first time one then felt the real heaving of the heart of the multitude. Misled by the applause and sharing the general impression, the man intrusted with the posting of the record put up the number of the Greek as the winner. The revulsion of feeling which came with the speedy correction of the error was all the more painful. It was not until a quarter past five on Thursday that the Greek flag was run up, when the judges decided that Metropoulos had surpassed the others in the gymnastic exercise with the rings. Then the difference was made manifest between generous applause hitherto bestowed on foreigners and real delight in victory, all the more intense for the long delay and the disappointment. Then it was that if the seats had not rested upon solid earth they might have come down. The young victor after being carried about on the shoulders of the crowd went to the dressing-room, kissed by his father and brother as he passed them. At last the Greeks had an Olympionikes, although it was only in a minor feat of gymnastics. But greater things were yet to come.

The run from Marathon was felt by all the Greeks to be the principal event of the games. National pride would have been deeply touched at losing it. Some of those who had practised this run in anticipation would have been almost, if not quite, content to reach the goal, and like the ancient runner on the day of the great battle, shout out with their remaining breath, χαίρετε, νικῶμεν, and die.

For this run there were eighteen entries, twelve of them Greeks. Germany, France, Hungary, the United States, and Australia were also represented. Stories were circulated regarding the prowess of the Australian and the American, who had come in first and second in the 1,500 metre race. A mile run, to be sure, was a different thing from coursing that long road from Marathon. Still the Greeks were anxious. The men started from Marathon at two o'clock on Friday, to run into the Stadion to a string stretched out at the Sphendone, a distance of forty kilometres, or about twenty-five miles. The one hundred thousand people waiting for them in and about the Stadion could know nothing of the stages of the contest, how three foreigners, the dreaded Australian and the dreaded American, and even before them, the Frenchman, took the lead and held it up to a point within a few miles of Athens; how they one by one then felt the awful strain of the agony, and at last succumbed easily to anyone who seemed to have retained more strength than they; and how others, fiercely laboring, came one by one into the first places—stages afterward so graphically told by those who watched them.

Shortly after half-past four a cannon-shot, the signal that the leading runner was approaching, electrified the mass. The pole-vaulting could not go on. After awhile a man wearing the Greek colors, light blue and white, was seen struggling toward the Stadion amid the yells of myriads of throats, "Elleen! Elleen!" (A Greek! A Greek!), and as he made his way through the Stadion the crowd went mad for joy. The stalwart Crown Prince, the president of the games, and the still more stalwart Prince George, the referee, led, or rather almost carried, this victor before the royal seat in the Sphendone, and the usually quiet king himself had meanwhile nearly ripped off the visor of his naval uniform cap in waving it wildly in the air. Pity it would have been had a foreigner won this race. None felt this more keenly than the

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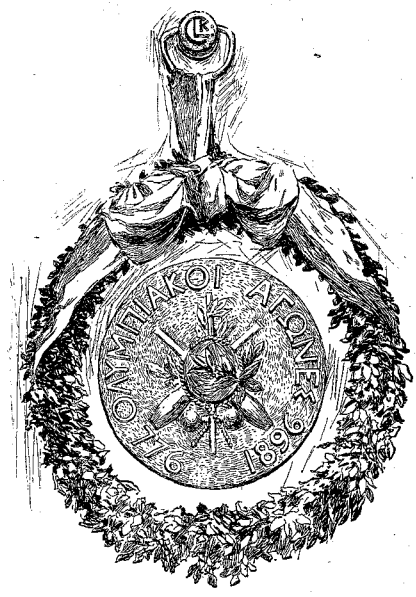
foreign athletes themselves. All who were present will remember the commotion of the crowd in the Stadion in that moment of victory as one of the greatest scenes of their lives. In the gentle light of the sun of Attica, as it inclines toward the horizon, a light not known elsewhere in the world, the magnificent gift of Averoff, the new Stadion —and yet the old—receives its real dedication. Athletics were crowned in it as never before in modern times. Here was inspiration for a painter.

The one coveted honor of the games was fairly won by the Greeks, and held almost beyond the reach of envy. Shortly after the winner's arrival came two other Greeks, and then an Hungarian. The next five in order were also Greeks. It was a Greek victory with a vengeance.

The winner, who accomplished the run in the remarkably short time of two hours, fifty-eight minutes, and fifty seconds, is Spyridion Loues, a well-to-do farmer, twenty-four years old, from Marousi, a village on the road from Athens to Kephissia, and near to the latter place. He was one of the latest entries for the race. Just before going out to Marathon on Friday he is said to have taken the sacrament from the priest of his native village, saying that he wished to invoke the aid of heaven in his great struggle.



One of the Street Decorations

It is difficult to ascertain just what Loues has been doing since the race. A cycle of myths is already growing up about him. It is not uninteresting to be present at this genesis of myths in which the newspapers play a considerable part. It was reported of Loues that he declined all gifts offered him, and declared that all he wished was the royal clemency for his brother, who was in prison. But since he has asserted in print that he has no brother in prison, and since others have asserted for him that he has no brother at all, that myth is for the present disposed of as far as Athens is concerned; but who can stop a fiction that is gone out into all the earth? The same may be said of another story published in the papers here in regard to Garrett, to the effect that after his victory in putting the shot he sent home to Princeton this telegram, "Guskos conquered Europe, but I conquered the world." A newspaper man subsequently confessed that this telegram was a fiction of his, but he took great pride in it; for he said it was what Garrett ought to have sent. It was also reported in the papers that the American athletes just before running and jumping bowed their heads and "said American prayers."

But to return to Loues, what seems to be known about him is that while everybody in Athens wanted to get hold of him and give him something — watches, suits of clothes, freedom of barber shops and cafés for life, in short, to spoil him — he hurried away to his native village to share his happiness with his most intimate friends. On Sunday, dressed in fustanella, he took breakfast at the royal palace with the other athletes and members of the committee in charge of the games, and bore himself with becoming modesty, but with composure, even in the presence of the King. As he went out he was met at the door by his father, who, as they drove slowly through the streets, enjoyed his son's glory so visibly that one hoped that it might be as continuous as that of one of the old Olympic victors, and that he might re-

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main also as modest as before the victory. If he does fulfil the latter wish his victory in this will be even greater than that already won. Of course he has not been able to prevent cafés from being named after him, but he has refused an offer of 25,000 drachmas from one man and of 100 drachmas a month for life from another, partly, at least, from a desire to keep his amateur standing as an athlete, and perhaps run again from Marathon in 1900.

The thorough and unquestioned amateur spirit of the whole contest is most conspicuously shown in this case of Loues; but besides this a charge made in one of the papers that a German, Schumann, who won the wrestling match, was a professional, was thoroughly sifted and disproved. The entire absence of betting also is another pleasant feature in which the games differed from many other athletic contests of the modern world. Athletics moved on a high plane, and were carried on with a dignity that ought not soon to be forgotten.

The amateur spirit of the occasion was emphasized again at the final scene, the distribution of the prizes. Although the bestowal of a prize can never equal in interest the winning of it, still an enormous crowd had gathered in the Stadion on Wednesday morning after the disappointment of Tuesday. It was the gala day of the festival, with no anxious straining of mind or muscle, but pervaded by general gladness. The prizes looked very simple, the committee having decided to award no prizes of value. But there lay one prize which an Olympionikes might well covet, branches of wild olive, fresh from Olympia, to be given to each victor along with his medal and diploma. Those who had won two contests received two branches. When the king had given to each victor his prizes with fitting words and smiles, the crowd appropriated the remainder of the pile of branches. Every twig and every leaf was treasured up as a souvenir of the occasion.

The Crown Prince had offered a silver cup to the victor with the discus. The king for a moment gave place to the Crown Princess, the sister of the Emperor of Germany, who presented this beautiful cup to Garrett. Loues also must needs have something more than the "corruptible crown." He received the magnificent silver cup given by the Frenchman Breal, as well as an ancient vase portraying a race, which he afterwards, with rare good sense, presented to the museum. The appearance of Loues was again the signal for the crowd to turn frantic with joy. Greek flags appeared everywhere, from the big one at the masthead to the little ones carried up into the air by numerous doves. Flags and flowers literally filled the air.

As the participants and patrons of the games reflect over the events of the ten days their unanimous feeling is well expressed in the phraseology employed by one of their number. "I am an optimist," said he, "and I always expected a success; but I never expected such a success." Greece has not only won the Marathon run, but it has gained a standing among the nations of the world, whose delegates will never forget their reception here. It is a small and poor kingdom, but like ancient Hellas, great in qualities of soul.

During and since the games events have in one way taken an unexpected turn. So elated were the Greeks with the happy way in which everything was going that they early began to think of having the next meet also at Athens. The thought perhaps did not originate with them. It was reported at first as a suggestion of England, coming as an expression of the Prince of Wales. Nobody seems to have thought of the incongruity of England, which was hardly represented in the present contest, being the proposer; but the proposal was eagerly caught up. King George was only voicing the sentiment of which the air was full, when, at the breakfast given to the athletes at the palace, he expressed the hope that, "in view of the success of the games the strangers who have honored Greece with their presence, and who have been so cordially received, will fix upon our country as a European meeting-place of the nations, as the continuous and

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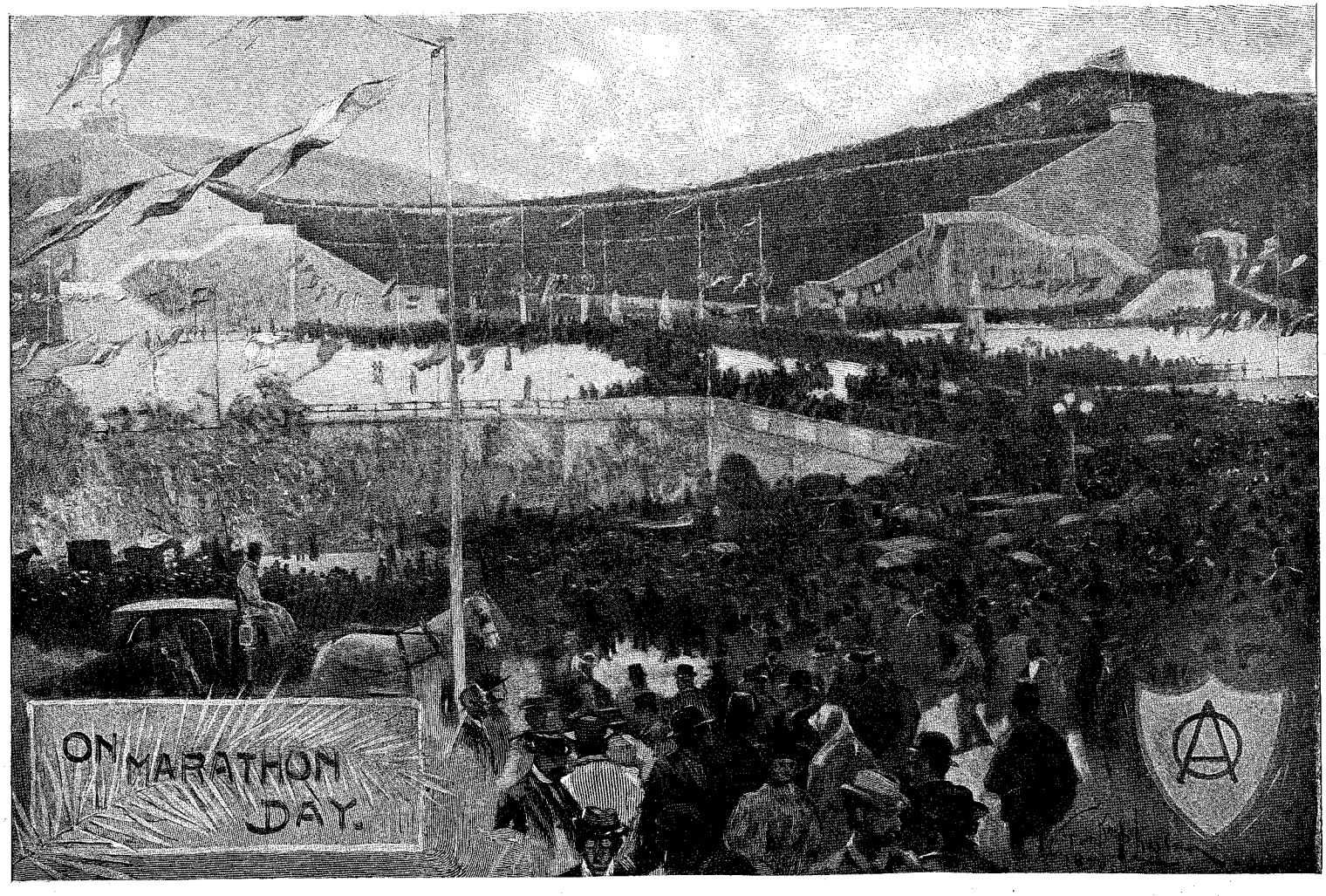

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abiding field of the Olympic Games." This utterance was seconded a few days later by the following memorial, drawn up and signed by all the American athletes:

To His Royal Highness, Constantine, Crown Prince of Greece.

We, the American participants in the International Olympic Games of Athens, wish to express to you, and through you to the Committee and to the people of Greece, our heartfelt appreciation of the great kindness and warm hospitality of which we have been continually the recipients during our stay here.

We also desire to acknowledge our entire satisfaction with all the arrangements for the conduct of the games.

The existence of the Stadion as a structure so uniquely adapted to its purpose; the proved ability of Greece to competently administer the games; and above all, the fact that Greece is the original home of the Olympic Games; all these considerations force upon us the conviction that these games should never be removed from their native soil.

This memorial, signed also by many resident Americans, had all the more significance from the fact that America had already been designated by the International Athletic Committee as the place for the games in 1904.

But this movement was especially unwelcome to the French, who had counted upon having the games as an ornament to their great exhibition at Paris in 1900. Baron Coubertin, the member of the International Committee for France, and perhaps more than

ILLUMINATION OF THE PLACE DE LA CONSTITUTION AND ROYAL PALACE.

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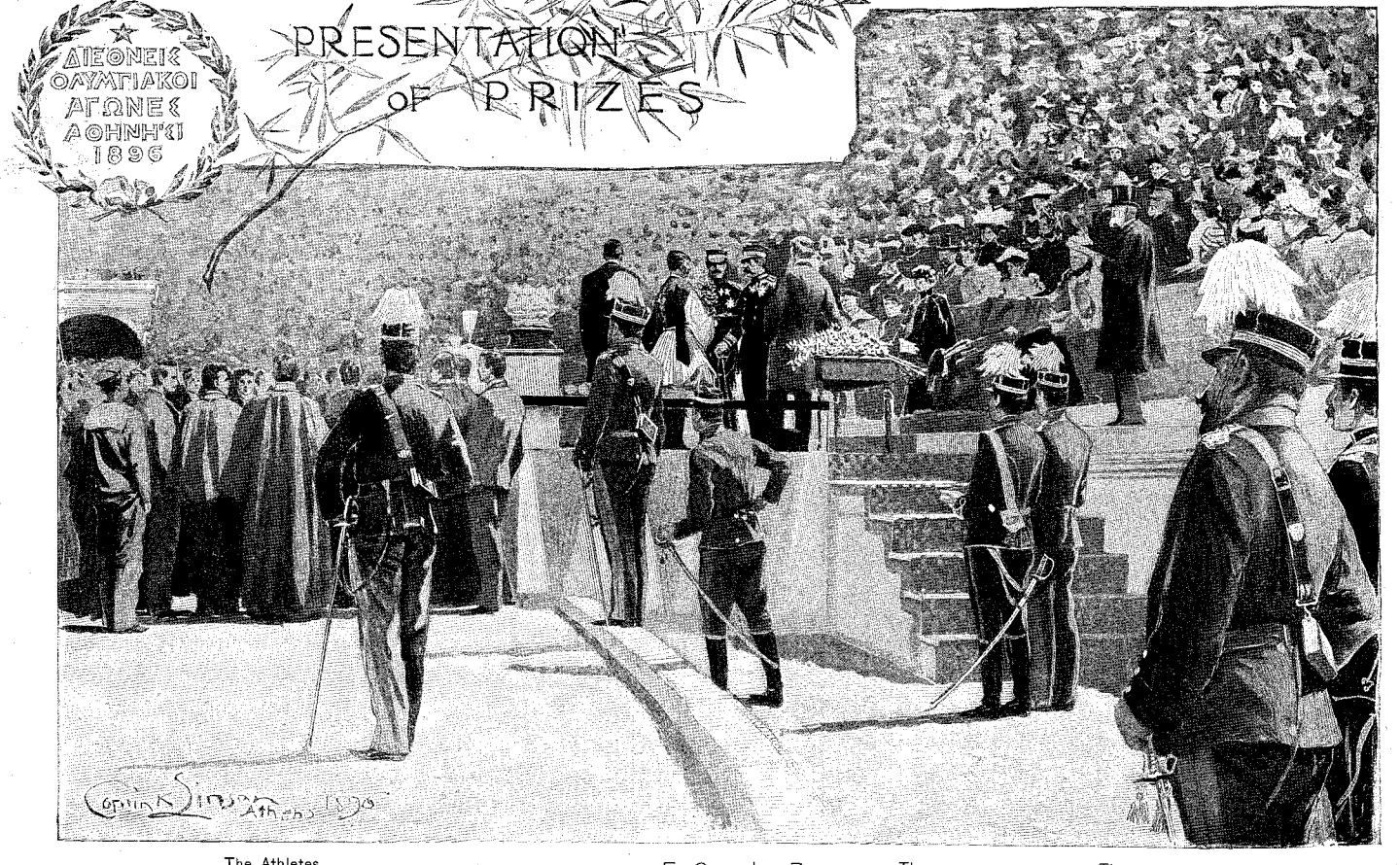
PRESENTATION OF PRIZES



The Athletes.

Loues, the Marathon Winner.

The Crown Prince.

The King.

Mr. Philemon.

The Crown Princess.

The Prime Minister.

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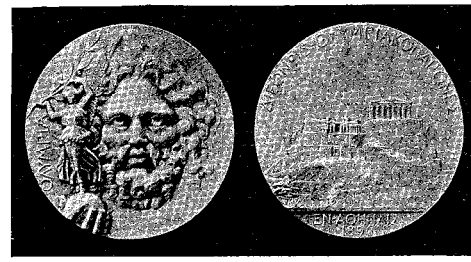
any other one man the originator of the whole project of the revival of the Olympic Games, was too good a diplomatist to give up this great advantage without an effort. In a semi-official conference with the Crown Prince he proposed what he wished to have regarded as a compliance with the general desire: that Athens should have its quadrennial games, and that foreign athletes should be invited to take part in them; but that these games should be called the "Athenaia," as a more suitable name, and that they should take place in 1898, 1902, and so on. That the International Games already projected should be held according to the programme originally drawn up by the committee: in Paris, in 1900; in America, 1904; Stockholm, 1908; London or Berlin being suggested as the next place, all the great capitals to have their turn sooner or later.

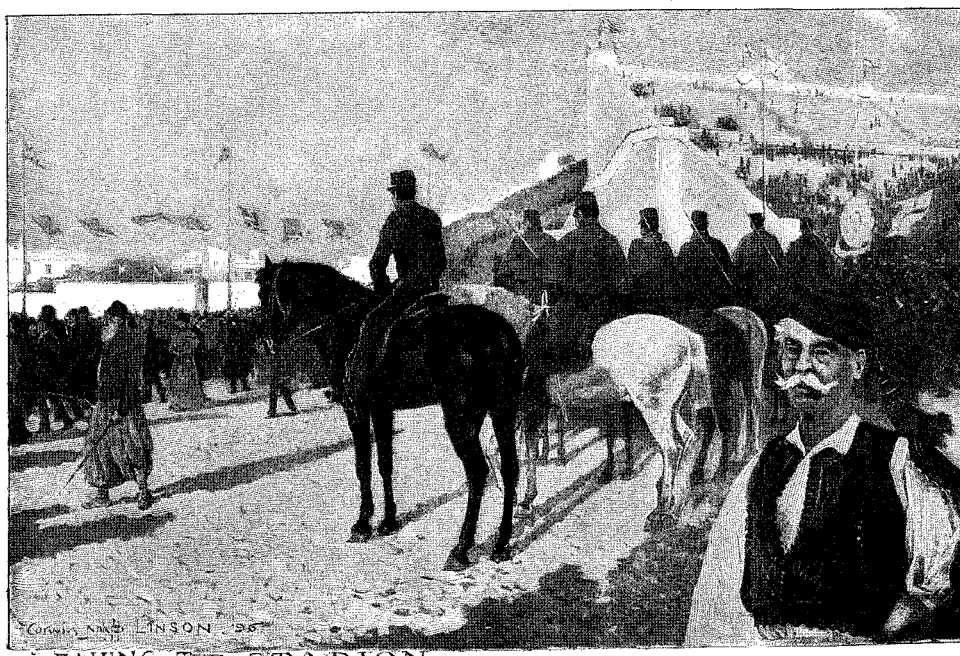


Medal presented to Victors.

It did not require much perspicacity on the part of the Greeks to see that this was only a seeming compliance, and that the "Athenaia" would be overshadowed by the games at the great capitals which would bear the name "Olympic Games." With them it was "Aut Cæsar, aut nullus."

While Coubertin falls back on an international agreement, the Greeks plead that not only is a neutral country the natural gathering-place, but that contrary policy is confronted by a danger threatening to shipwreck the games so successfully launched, viz., that if the games are held in Paris in 1900, Germany will never tolerate waiting twelve years longer for her turn, will perhaps even take umbrage at France being preferred for the first place.

From all this it seems clear that the Olympic Games, wherever they are to be held—and this rests with the International Committee—have become the prize in an international contest, and that it is extremely doubtful whether America secures that prize in 1904.



LEAVING THE STADION

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H. C. BUNNER

By Brander Matthews

ONLY a few weeks ago Death put an end to a friendship that had endured for nineteen years—nearly the half of my friend's life, as it happened, for he was but forty when he died, and only a little less than the half of mine; and in all these years of our manhood there had never been the shadow of a cloud over the friendship. We had lived in the same house for awhile; we had collaborated more than once; we had talked over our plans together; we had criticised each other's writings; we had revised each other's proof-sheets; and there was between us never any misunderstanding or doubt, nor any word of disagreement. I never went to Bunner for counsel or for aid that I did not get it, freely and sympathetically given, and always exactly what I needed. Sympathy was indeed the keynote of Bunner's character, and cheery helpfulness was a chief of his characteristics. To me the companionship was of inestimable benefit; and it is bitter to face a future when I can no more hope for his hearty greeting, for the welcoming glance of his eager eye, for the solid grip of his hand, and for the unfailing stimulus and solace of his conversation.

It was late in the winter of 1877 that I made Bunner's acquaintance, three or four weeks after the first number of *Puck* had been issued in English. In the fall of 1876 Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann had started a German comic paper with colored cartoons, and it had been so well received that they were persuaded to accept Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld's suggestion to get out an edition in the English language also, utilizing the same cuts and caricatures. Bunner had already aided Mr. Rosenfeld in a journalistic venture which had died young; and he was the first man asked to join the small staff of the new weekly.

He was then barely twenty-two years old, but he had already had not a little experience in journalism. Educated at Dr. Callisen's school, he had been prepared for Columbia College; but at the last minute he had given up his college career, much as Washington Irving had chosen to do three-quarters of a century earlier. When he took his place as a clerk in an importing house—an experience that was to give him an invaluable knowledge of the ways of mercantile New York—he had supplemented his schooling by much browsing along the shelves of the library of his maternal uncle, Henry T. Tuckerman. He had taken Thoreau's advice to "read the best books first, or you may not have a chance to read them at all." When he gave up this place and trusted to his pen to make a living he had his British essayists at the ends of his fingers and his British poets at the tip of his tongue. He had been brought up on Shakespeare. He was a fair Latinist, and it is rare to find a lover of Horace whose own style lacks savor. While he was writing for the *Arcadian*, another short-lived journal, he was able to increase his acquaintance with the latter-day literatures of France and Germany. This was an equipment far richer than that of the ordinary young man who becomes an assistant on a comic paper.

The early numbers of *Puck* abound in evidences of Bunner's manifold qualifications for his new position. He had wide reading to give flavor to his writing, he had wit, he had humor, he was a master of parody in prose and verse, he had invention and ingenuity and unfailing freshness, and above all he had the splendid fecundity of confident youth. The staff of the paper was very small, and little money could be spent for outside contributions; and there were many weeks when nearly half of the whole number was written by Bunner. More than half of the good things in *Puck* were Bunner's, as I discovered when I paid my first visit to the office.

I had contributed to Mr. Rosenfeld's

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earlier venture, and when the new journal was started I opened communication with him again. One day I was asked to call. The office of *Puck* was then in a dingy building in North William Street, since torn down to make room for the Brooklyn Bridge. Mr. Rosenfeld met me at the street door, and after our first greetings we passed by the printing machinery on the ground floor and began our ascent to the editorial room in an upper story. I complimented Mr. Rosenfeld on something in the current number of *Puck*—I forget now what it was, but I think it was a certain "Ballad of Burdens." "Bunner wrote that," I was informed by Mr. Rosenfeld, who had a hearty appreciation of his fellow-worker's ability. As we toiled up the next flight of stairs I praised something else I had seen in the pages of *Puck*, and Mr. Rosenfeld responded, "That was Bunner's too." On the third landing I commended yet another contribution, only to be told for the third time that Bunner was the author of that also. Then we entered the bare loft, at one end of which the artists had their drawing-tables, while at the other end stood the sole editorial desk. And there I had the pleasure of shaking hands with the writer of the various articles I had admired. He was beardless and slim, and, in spite of his glasses, he impressed me as very young indeed. He had ardor, vivacity, and self-possession, and it did not take me long to discover that his comrades held him in high esteem. As for myself, I liked him at first glance; and that afternoon a friendship was founded which endured as long as his life.

A few weeks later Mr. Rosenfeld and Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann disagreed and he left the paper. Then Bunner succeeded to the editorship. In those days *Puck* was still but an experiment; and it was long doubtful whether or not it would survive, as none of its countless predecessors had been able to do. That it did not die young as *Vanity Fair* had died and *Mrs. Grundy* and *Punchinello*, was due, I think, to the fortunate combination of the caricaturing adroitness of Joseph Keppler, the business sense of Mr. Schwarzmann, and the editorial resourcefulness of Bunner. To apportion the credit exactly among these three is impossible and unnecessary; the qualities of all three were really indispensable to the ultimate strength of the new weekly. It was not long after Bunner became editor that the circulation of the edition of *Puck* printed in English began to gain on the circulation of the edition printed in German; and after awhile the owners discovered that instead of having a German paper with an offshoot in English they had in fact a paper in English with an annex in German. Bunner it was who acted as a medium between the German originators of *Puck* and the American public. No paper could have had a more loyal editor, and for years Bunner put the best of his strength into its pages. He had been known to say that, after his family, his first thought was for *Puck*.

At first he did not care for politics, taking more interest in literature, in the drama and in art, and having given little thought to public affairs. But he soon saw how great an influence might be wielded by the editor of a comic paper who should accompany the political cartoon with persuasive comment; and with this perception came a sense of his own responsibility. He began at once to reason out for himself the principles which should govern political action. He did his own thinking in politics as in literature; he was as independent as he was patriotic. In Lowell's essay on Lincoln we are told that even at the outbreak of the Rebellion there were not wanting among us men "who had so steeped their brains in London literature as to mistake cockneyism for European culture, and contempt of their country for cosmopolitan breadth of view." To say that Bunner was wholly free from any taint of anglomania is to state the case mildly; his Americanism was as sturdy as Lowell's. He was firmly rooted in the soil of his nativity. He was glad that he was an American and proud of being a New Yorker. He saw that creatures of the type that Lowell scorned still lingered on; and if he were intolerant toward any one it was toward the renegade American, the man without a country.

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But Bunner was rarely intolerant. His imagination was quick enough to let him understand why those who opposed him should hold a different view of the duty of the moment; and he set himself to the task of persuading his opponents. He met them, not with invective, but with an appeal to their reason. And this is the way in which he was able to make the editorial page of *Puck* a power for good in the land. In its nature journalism must be ephemeral; and perhaps it was to be expected that the work Bunner did in inciting his readers to independence of thought is already half forgotten, and that it never even received the full recognition it deserved.

Until the nomination of Mr. Blaine in 1884 *Puck* might have been called an independent Republican paper; but after the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, *Puck* was an independent Democratic paper. Bunner greatly admired the stalwart manliness of Mr. Cleveland's character. He was like the President in that he had made no special study of economics until a consideration of the tariff was forced upon him. This seemed to him a question to be solved by common sense; and having found a solution satisfactory to his own mind, he thought he could bring others over to his way of thinking, if he reasoned with them calmly, assuming that they knew no more than he did and that they were as disinterested as he and as intelligent. Perhaps it was even an advantage to him then that he had taken to the study of this problem only a little while before, for he had thus a closer understanding of the frame of mind in which the voters were whom he wished to convince. Certainly nothing less academic can well be imagined than Bunner's discussion of the tariff. He was dignified always, and direct, and plain-spoken; and above all he was persuasive — a great novelty in the dispute between protection and free-trade. Bunner held that hard words, even if they broke no bones, changed no man's opinions; and what he sought was not an occasion for self-display but a chance to make converts. He met the men he addressed on their own level and with neither condescension nor affectation of superiority; and his manner invited them to talk the matter over quietly. In argument he acted on Tocqueville's maxim that "he who despises mankind will never get the best out of either others or himself." He explained that there was no cause for any excitement and that the subject was really far simpler than most people thought; and having thus won willing listeners, he set forth his own views, very clearly and with every-day illustrations.

Bunner was at first not only the editor of the journal, responsible for all that went into it, for the letterpress and for the cuts and for the mechanical make-up; he was also the chief contributor, as he had been when Mr. Rosenfeld was in charge. What a comic paper needs above all is not a group of brilliant wits sending in their best things whenever the inspiration chances to strike them; it is the steady and trustworthy writers who can be counted on regularly, week in and week out, to supply "comic copy" not below a certain average. Bunner was very much more than a mere manufacturer of "comic copy," but he could act in this capacity also when need was.

Into the broad columns of *Puck* during the first ten years of its existence Bunner poured an endless stream of humorous matter in prose and verse. Whatever might be wanted he stood ready to supply—rhymes of the times, humorous ballads, *vers de société*, verses to go with a cartoon, dialogues to go under a drawing, paragraphs pertinent and impertinent, satiric sketches of character, short stories, little comedies, nondescript comicalities of all kinds. Whatever the demand upon him he was ready and able to meet it; he had irresistible freshness and dauntless fecundity. No doubt very much of this comic journalism was no better than it pretended to be; but, on the other hand, much of it was worthy of rescue from the swift oblivion of the back number. The average was surprisingly high and the variety was extraordinary. And it is to be noted that in even the slightest specimen of Bunner's "comic copy" it was impossible not to see that the writer was a gentleman, that his was not a bitter wit, and that he had al-

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ways the gentle kindliness of the true humorist.

For one figure especially that Bunner evoked in those days of struggle, I had always a keen liking. That was the character of V. Hugo Dusenberry, the professional poet, prepared to ply for hire, to fill all orders promptly, to give you verse while you wait, and to write poems in every style, satisfaction guaranteed. This was a delightful conception, with a tinge of burlesque in it, no doubt, and perhaps without the restraint of Bunner's more mature art. V. Hugo Dusenberry enlivened the pages of many a number of *Puck*; and more than once in later years I urged on Bunner the advisability of making a selection of the professional poet's verses and of his lectures on the art; but Bunner's finer taste deemed this sketch too broad in its effects, too temporary in its allusions—in a word, too journalistic — for revival between the covers of a book. Yet he had revelled in the writing of the V. Hugo Dusenberry papers, and they gave him scope to develop his marvellous gift of parody.

It has always seemed to me that Bunner was one of the great parodists of the nineteenth century. Not Smith's "Rejected Addresses," not Thackeray's "Prize Novelists," not Mr. Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels," not Bayard Taylor's "Diversions of the Echo Club," shows a sharper understanding of the essentials of another author's art or a swifter faculty for reproducing them, than Bunner revealed in these V. Hugo Dusenberry papers, or in his "Home, Sweet Home, with variations" (now included in his "Airs from Arcady"). There are two kinds of parody, as we all know; one is a mere imitation of the external form and is commonly inexpensive and tiresome. The other is rarer and calls for an evocation of the internal spirit; and it was in the accomplishment of this that Bunner excelled. His parodies were never unfair and never unkind; they were not degraded reproductions of what another author had done, but rather imaginative suggestions as to what he might do had he chosen to treat these subjects in this way. In other words, Bunner met the author he desired to imitate on that author's own ground and tried a fall with him there. I doubt if any passage of Walt Whitman's own verse is more characteristically pathetic than the one in Bunner's "Home, Sweet Home, with variations," in which the return of the convict son is set before us with a few tense strokes. In prose he was equally felicitous, as all readers of this magazine will admit who recall the reproduction of Sterne ("A Sentimental Annex"); and as all readers of *Puck* will declare who remember the imitations of Mr. Frank R. Stockton and of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in which he managed to put himself somehow into the skins of these diverse authors and to spin for us yarns of theirs of which they themselves need not have been ashamed. Readers of "Rowen" may be reminded of the airy little lyric called "Imitation," which begins:

> My love she leans from the window
> Afar in a rosy land;
> And red as a rose are her blushes,
> And white as a rose her hand,

and which ends:

> This German style of poem
> Is uncommonly popular now;
> For the worst of us poets can do it—
> Since Heine showed us how.

And yet this chameleon gift did not interfere at all with Bunner's own originality. Just as the painter studies his trade in the studio of a master, so the man of letters (whether he know it or not) is bound 'prentice to one or more of his elders in the art, from whom he learns the secrets of the craft. The acute analysis Bunner had made of the methods of other writers, aided him to recognize those most suitable for his own use, and thus his individuality was like the melancholy of Jaques, "compounded of many simples." None the less was it Bunner's own, and quite unmistakable. In verse he was in his youth a pupil of Heine's, and for a season he studied under Mr. Austin Dobson; but he would be a dull reader of "Airs from Arcady" who did not discover that in whatever workshops Bunner had spent his wander-years, he had come home with a style of his own.

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So in fiction he was a close student of Boccaccio, that consummate artist in narrative. He delighted in the swiftness and in the symmetry of the best tales in the "Decameron," in their deftness of construction, in their omission of all trivial details, in their sharpness of outline. I have heard him say that when he was turning over in his mind the plot of a new story and found himself in doubt as to the best way of handling it, he was wont to take up the "Decameron," not merely for mental refreshment, but because he was certain to find in it the solution of the problem that puzzled him and to discover somewhere in Boccaccio's pages a model for the tale he was trying to tell. And yet how wide apart are the Italian's sombre or merry narratives and the American's sunny and hopeful "Love in Old Cloathes" and "As One Having Authority" and "Zadoc Pine."

When the late Guy de Maupassant (who was like Boccaccio in more ways than one) suddenly revealed his marvellous mastery of the craft of story-telling, Bunner became his disciple for awhile; and even thought to apply the Frenchman's methods to American subjects, the result being the very amusing volume called "Short Sixes." But so thoroughly had Bunner transmuted Maupassant's formulas, that he would need to be a preternaturally keen-eyed critic who could detect in this volume any sign of the American's indebtedness to his French contemporary. Perhaps a little to Bunner's surprise, no one of his books is more characteristically his own than "Short Sixes;" and perhaps this was the motive that led him afterward to produce "Made in France," in which he undertook lovingly to Americanize some half-score of Maupassant's stories, declaring in his preface that although the venture may seem somewhat bold, it was undertaken in a spirit of sincerest and faithfullest admiration for him who "must always be, to my thinking, the best of story-tellers since Boccaccio wrote down the tales he heard from women's lips." In a spirit of tricksy humor that Maupassant would have appreciated, the most French of all these ten tales, "with a United States twist," is not derived from the French, but is Bunner's own invention—a fact no reviewer of the volume ever knew enough to find out.

Like Boccaccio, and like Maupassant, Bunner succeeded best in the short story, the *novella*, the *conte*. His longer fictions are not full-fledged novels; they are rather short stories writ large. From this criticism must be excepted the first of them, an early novel, "A Woman of Honor," which was founded on an unacted play of his. He came in time to dislike the "Woman of Honor" as artificial, not to say theatrical; and it must be admitted that this youthful story lacks the firmer qualities of his later works, yet it proved that he had power to invent incident and strength to construct a plot.

There was nothing theatrical and scarcely anything that was artificial in either of the novels that followed, in "The Midge" or in "The Story of a New York House;" beautiful tales both of them; quite as ingenious as the earlier story, but far simpler in movement, and far finer in the delicacy of character-drawing. Perhaps the salient characteristics of these two brief novels are the unforced pathos the author could command at will, his sympathy with the loser in the wager of life, and his sentiment which never sickened into sentimentality. Perhaps their chief merit, in the eyes of many, was that they were novels of New York, the result of a long and loving study of this great town of ours.

It was one of Bunner's prejudices—and he was far too human to be without many of them—that New York is one of the most interesting places in the world. He enjoyed its powerful movement, its magnificent vitality. He took pleasure in observing the manners and customs of its kaleidoscopic population. He thrilled with the sense of its might to-day; and he gloried in its historic past. For himself he took pride also in that he came of an old New York stock. As he wrote in "Rowen:"

> Why do I love New York, my dear?
> I do not know. Were my father here—
> And his—and HIS—the three and I
> Might, perhaps, make you some reply.

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Bunner had discovered for himself the truth of Lowell's assertion that "however needful it may be to go abroad for the study of æsthetics, a man may find here also pretty bits of what may be called the social picturesque, and little landscapes over which the Indian summer atmosphere of the past broods as sweetly and tenderly as over a Roman ruin." Noisy and restless as New York is, and blatant as it may seem to some, those who have eyes and a willingness to see, can collect specimens not only of the social picturesque, but of the physical picturesque also. Into the "Midge" and into the "Story of a New York House," Bunner put the results of his investigations into the life about us in the great city, to the most interesting manifestations of which so many of us are hopelessly blind. In the "Midge" he sketched what was then the French Quarter, lying south of Washington Square; and in the "Story of a New York House" he showed how a home once far outside of the town was in time swallowed up as the streets advanced, and how at last it was left neglected as the district sank into disrepute; and the story of the edifice wherein the family dwelt that built it is the tragic story also of the family itself.

Not a few of Bunner's two-score short stories were also studies of human nature as it has been developed nowadays in the Manhattan environment. And not a few of them were studies of human nature as it has been developed in the semi-rural region that lies within the radius of an hour's journey from New York. In this territory are the homes of thousands whose work takes them daily to the city, while they spend their nights in the country. Bunner had an extended acquaintance with the manners and customs of the hybrid being created by the immense expansion of the metropolis; and this was in fact only self-knowledge after all, since seven or eight years before his death he had gone to dwell in the pretty village of Nutley, which he came to love dearly — and in which at last he was to die. His sense of humor was singularly acute, and he was swift to perceive the many shades of difference by which the suburban residents are set off from country people on the one hand and on the other from city folks. But his sympathy was broad here as elsewhere, and his observation of character was never harsh or hostile, whether it was the urban type he had in hand, or the suburban and semi-rural, or the truly rural.

Perhaps the ripest of his books is the most recent, "Jersey Street and Jersey Lane; Urban and Suburban Sketches." The tales and essays in this volume have not the brisk fun and the hearty comicality of "Short Sixes," but they are mellow with a more mature perception of the truth that, as Sam Slick says, "there is a great deal of nature in human nature." He had the sharp insight of a humorist, it is true, and the swift appreciation of the unexpected oddities of character; but he had in abundance also the gentle delicacy of the poet. Not that even those urban and suburban sketches are nerveless in the least, or sappy; "The Lost Child" is as vigorous in its way as even "Zadoc Pine." It is rather that the essential manliness of Bunner's writing is here accompanied by an almost feminine delicacy of feeling. And yet to praise "Jersey Street and Jersey Lane" for possessing this quality is perhaps to suggest unfairly that his other prose was without it. What I wished to convey is rather that in this last book of his the strength and the sweetness are even more harmoniously combined than in any of the earlier volumes. He had come to a mastery of his tools, and his hand worked without faltering. Even at the outset of his career as a man of letters, Bunner was not a story-teller merely by the grace of God—as is many a novelist who now and again may hold the ear of the public for a little while. He was always a devoted student of the art and mystery of narrative. He was born with the gift of story-telling, it is true; but it was by thought and by toil and by unending care that he made of himself the accomplished craftsman in fiction that he became before he died. Mention has already been made of his ceaseless study of the greatest of the old masters,

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Boccaccio, and of the strongest of the new models, Maupassant.

Although "Zadoc Pine," with its stalwart Americanism and its needed lesson of independence, has always been a chief favorite of my own, probably the first series of "Short Sixes" has been the most popular of all Bunner's volumes of fiction. And it is very likely that here again the broad public is right in its preference. I can see how it is that "Short Sixes" may strike many as the most characteristic of Bunner's collections of tales. In this book he is perhaps more frankly a humorist than in any other; and Bunner's humor was not biting, not saturnine, not boisterous; it was not contorted nor extravagant nor violent; it flowed freely and spontaneously. Above all, it was friendly; it blossomed out of our common human nature.

I do not think that the widespread liking for these "Short Sixes" was due chiefly to their vivacity, to their spontaneity, to their cleverness, to their originality, to their unfailing fertility of invention, to their individuality—although of course all these qualities were recognized and each helped in due proportion. I think they were taken to heart by the broad public because in them the author revealed himself most completely; because in them he showed clearly the simplicity of his own character—its transparency, so to speak; because in them could be seen abundantly his own kindliness, gentleness, toleration—in a word, his own broad sympathy even with the absurd persons he might be laughing at. Being a gentleman and a scholar, Bunner understood the ways of a man of the world and could record the sayings and doings of a woman of fashion; but being a man also and a good American, he had a liking for the plain people as well and an understanding of their habits of living and of their modes of thought. It was his fellow-man who interested Bunner above all else; and this feeling his fellow-men reciprocated.

Perhaps the chief charm of Bunner's verses is also a result of this same sympathy. As Hazlitt tells us, "Poetry is the universal language which the heart holds with nature and itself." Often *vers de société*—the English translation "society verse" is painfully inadequate—often *vers de société* which may meet the triple test of being brief and brilliant and buoyant is also hard and narrow and cynical. Some of Prior's best pieces are cold, and some of Praed's are chilly, to say the least. A more human warmth flushes the equally delightful stanzas of the late Frederick Locker-Lampson and of Mr. Austin Dobson. It is with these two and with Dr. Holmes that Bunner is to be classed, I think—with the Locker who wrote "At Her Window" and "To My Grandmother," the Dobson who gave us "Autonoë" and the "Drama of the Doctor's Window," the Holmes who told us of the "Last Leaf" and the "One Hoss Shay." They all three influenced him in the beginning; and so did Heine and Herrick.

And yet if the "Way to Arcady" was inspired directly by any older poet's verse, it is not Holmes's, nor Heine's nor Herrick's, but Shakespeare's—not the mighty Shakespeare of the great dramas, of course, but the Shakespeare of those lover's comedies, "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night," the Shakespeare of the sugared sonnets, the Shakespeare who was the most graceful of Elizabethan lyrists. Or if it was not Shakespeare whom Bunner followed when he sang "Robin's Song" and when he took his bell and cried "A Lost Child," it was then those rivals of Shakespeare who wrote "Drink to me only with thine eyes" and "Come live with me and be my love." For a season or two Bunner's muse may have lingered in the Bohemia which is a desert country by the sea; but it was in the Forest of Arden that she soon took up her abode, and there she ranged the woodland in "the fresh fairness of the spring." And in the finest of the poems she inspired there was an out-door breeziness, a woodsy flavor, a bird-like melody. A minor poet Bunner might be, but he rarely sang in a minor key. In his lightsome lyrics there was the joy of living, the delight of loving—and I know of no notes that are less common than these among the lesser songsters of the modern choir. As he wrote me when I was preparing a paper on Mr.

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Dobson, the "Autonoë" of that poet "gives us the warm air of spring and the life that pulses in a girl's veins like the soft swelling of sap in a young tree. This is the same feeling that raises 'As You Like It' above all pastoral poetry;" —and I think the praise is as applicable to more than one of his own poems as it is to this lovely lyric of Mr. Dobson's. "Our nineteenth century sensibilities," he went on to say, "are so played on by the troubles, the sorrows, the little vital needs and anxieties of the world around us, that sometimes it does us good to get out into the woods and fields of another world entirely, if only the atmosphere is not chilled and rarefied by the lack of the breath of humanity."

Coleridge hailed it as a promise of genius in a young poet that he made a "choice of subjects very remote from the private interests and circumstances of the writer himself." And this must be my excuse for paying attention chiefly to the "Way to Arcady" and its fellows rather than considering the brisk and bright "society verse" which Bunner also wrote with ease and with certainty—"Forfeits," for example, and "Candor," and "Just a Love Letter." But the merits of these polished and pointed stanzas are so obvious that they need no exposition. Yet it may be as well to suggest that even here in the "society verse," of which the formula is so monotonous, Bunner had a note of his own; he ventured his own variations. And his were no handmade verses, no mere mosaic of chipped rhymes. A gay spontaneity informed all his lighter lyrics and helped to lend them wings. His more serious quatrains, like "To a Dead Woman," and the final four lines of "Triumph," reveal no struggle for effect, no vain striving; they seem to be inevitable.

To Bunner verse was perhaps the most natural form of expression; and it is as a poet that he is most likely to linger in men's memories. I think this is the fame he would have chosen for himself, and I know how careful he was that his first book of poems should contain nothing unworthy of companionship with the best he had done. The late Frederick Locker-Lampson once asked Mr. Austin Dobson to make a choice of all his verses for a definitive edition of "London Lyrics;" but when this was done, the heart of the poet yearned over the poems Mr. Dobson had omitted, and so these were then gathered into a second volume to be called "London Rhymes." But when Bunner had arranged the poems he proposed to include in "Airs from Arcady," he consulted three friends, and he omitted from the book every line to which any one of the three had any objection to proffer; and no one of the omitted stanzas reappeared in his next volume of verse, "Rowen: Second Crop Songs."

"Airs from Arcady" was dedicated to the friend in partnership with whom he was soon to publish a book of short stories, but the final stanzas were inscribed "To Her."

> . . . Oh, will you ever read it true,
> When all the rhymes are ended—
> How much of Hope, of Love, of You,
> With every verse is blended. . . .

And a little while before "The Midge" was published he was happily wedded To Her; and the dedication of every successive book of his to A. L. B. testified to the perfect happiness he found in his married life. In time children were born to him, and three of them survived him. Two of them died in infancy, and it was not long after one of these bereavements that "Rowen" was published, with these lines appended to the customary inscription:

To A. L. B.

I put your rose within our baby's hand,
To bear back with him into Baby-land;
Your rose, you grew it—O my ever dear,
What roses you have grown me, year by year!
Your lover finds no path too hard to go
While your love's roses round about him blow.

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Banks of the Lagoons of Ruidera.

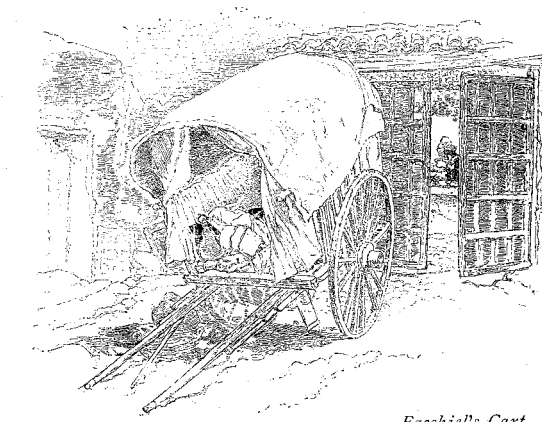
ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE

By August F. Jaccaci — Illustrated by Vierge

II

I was fortunate during my first week in Argamasilla in enlisting the services of Ezechiel, an honest old fellow, possessor of a mule cart, and fairly acquainted with the surrounding districts. For two months thereafter Ezechiel and I rambled over this poor land of La Mancha; and if I had to pay for my delightful experiences in some bodily discomforts, they were part of the game and were more than compensated for by constant intercourse with plain, old-time folks, by the superb scenery, with its ruined castles and caravansaries, thumb-marks of feudal and Moorish days, by the ancient customs and the legends which, like ivy on a gnarled oak-tree, cling to every bit of this historical and romantic land.

It is a little before two in the morning when, for the first time, I find Ezechiel at the Posada door loading provisions, hard eggs, loaves of bread, skin bottles of wine and water, and the inseparable companion of every Manchegan, the shot-gun, in his two-wheeled cart. A few steps, and like Panza and Quixote "we sally forth from the village without any person seeing us," and are in the wide, flat country. In spite of the darkness, a sort of translucence permeates sky and earth, giving to the scene the weird aspect of a country of dreams. The faint, shadowy silhouettes of the escort of two mounted police, "Guardias Civiles," bob up and down before us like intangible images. Our mule vanishes in the gloom; the only things truly alive are two stars—two watching eyes peeping above the horizon.



Ezechiel's Cart.

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As day approaches, the country reveals itself in a series of slowly changing panoramas. The dreary plain is left behind, and the savage and picturesque scenery of the "Monte" now surrounds us. How naturally the two pathetic figures of Quixote and Sancho loom up in this admirable setting, and harmonize with the grandiose, severe lines of the rocky hills surmounted by ruins. We pass by scores of batanes (fulling-mills), which Cervantes may have had in mind in his adventure of the Fulling-Hammers (Chapter XX.), for the surroundings of rocks and tall trees chime well with his description. The peasants who manned them in Cervantes's time must have been in appearance, type of face and costume, very like the brawny Arab-looking fellows we meet, and the range of ideas and style of living of these cannot be essentially different from that of their ancestors. The mills themselves, bearing signs of extreme old age, make pretty pictures, with their dripping moss and maiden-hair garments. It would be agreeable to think they are the same batanes which gave such tremendous sensations to the worthy Knight, and frightened his faithful Squire; but the impossible adventures of the hero of romance have been made to agree with the stern facts of geography, and in consequence we know what Cervantes probably ignored, that the batanes he described were located in a precise place east of Ciudad Real.

The roadway begins to skirt the lagoons of Ruidera, the chain of lapis lazuli mirrors set in crowns of luxuriant rushes, formed by the Guadiana, the mighty river of Don Quixote country. Toward nine, while catching a glimpse of a waterfall, we stumble on a handful of straggling houses singularly dwarfed by the huge ruins of a palace or convent. This is Ruidera. As we enter its one street ("street" by courtesy and for want of a fit name to describe it) I suddenly realize why Argamasillans have reason to be proud of their village. Argamasilla is a modern, civilized city compared to this handful of half-tumbling-down houses, their doors broken or hanging by ropes or propped up by stones, their gates without doors, and their display of dirt everywhere shocking.

The cart is left to sizzle in the sun. While our Guardias hold the court surrounded by effusive villagers, I seek a refuge from the heat in the house which gives shelter to travellers.

A woman-servant, young, faded and wrinkled, her clothes bundled about her hips, her hair a-tangle, sets out to brush away the inches of venerable dust which cover the beaten earth flooring. She moves about with the queer, nervous movements of a mountain goat, and, when I order her to desist, jumps as if struck and gives a wild, frightened look around. Ezechiel has a hard time to entice her to the courtyard and open-air cooking. The white-washed walls of the show-room, the one room of this hostelry of the lowest order, the ceiling of smoked logs, the jugs and dried skin bottles in the corner, the harness hung on a nail, vie with each other in hiding their identity under alternate coats of dirt, soot and dust. Two impossible sofas parade as ornaments more than as useful objects, their flat cushions and pillows, filled with rags, keeping faithfully the impressions of the last contact. There are no windows, but a cool blue

Ruidera Types

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In Ruidera.

light falls from the chimney shaft, and blades of sunlight coming through the holes and cracks of the closed door streak the shadows, making the millions of whirling atoms glisten. While preparations for the dinner are going on, the Guardias drop in and regale me with as pretty a scene from the Spanish picaresque novels as one could wish for. They are, of course, above tips of any kind and are strictly enjoined to partake but of their own fare, which they carry with them everywhere in their journeys. But here what a godsend is the rare traveller able to command meat for his dinner and probably, also, wine in profusion. And how can one help being near the traveller when meal-time approaches and making one's self agreeable, saying all sorts of nice things with a smile which unconsciously shows the rows of short, sharp, white teeth ready for the fray! Honest Ezechiel had warned me against the possible snares indulged in on such occasions, yet I couldn't but take pleasure in giving in at once, telling them that, of course, I hoped they would accept their share of my meal. It was a mistake. The prey proving so easy, straightway the scope of my new friends' and parasites' operations grew to large proportions. Why shouldn't they rearrange the details of my trip so as to give themselves as little travelling and as many feasts as possible? The most captivating reasons, enlivened with Castilian pearls of rhetoric and flowery and courteous expressions, flowed as naturally from their lips as water from a spring. I enjoyed it for something like an hour, till it became clear that the stranger, who was falling from the dignity of Excellencia to that of Caballero and finally of plain Señor, had reasons (and good ones they were, sure, though my friends couldn't understand them) for keeping to his original plan. They very kindly stood on each side of me during my repast, though, and valiantly helped me fight the swarms of flies which threatened each morsel. I expected my huge skin wine-bottle to be in a state of collapse at the end of their dinner, but was hardly prepared for the Guardias' hasty departure and return with an enormous pan of wine-punch some

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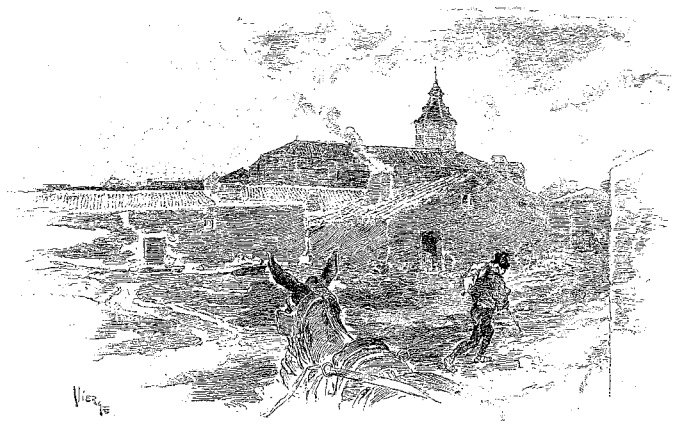
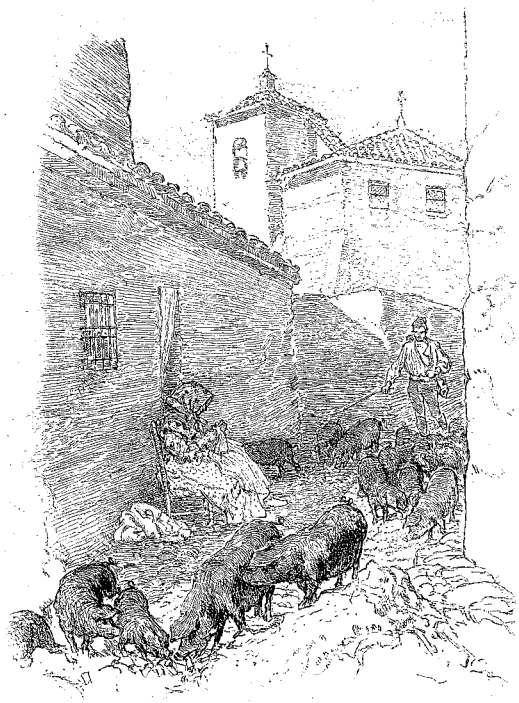


villagers had prepared for them, a performance which was repeated several times. The Guardia Civil, this flower of special Spanish growth, half-military and half-police, which has worked by its *esprit de corps* so great a change in the brigand-ridden provinces of Spain, justly named the terror of evil-doers, is apt, when in the back country, where communications are difficult and the ignorance and fear of the peasants insure immunity, to relax somewhat from its high estate and indulge in such undignified performance as this.* When I got ready to start off again toward noon my worthy protectors were lying limp in all their imposing military paraphernalia on the just-described sofas, snoring like angry bulls, and I was grateful to start without them.

As we march away from the river we find the country savage and desolate. Red earth-mounds surround us for hours with peculiar clusters of low, stunted trees, looking like flocks of sheep. The thermometer marks 110 degrees in the shade, yet the furnace air is dry, full of ozone and rich with the pungent aroma of wild mountain plants. In a delicious monotony of surroundings the hours pass, enlivened only by the songs of the whirring, bustling, leaping locusts. How true is the Spanish equivalent for our "dog-days"—"canta la chicharra"—the song of the locusts and cicadas rejoicing in the heat, which serves but to make the silence of the solitude heard. In the good places the springless, unwieldy cart, with its solid iron axle, moves in a constant tremor, enlivened by occasional bumps. In bad places the process is reversed, and occasional rumbling lulls are the momentary diversions to the continual rough, bumping dance. Our wiry little mule bravely marches on at an even pace, and picking her way daintily among the loose stones carries her load over the rough road as if it were mere play. She is a good representative of her class, while her master is a rare specimen of the muleteer fraternity. He has not even a whip, but his mule understands well the meaning of his words. Up the steep hills he keeps up a constant stream of interjections to encourage her—"Hija," "Morena," "Daugh-



A Scene in Osa de Monteil.

*But the failings of a few do not impair the great value and high character of a body of some twenty-eight thousand men, which, taken in its *ensemble*, is admirably disciplined and renders the most valuable services.

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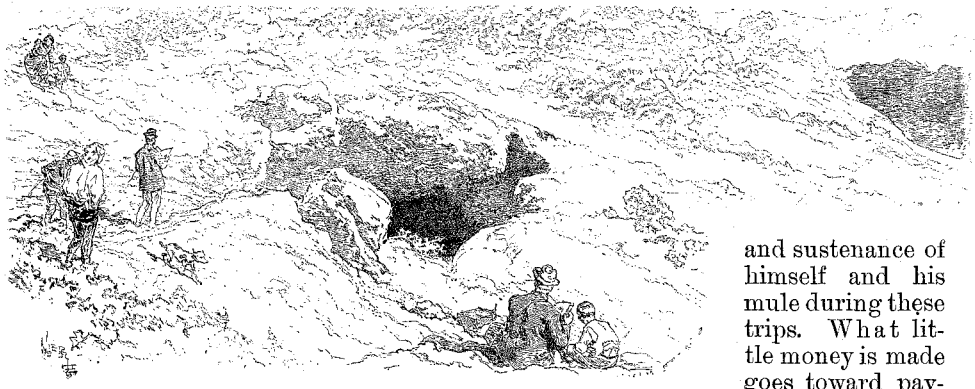
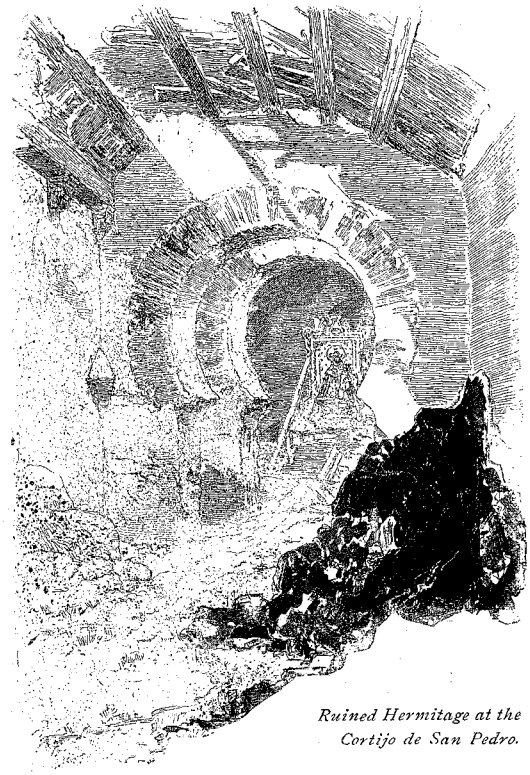


Entrance to the Cave of Montesinos.

ter!" "Brunette!" "One more, daughter," "Good," "Go ahead!" "Beauty," "Aya," "Ararha"—"There we are," the brave brute making a visible effort at each word. When the top is reached Ezechiel rewards her with "Guapa, Beauty," "Take it quietly now, beauty," and with his quiet voice falls into praising the mule, which is his fortune. He could verily say of her what Sancho said of his ass: "O child of my bowels, born in my very home, the delight of my wife, the envy of my neighbors, the sharer of my burdens, and, beyond all, the support of half my person; for, with six and twenty maravedis, which thou earnest for me daily, do I make half my living." Ezechiel has a wife, and if he does not name her (for that would be contrary to custom), she fills the whole background of his thoughts. I learn that they are very much concerned now, for the pig they are fattening does not come on well. Like all Manchegos, he rents a little field from some rich land-owner, which supplies potatoes and wheat to pay the land-owner, and enough besides, when all goes well, to keep the wolf from the door. To get an idea of the smallness of their exchequer one has but to know that the only money which comes into the family is earned by Ezechiel's occasional journeys with his cart, doing errands and hauling freight. He has an average of a month out of the year at such work, and about four pesetas a day (less than sixty cents in gold), out of which he must pay for the shelter and sustenance of himself and his mule during these trips. What little money is made goes toward paying for the rent of the house, buying the few household and farming implements and the cotton and wool out of which the wife makes their clothes.

Late in the afternoon, having met with no one since leaving Ruidera, we pass through Osa de Monteil, the houses half-hidden in clouds of dust raised by the threshing which was going on all about. An hour after, Ezechiel, who has never been in this direction before, loses his bearings, and we have a painful trudge



Ruined Hermitage at the Cortijo de San Pedro.

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across the brush till the yawning chasm of the valley of the Guadiana is again before us. It is not easy to locate the object of our journey, the famous Cave of Montesinos, "of which so many and such wonderful things are" still "told in these parts," and we are about to give up the quest when a goatherd comes to our rescue. It was fitting that such a quaint figure, dressed as in the time of Cervantes, with a great staff in his hand and a horn dangling by his side, should be our guide to the mysterious place. On examination it is evident that Cervantes knew it, for his artistic description, cunningly exaggerated to suit the necessities of the romance, is true to nature and full of local color. Not being equipped with the needful lights, I could not fathom the mysterious recesses of the cave,* which did not surprise Ezechiel or the shepherd, who were sure that no living man ever could go far into it, for there were unsurmountable obstacles in the way—treacherous ground, a fathomless lake and a tempestuous stream, and Heaven knows what! But surely there must be lots of gold and diamonds there, they said; and thus involuntarily they testified to the persistence of traditions, for the Cave of Montesinos is but an old Roman mine. The weirdness of its surroundings is unimaginable. The mixture of severe character and loveliness makes of these valleys of the Upper Guadiana one of the rarest, most intimate and impressive successions of landscapes I have ever seen. In the early evening, when the tender, delicate blush of the sky after sunset is streaked with veils of light, the earth has a solidity of aspect and a soberness and strength of color which the sunlight takes away from it. Passing by the Castle of Rochafrida, crowning still the rocky inlet which rises solitary from the sea of reeds in the centre of a lake, its hoary walls some fifteen feet thick look so terribly solid and massive as to bring forcibly to one's imagination the days of old. The site has a character of grandeur; the hills on both sides of the lake show-

Glimpses of

* I went far enough to find that the "Vagabond in Spain" was mistaken in placing the recess or chamber of which Quixote speaks as on the left hand going down. It is on the right hand, as in the story. The fact is not without value, since the Vagabond infers from it that Cervantes had not seen, but only heard of, the cave.

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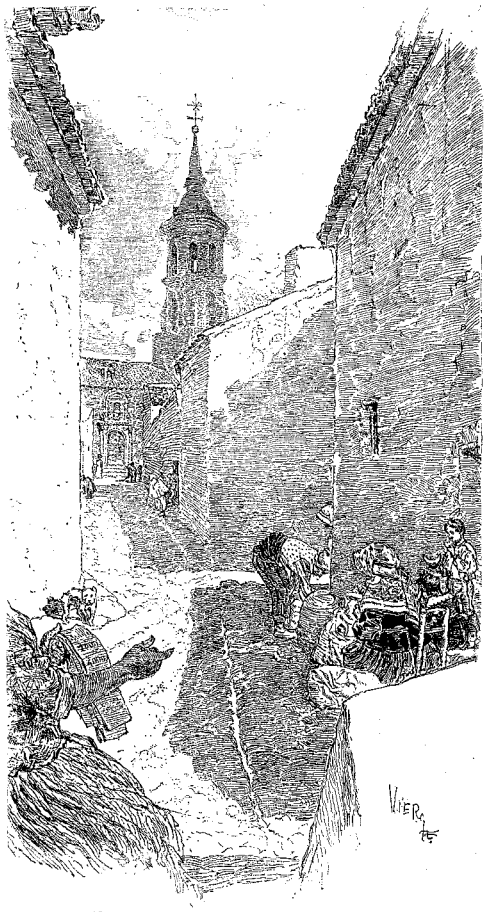
ing their bare flanks, streaked with strange metallic colors, reds, yellows and purples, in bands and in masses, alternating in ruthless barbaric splendor, emphasized by the few gnarled, dwarfed trees growing crookedly in the crevices. The contrast of all that savage barrenness with the beautiful lake and the rows of centenarian chestnuts with their noble masses of foliage is fine. But above it all, how this castle, "like roosting falcon musing on the chase," focuses the attention! What a strange thing it is to nineteenth century eyes and how forcibly it typifies that period of the development of humanity during which our race stumbled in the traces of the feudal régime. The Carlovingian legends

which are entwined about these ancient stones come up to one's memory as a thing not so distant after all. And the damsel Rosaflorida's courtship of brave Montesinos is very "new-woman" like.

We arrive at the Cortijo de St. Pedro, or at the three houses baptized with that florid appellation. We have had our supper on the road and I am too tired to watch the new mood of our friends, the policemen, who look a bit ashamed of themselves. Getting into the hovel, some ten by fifteen feet in size, which is to be my night's lodging-place, I find the luxury of clean sheets over a straw mattress on one of the two stone benches on each side of the fireplace; on the other a youth stretched at full length and sleeping peacefully. The Guardias all dressed but for their boots, which they take off, lie down to sleep on the floor, and, thanks to habit and the glories of the *déjeuner*, succeed. Besides the entrance-door there are two doorless doorways, one leading to the closet monopolized by the amo and his wife, the other to the stable. Sleep is impossible; the very stone under my mattrass teems with animal activity. I prefer lying awake to going outside where the cold mist of the neighboring marshes is saturated with malaria. Toward one in the morning some muleteer loudly knocks for admittance. The amo gets up, lights his oil lamp (that of the Romans of old and the Moors of to-day) and in scampers a troop of mules to the stable; but as there is no place there for all, the newcomer stretches on the floor of our room between two of his mules, whose nervously tinkling bells tell tales of martyrdom,



Monteil.

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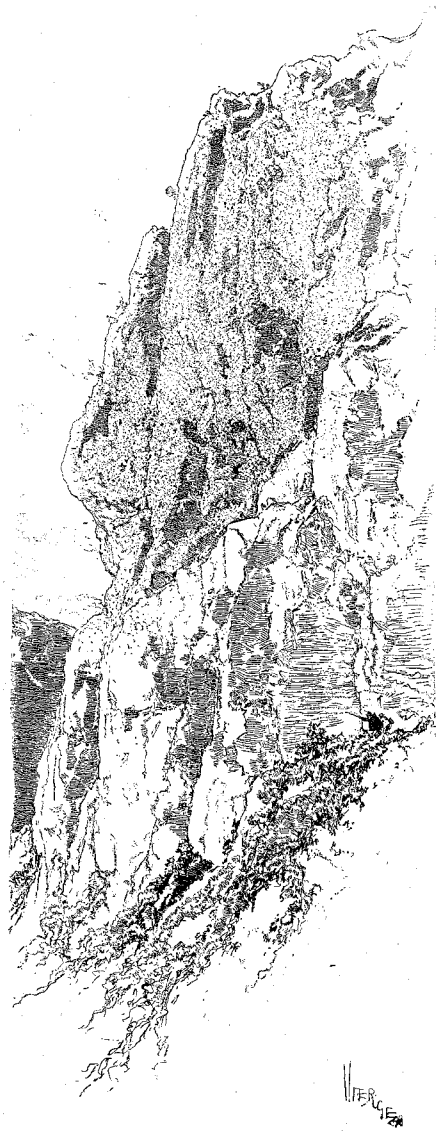

"*The Organs*"—*Sierra Morena.*

as do also the plaintive sounds, the groans and quick motions of the restless sleepers.

At last I can stand no more, so I leave the room and urge Ezechiel to start. A man whom we find prowling about the house offers a helping hand. As we move away Ezechiel says: "You saw that man; he is to go to prison soon. He has killed his brother, the poor fellow." The case is typical of the temper of these people. This man Carlos had a brother Miguel, who one morning lately amused himself by throwing stones at Carlos's dog. Carlos hearing his dog yell, came out, saw what Miguel was doing and told him to stop. Miguel refused to do so, adding that if his brother did not go back to the house and stop talking he would throw stones at him too. Whereupon Carlos went back to the house, got his gun, and coming again to the door-step, shot his brother and killed him. I asked Ezechiel, "What made Miguel torment the dog? Had he been bitten by him?" Ezechiel says: "No; I think not; but you see Miguel had a large family of daughters. You know the proverb: 'Tres hijas y una madre, quatre diablos para un padre. Three daughters and a mother, four devils for the father.'" "Why is the man free?" I asked. He replied: "Well, they'll take him to prison when his trial comes on in a few months." "Aren't they afraid he will run away in the meantime?" "No; where do you want him to run? He can't hide in the Sierras, for the Guardias will find him easily. He can't take a train and go anywhere, for he has never been on the cars in his life any more than I have, and he wouldn't know where to go."

I inquired what the penalty for such an offence was likely to be.

The old man replied, "I don't know; perhaps ten years, but probably less. You see there was provocation!"

This first day was typical of the days that followed. There was necessarily a sameness to much of our travelling, the details of which would be out of place here. Yet each impression confirmed or helped the other, giving me the chance I sought of placing the adventures of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance in their original setting. What a revelation of the old days were the ruins of the famous Castle of Monteil, and how they completed the picture of the Castle of Rochafrida! At the foot of the castle, in the midst of the great mountain-fringed plain, lie eight or ten lesser rocky hills like vassals of the old castle. Such a sight as this, typifying chivalry and the feudal idea, must have made Don Quixote hap-

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py. That impregnable fortress, whose walls will withstand the injuries of time as well as the rock on which they are built, is like an eagle's eyrie, the home from which the master, with his tenantry in the hovels of the village at his feet, dominated the whole tributary region around. From there he would start and prey upon vassals and neighbors. Times have changed for the better even in Spain.

In the Venta de Cardenas.

Another journey, taken some weeks later, brings a new series of unfading impressions.

Everywhere from the plain of La Mancha the little serrated line on the southern horizon serves as a weather bureau. It is the Morena. One approaches it gradually from the Valdepeñas (Valley of the Stones) region, and the character of the country becomes more and more rocky and denuded.

After descending the first deep spur we find ourselves encircled by mountains, and behind us the great plain, yellow and purplish, fades away like a hazy sea.

Steeper are the rocky slopes, piling upon one another, until after many hours' trudging we stand on a bleak plateau, with a barrier of sharp, serrated fins before us. Between and above them others appear, and in the distance two higher summits, rather faint, raise their lordly heads. This is the characteristic landscape of the roughest part of the Sierras, where in our rambles we came across many places exactly answering

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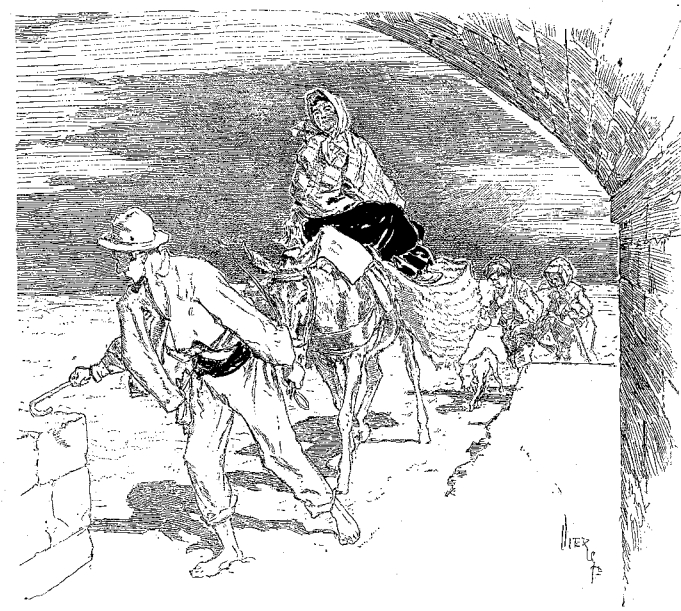
The Toreros.

to the vivid descriptions of Cervantes. Certainly nothing has changed here since his time. These bleak slopes, the prey of cold blasts in winter and scorched in summer, do not afford sustenance to any large or prosperous community, and are even bare of castles and convents. There are, besides the mountain villages named by Cervantes and a few others, hardly any signs of life. No vegetation meets the eye except in the protected valleys and the gorges. The life of the Morena seems to have centred about the defile of Despañaperros (the Passage of Dogs), by which the Moors left Toledo and the northern province for Andalusia on their retreat toward Africa. This defile is "the Gate of Andalusia," where passes the royal high road that unites Madrid and Seville. In its wildest part old Venta de Cardenas stands solitary, a relic of the times when travelling was done by carriage or on foot; it now looks down on the railroad. What a brilliant, active life it has had, full of contrasts and incidents! How many kings and queens, princes of the church and ambassadors, captains, soldiers, Inquisition monks and rich merchants from the Indies have stopped within its walls, pell-mell with the common fray, the muleteers and soldiers! The abandoned caravansery remains substantially as it was built over three centuries ago, solid still, telling its pathetic story in its old stones, enormous stables and big gateway, large enough for two royal carriages to pass through.

We have a grand noonday feast in the old place. The ama, a fine type of Maritorn, deigns to do the cooking. (True, there are no servants.) The place has a grand air, and troops of hens and chickens, cats and swallows, fill its lordly emptiness with some sort of life. In the enormous hangar where we rest, which is hall, dining-room and carriage-house combined, one hundred of our carts could move about easily. When our little party sits before the low bench, over which a couple of partridges and a rabbit make a brave show side by side with the palatable salad of cucumbers and tomatoes swimming in a big bowl of vinegar and water, we all dip our spoons democratically into the dish, while cats and chickens, trooping around, beg, each after his fashion, and attempt to steal. For them it is like being at the gate of Paradise, yet unable to enter. Two miserable fellows in scanty attire of shirt and trousers, and these not whole, and with gaudy 'kerchiefs tied on their heads, come in with the defiant, alert look of true Bohemians.



The Fakirs.

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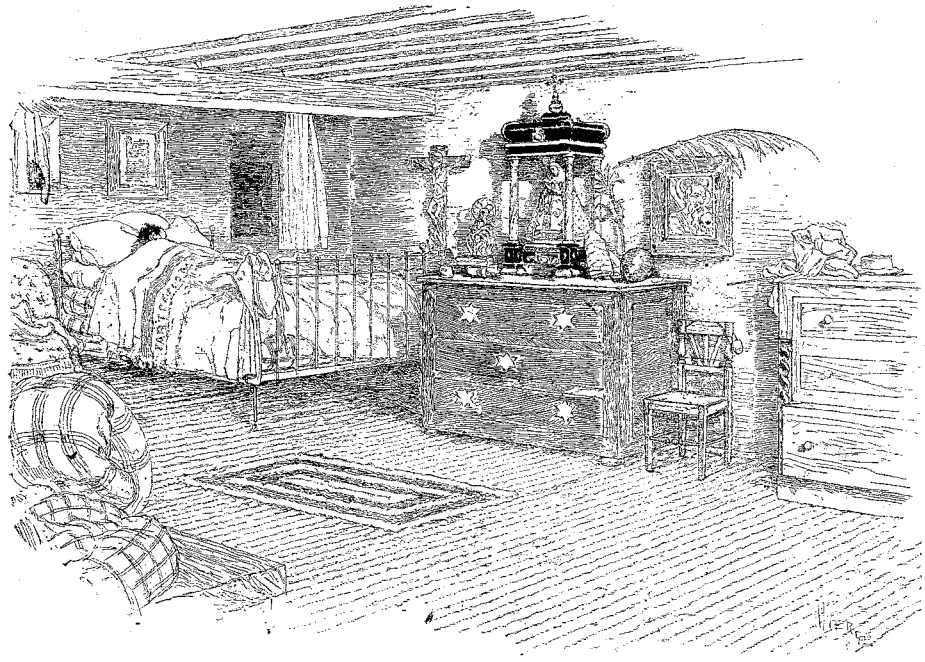

Sleeping-Room in a Morena Posada.

They can't succeed in disguising their half-rowdy and half-gipsy looks even before the Guardias. Having saluted every one with a word, they sit down by the wall opposite us, depositing with extreme care a bundle of rags, from which emerges a straight sword, carefully wrapped. "Toreros," Ezechiel said. One is a simple acolyte, some apprenticed bandillero, probably; the other — the espada — has a strikingly wicked face, and stands as handsome and gracefully poised as a Greek figure of Praxiteles. He asks a few questions, answered charily by our guards. It seems that they are Andalusians going to the province of Ciudad Real (La Mancha) to see if they can find out when and where the little local bull-fights take place.

They are blissfully ignorant of the fact that this is the province of Ciudad Real. Apparently they think of nothing besides the artful tricks of the torero, and how to become so proficient in them that they may become celebrated, wear good clothes, travel in state and have their fill of the best. They look like famished beings or feline beasts of prey, with their noiseless and nimble gestures, the foxy look in their eyes; and they will not give up their hope of being invited to join us till the last chance is gone. The amo, ama, and the children follow us at table, and there is not much left. So I give the toreros a

Manchegan Shepherd Huts.

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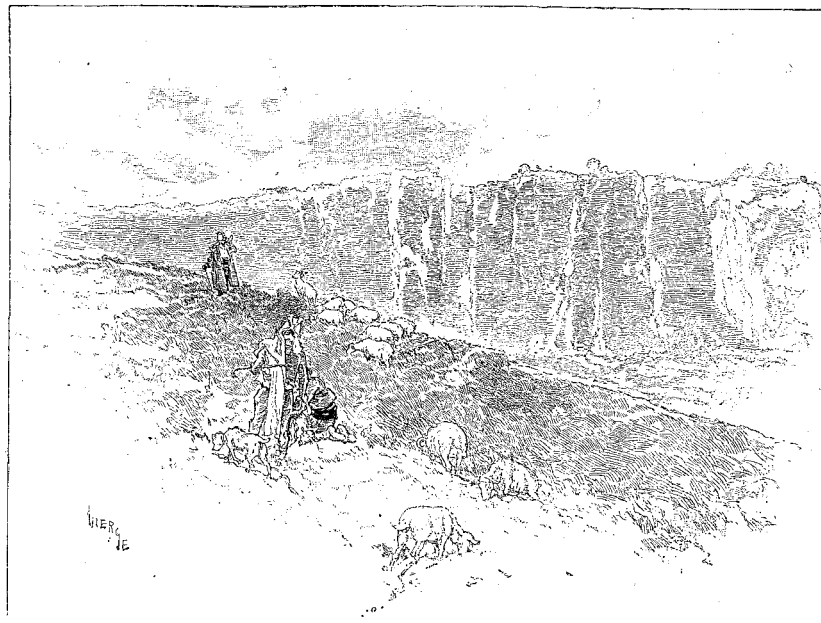
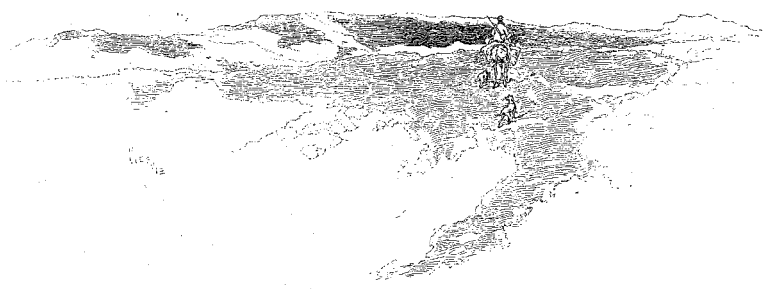


Shepherds.

small silver coin. From their surprised expression it must be the first they ever received in this fashion. The smiles tell plainly that they are not sure but there is something the matter with the giver's wits. But they take it and treasure it in many folds of a handkerchief, and I am sure when it leaves its possessor it will be for more than an ordinarily full compensation. Another typical group comes in, the woman sitting on the top of a load on a donkey's back, the man leading, the two children following behind. They are merchants or fakirs going from village fair to fair selling trinkets, the woman telling fortunes, the boy—the wickedest little fellow I ever saw—dancing and singing ugly songs. The paterfamilias looks like an ill-humored, villainous scoundrel. One of my guardias says that man would cut one's throat for two cents, or for nothing, and enjoy it into the bargain. They spend two cents for the privilege of using the fire to cook something they have brought with them and for a couple of hours' shelter for their beast and themselves, and away they go about dusk toward Andalusia, the woman singing, the boy imitating the guitar accompaniment.



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CUNLIFFE

By Mary Tappan Wright

Oh, a crime will do
As well, I reply, to serve for a test,
As a virtue, golden through and through.
—BROWNING.

FOR a long time Cunliffe had been trying to remember something—searching vainly as he lay upon his bed through dim somnolent nights and lingering, restless days, for the lost clew to some tormenting memory, and questioning himself incessantly with a painful sense of harm impending.

In the retrospect the days seemed gray, but the nights, like this one, were shot with fire, which even now was beginning to dance upon the walls and redden the folds of the thin white curtains. He drew a slow breath through his teeth as he watched it, bracing himself anew for the dumb contention with pain that had lasted—how long? Forever it seemed, and yet it could scarcely have been more than a week, two at the most, since he and Florence Macgregor——

Was that what he had been trying to remember?

"Wait a minute," he whispered, as if the fleeting impression might hear in passing. Then, frowning with the effort of concentration, he looked upward. On the shadowy yellow surface of the ceiling directly over his head two enormous spirals, like great curling horns of ruddy purple, were twisting and turning tormentingly. Almost unconsciously, as their wavering outlines caught his eye, the half-grasped recollection slipped from the weakened hold of his memory and another train of thoughts presented itself. Was that a fire on the hearth after all, not a fire of the brain, which flickered in the corners and caused those hideous grotesques to threaten and deride him from the ceiling? Why had it not struck him before — their strong family resemblance to the wrought-iron tops of Edith's last tasteful acquisition in andirons?

"Ah!" He started violently, his hand pressed hard upon his side. Preceded by a sudden thud, a half-burned log had fallen from the andirons and was rolling, crackling, to the front of the fireplace, where it brought up finally against the fender. Cunliffe sat up in bed.

It was a fire on the hearth then, after all! A good honest blaze of sound, hard maple—no glimmering Jack o' Lantern of a fevered imagination. If he had only known it long ago! Relieved, but panting, he fell back upon the pillow.

How peaceful the room felt now! With the exception of a dull glow from the bed of coals behind the andirons, there was very little light left, and down in the lower hall a leisurely clock was ticking almost inaudibly. "They have neglected to wind it," Cunliffe said to himself, and closed his eyes, still listening. The long, slow sweep of the pendulum seemed to take him with it, swinging idly to and fro, from side to side; until, somewhere between its going and its coming, he lightly fell asleep.

From the smouldering log at the front of the hearth a thin line of smoke crept out for an inch or two and then curled sluggishly upward, filling the air with a faintly acrid odor, and widening Cunliffe's dreamy horizons to those yellow days when the fires in distant forests make incense for half a continent, and, all unconscious, men walk in one vast autumnal cathedral echoing with aspirations and regrets.

In the tender pain of that October melancholy a memory returned to him, a memory of two people in a rough garden that sloped toward the west. It was after sunset. One beyond the other, a dark succession of wooded hills stretched out before them; the far-off valleys were shimmering with mist;

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but the sky was still clear and light, shading from the crimson, that formed the background of a distant range of purple mountains, through orange and yellow to a faint cold green that darkened overhead in star-flecked blue. Below them, half way down the rocky slope, a great pile of brush, quivering violet and darting red, blazed against the gloomy twilight of the landscape.

"Our summer is ending in an apotheosis of flowers," said the woman, as a tongue of flame shot upward, feathering to a stream of sparks.

"Better—in a holocaust of dreams!" said the man.

She turned her head, smiling slightly at the bitterness of his tone. "A touch of frost was all that was needed," she said, and jumping from the bowlder upon which she had been seated, she moved toward the entrance of the enclosure and waited for him to let down the bars.

"And then, what happened?" he whispered, his light, uneasy slumber gliding without conscious break into a drowsy wakefulness. "What happened?"

Something—and something that imperiously demanded recall. All day long it had been about him; even now it was close upon him; a touch, a scent, a sound, and from out of the chaos of suffering in which it had been lost to him the memory of it would spring forth clear and persistent. If he could but rest undisturbed to follow out the clew that had come to him in his sleep.

"'A holocaust of dreams,'" he murmured. "Did that end it?" What had he said to Florence Macgregor when, after putting up the bars, they had turned toward the black shadows of the narrow avenue with its overarching boughs of elm and maple?

But the hissing swish of their own footsteps in the drifts of fallen leaves was the only sound that echoed back to him.

At the fork of the road Edith and Macgregor were waiting for them. Perhaps it had ended there, when, as in a decorous quadrille, the music ceasing, each had turned away with his legitimate partner. The Macgregors were to leave on the following day. He could hear Florence's laughing good-by as she hurried down the hill with her husband. Edith said she was glad to go; in fact, Edith had said nothing else all the way home. Edith never approved of people who did not like the country in winter. She had resumed the subject at dinner, by way of rubbing it in — and then, did he lose his temper?

Ah! he had it at last. He remembered now: he had gone off in a rage and shut himself up in his study; and had he written something? What had he written?

A sharp blast of keen, cold air blew in from the hall; someone had opened the front door. Cunliffe felt his whole frame relax; he had lost the clew again, and he was too weak to care.

"That is Macgregor himself," he muttered, as a rough, Scottish voice came grumbling up the stairs. "What is he coming here for at this time of night? Now that I come to think of it, he has been in off and on all along." Cunliffe looked troubled. "Is it possible," he murmured, "that in addition to his enormous practice Macgregor has been taking this thirty-mile journey every day on my account? He is not a young man by any means. What is that he is saying about catching the one o'clock train back to the city? Here they are now."

The knob of the door which led into the adjoining room turned softly, there was a flood of light, and the doctor entered with Mrs. Cunliffe, who hurried toward the fireplace with an exclamation of annoyance.

"The room is full of smoke!" she said, taking up the tongs and trying to move the heavy log, which escaped her hold and overturned the andirons.

The doctor, who had gone to the bedside, frowned as the pulse under his fingers leaped in response to the crash.

"Let that alone," he said, impatiently; but with another ring of metal the andirons were dragged into place and the log adjusted.

"I seldom relinquish anything I once undertake," she whispered, complacently.

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"An' it's a verra disagree'ble trait o' character," muttered Macgregor.

Cunliffe's eyes, full of laughter, opened upon him for an instant, but immediately closed as Mrs. Cunliffe turned toward him. Releasing the wrist he had continued to hold, the doctor motioned to her to follow him into the next room.

Cunliffe watched them go with an unaccountable feeling of dull shame and self-reproach. "For the life of me," he muttered, "I can't see what I have done, and yet I feel like a felon. How old and worn Macgregor was looking."

"Well, I'm off," he heard him say in the hall. "I'm glad you telegraphed about the nurse, an' I'll send another by seven in the morning. It isn't safe to be without. Be careful about the nourishment, an' mind ye give him the brandy every two hours. Keep your temperance principles for some more auspeecious occasion. We'll pull him through yet. To all intents and purposes, the man's on the high road to recovery."

"I am glad you do not feel anxious," Cunliffe heard his wife say, placidly.

"Um-m-anxious," said the doctor, dubiously; "no, I'm not exactly anxious, but at the same time I can't say I'm any too easy about him either."

Cunliffe raised his head in order to hear more clearly, for they were descending the stairs.

"So long as he keeps himself quiet," the doctor continued, "he's as safe as ye are yourself, but if he took it into his head to go downstairs, as he insisted on doin' last week, he'd kill himself. Yes, madam, he'd kill himself—dead as a herrin'."

"Downstairs?" repeated Cunliffe. "Downstairs?" But the doctor was speaking more distinctly than ever, and he turned toward the door again to listen.

"Yes, beyond a doubt he's a strong man, an', as you say, he's got a sound constitution; but nevertheless, in his present state he's at the mercy o' the slightest exertion. The least little shock or strain an', by Garge, he'd snuff out like the wick o' a can'le! An' I don't care if he hears me say so!"

The front door slammed upon this parting shot, and Cunliffe looked thoughtful as he let himself down upon the pillows.

"So that confounded Argus-eyed nurse has gone. And the next one will not arrive until seven—over six hours—and Edith on guard—sure to fall asleep. Why did I wish to go downstairs? I should be a fool to try it after what he has just said—and yet——*What was that?*"

A long, low, rumbling sound seemed to come from the hall below. Cunliffe's heart struck against his breast with a violent thud, followed by a strange breathless flutter. Edith was cautiously trying to open the sliding door of his study, a small room directly beneath and seldom used by anyone except himself.

What was she searching for?

What might she find?

Clear, persistent, terrible, memory at last confronted him.

"*That letter!*" he whispered, every faculty concentrated in an agony of listening. "I left it in my desk."

Edith was coming. How heavily her foot-fall dragged upon the stairs! Had she found it, then? How could he meet her? What should he say to her? Oh, the folly, the folly of it all!

He closed his eyes as she came into the room in order not to see her face, and then he opened them because he could no longer endure suspense.

She was carrying a quantity of writing materials in one hand, and the light from a lamp which she held in the other shone upward, accentuating her usual expression of severe, unmoved, delicate serenity.

She had not seen the letter.

A choking rose in Cunliffe's throat. In his great and sudden relief an astonishing inclination toward tears and laughter almost overcame him, but his wife's presence forced him to self-control.

Putting down her burdens she opened a small cabinet on the mantel-shelf. Cunliffe knew that she was looking for his keys, and his heart sank with apprehension; but after searching drawer after drawer without success she turned away. "I shall be compelled to copy

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it to-morrow morning," she said, impatiently. "He must have left them in one of his pockets."

Cunliffe understood: she had wanted to get some of the foolscap paper upon which she usually presented the reports of certain public charities in which she was interested. In the morning she would hunt up the keys, open the desk, and—that letter to Florence Macgregor was lying unfolded just inside the flap. He remembered clearly enough now.

Feigning to be asleep, he watched her through his half-closed eyelids as she moved about the room, her every foot-fall causing the bottles on the table at his bedside to rattle together with a gentle, irritating click.

"Never mind," he said at last, when after throwing a fresh log upon the fire she drew aside the chair which screened his eyes from the blaze. "Never mind."

"But it is no trouble at all," she answered, putting away a large fan that had been placed upon the bureau to hide from him his own reflection in the mirror, "and you will sleep so much better when things are in order."

Cunliffe uttered a half-suppressed groan as his dark, cadaverous face and the sharp, suggestive folds of the bedclothes above the gaunt outlines of his figure were dimly returned to him from the opposite wall.

"Is there anything more I can do?" she asked, coming to his side and looking down at him anxiously.

"No," said Cunliffe. "No, my dear, I do not think a single thing remains undone."

She hesitated a moment; then, with a little sigh, moved toward the door.

"Good-night," said Cunliffe, gently.

She turned back swiftly, and stooping, kissed him on the forehead. "Get well," she said, in the half-conscious, awkward tone of a person who seldom expresses any emotion. "Oh, get well." Then taking up her lamp and writing-materials she went away, leaving the door open behind her.

By raising himself slightly upon his elbow, Cunliffe could see her as she arranged her books and papers upon her desk at the far end of the next room. The little wrinkles at the corners of his tired eyes deepened slightly as he smiled, noting her flowing silk wrapper and full lace ruffles.

"Poor dear," he thought with a sort of impatient compassion. "She seems to have gone and got herself up expressly for the occasion. I dare say that is the conventional costume for a ministering angel—an obstinate angel, and—an angel with a touch of temper," reflectively noting the slight tinge of pink that, as she stood above the lamp, distinctly tipped her straight, fine nose. "Pray Heaven that the reports prove not too interesting," he added, anxiously, as she seated herself at her desk and began writing.

For a time her steady pen moved mechanically over the paper, and Cunliffe, following, in imagination, the well-ordered sentences, shrugged his shoulders over their probable facile conventionality.

"What a relief it must be to her," he thought, "to have me safely shelved, and be able to revel in copy-book maxims unrebuked. Nevertheless, when she gets before that committee she will carry her point, and the resentful pauper will be aided in the manner at once best for his welfare and least agreeable to his susceptibilities. She has done the same before, by—other poor devils not so obviously indigent—and yet——"

He did not finish, but bent forward and noiselessly drawing a fur-lined dressing-gown from the foot of the bed put it around his shoulders. Then resting his chin upon his elbow, he stared at the flickering blaze that leaped around the fresh log in the fireplace.

As if in corollary to his thoughts there rose before him the memory of a flying boat; and clinging to its slanting taffrail, facing the dash of the waves, a woman stood fearless and keen-eyed, her wet, dark hair curling from under her close brown felt hat, and a faint red warming the tan on her cheeks. Full of life and health, full of resource and intelligence, she cleated a sheet or gave the skipper a hand at the tiller while he let out a reef in the sail; and then, as they sped along before the wind, standing in the bow with one arm flung around the mast, her reckless figure defined, now in splendid coloring against the deep blue of the sea and

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again in dark gray silhouette high on the cloud-flecked sky, he watched her, and listened, as she told strange tales, quoted queer books, and flung forth daring philosophies—and the joy of living filled the universe.

"And yet," persisted Cunliffe, with uncompromising justice—"and yet, if there is any good in me, it is due to Edith's influence, and to Edith's alone. There is something in her bitter honesty and tactless truthfulness that calls out one's best, one's very best. With all her conventionality, too, she cares for me, cares for me a good deal—almost enough to keep herself awake. And she trusts me, *absolutely*. Would to God that letter had never been written!"

Suddenly he sat up and put his hand to his side, with difficulty suppressing a groan. What a wretched wrench in the region of the heart! A twinge like that meant something serious. What if he should "snuff out," as Macgregor said, then and there?

And the letter?

Decidedly, the sooner he went downstairs and destroyed it the better; that was one of the things you could not leave to chance.

Turning slowly, with a caution born of the fear of increasing his pain, Cunliffe looked eagerly into the adjoining room. Edith was leaning back with her eyes closed, her arm resting upon her desk. She was not asleep, for her right hand, slightly raised in the air, still held the pen suspended.

Cunliffe looked at her a moment judicially, and then quite silently made a heap of all the pillows, and half reclining, leaned back upon them, keeping her still in view.

"I give her a quarter of an hour longer," he said to himself. "She is thinking, and thought is fatal—to both of us, by the way. Thank Heaven, that torment is decreasing. I wish I had less faith in Macgregor's medical opinion—I'm really not particularly anxious to die just yet. If there were only someone to send—the new nurse, for example. I couldn't trust the other, but this one perhaps— Ah! how tired I get."

He shifted the heavy gown wearily from one shoulder to the other. It was a picturesque garment, and Cunliffe took pleasure in the fact that in it he did not look repulsive. A feeling of personal fitness was so essential to his comfort that he had even insisted upon sending for the barber the previous morning. But there was nothing fatuous in the face he turned toward the lighted doorway of the other room; on the contrary, it was full of a certain rough force and vigor, and, in spite of its slight touch of cynicism, was not without sweetness. Although he was a short man, his frame was that of an athlete; his thin hands had the square look and negligent hang characteristic of powerful muscle; he sat very still too, for the habits of strength were those of his lifetime.

At last he shook his head. To send the nurse was out of the question: the risk of her discovery was too great and the prospect of her discretion too dubious. He called himself a fool for thinking of it. "And yet—if I go myself——"

For awhile his thoughts outran their idle expression; then he sighed. "And so men have died," he resumed, dreamily, "and the worms have eaten them—but not for love. There are certain large verities lurking in the background of life that at crucial moments stalk silently to the front, whether we would or no. And love—or shall we call it folly?—goes to the wall. Sometimes, also, it takes us with it, for man's most powerful affinity in this world is an affinity for being a fool. Foreordained for each of us and destined for his destruction is one colossal piece of idiocy which, perhaps, he may never encounter; but if he does, then crash! Everything goes! It is in this respect that folly so strongly resembles love. In fact"—Cunliffe's eyes softened to a smile—"there are times when man cannot tell the two apart; but this is because of his blindness. For we none of us know what love is, although in the course of a long and varied term of years we believe that we have often found it. We pay our vows to the right of it and sigh our sighs to the left of it; we may even die for it, ignorant that since the beginning it has

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waited directly in front of us." He raised himself farther upon the pillows, and, looking in at his wife, laughed gently. "Such grim jokes do the Ulterior Fates delight in," he murmured.

Just then her hand slid along the desk and fell into her lap; the penholder rolled from her relaxed fingers and fell noisily to the floor, but she did not heed—only turned her head a little and settled herself more comfortably in her chair.

Cunliffe waited a few minutes longer, and then, raising his hand, deliberately knocked a teaspoon off the table at the head of his bed. It struck upon some metallic substance with a loud ring, and on reaching the ground spun wildly around, rattling a sharp tattoo on the bare boards. Cunliffe leaned forward eagerly; Edith did not stir. "I thought so," he said; "she is safe now for at least three hours, if not longer."

He had always considered this heavy slumber a stupid, somewhat plebeian, trait; but now the pink color he so often criticised had died out of her face, which was of that clear and dainty type usually accompanying an abundance of reddish golden hair. Her straight, refined nose and delicate, severe mouth showed as if cut in ivory against the dark cushions of her high-backed chair. She looked so white, so remote and helpless, that Cunliffe was seized with sudden ruth. "I feel as if I were playing her a shabby trick," he whispered; "but there is no time to waste now in splitting hairs.——Better a dead lion than a live dog!"

He pulled the dressing-gown farther over his shoulders, and after struggling with the sleeves, sprang up alertly, only to rock helplessly to and fro the moment he landed upon his feet. Catching hold of the foot-board of the bed as a support, he walked more cautiously toward the closet, where he was sure his clothing must have been placed the first morning of his illness. As he let himself in, he was struck with surprise by the icy coldness of the air that met him.

"Nothing like two weeks in bed to make a man tender," he muttered impatiently, as he felt among the hanging garments, and by sheer good-fortune found the pocket in which he had left his keys. As he drew them out he chanced to loosen a heavy overcoat, which fell upon him and bore him to the ground with such force and weight that he could not find strength to rise again.

Creeping laboriously he made his way out of the closet and, with a growing sense of the absurdity of his position, began slowly to cross the floor, the keys in one hand and the coat still pressing upon his shoulders; all at once, throwing it off with a furious motion, he staggered to his feet, and reeling forward to the foot of the bed, lay there breathing deep and painfully, like a spent swimmer. "Man is a vain savage," he muttered.

For awhile he remained quiet, nerving himself for the fresh exertion of descending into the lower hall, and trying to conquer the sick tremor of dizziness that assailed him at every thought of the sharp turn at the head of the stairs and the narrow edges of the steps just above the landing.

It was characteristic of Cunliffe that the thought of foregoing his purpose at no time occurred to him. His habit of making up his mind rapidly and surely, and of always keeping his object resolutely in view, had not been in the least affected by his bodily weakness. "I must take something to steady my nerves," he muttered, and turning to the table at the head of his bed, he poured himself a stiff glass of brandy and drank it. The effect was almost magical; rising, he walked securely from the room, and descending the stairs, passed the sharp turn with scarcely a thought of dizziness; reaching the landing in safety, he sat down to rest for a moment on the broad cushioned seat built into the large window that lighted the lower hall.

With an indifferent turn of the hand he drew aside the curtain, and then started with amazement. The ground in every direction was covered deep with snow.

"Winter!" he murmured. "How long have I been ill?"

The light from the moon, already sinking to the west, glittered on the lower half of the window-panes through

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every fantastic device that frost could create. The sky arched upward in an infinite depth of dark clear blue, from which the great stars, double their ordinary size, hung spheroidal, pulsing slowly like drops of liquid gold about to fall. The shadows of the fir-trees lay sharp-edged and black in gigantic pointed fronds along the lawn, and all between the delicate branches of the elms were traced upon the snow with the fineness of an etching. There was not a breath of wind in the dry, frozen air; but on turning his eyes eastward, Cunliffe noted a gray indistinctness in the outlines of the hills, blending them by imperceptible gradations with the leaden heaviness of the lower sky. It was a sign of intense cold. He shivered, and rose to continue his way downstairs.

From the wide fireplace of the lower hall a great bed of coals shed a cheerful glow upon the ceiling, gleamed in the brasses, and flickered in the polish of the furniture. Cunliffe crossed the floor and stood in front of the tall clock. Its expressionless face told him many things: the hour, the year, the phase of the moon, the day of the week, the day of the month.

"January!" he murmured. "January? No wonder I have forgotten how to walk. Well, that settles me, I suppose."

He turned feebly in the direction of the study, relieved to find that his wife had not closed the heavy door. Clutching a chair here, a curtain there, steering warily like a man in strange waters with an eye always ahead for the next obstacle, he made his way to his desk, and unlocking the flap, took out the letter. Then slipping the key into his pocket, with his last remnant of energy he floundered into an easy-chair by the window and held the letter up before his eyes. "I mean to read this, whatever happens," he said to himself.

His writing was bold and black, very large and plainer than print; in the bright moonlight, aided by the reflections from the snow, he read with ease. It was not a long letter, and as he finished it his hand dropped in his lap, and he sat looking out of the window.

"Folly again," he murmured, and a great temptation assailed him; for in those lines there pulsed a living something that for the moment would not be denied; a folly so splendid, so dominant, that its imperious beauty annihilated all sense of shame or of compunction.

Once more he raised the letter and read it through. He would leave it in the desk. He still had strength to seal it. If he put a request upon the envelope that it should be sent privately, he knew that Edith would deliver it unread and alone.

"And I should like Florence Macgregor to know me as I really am," he thought, and then laughed. For his wish was granted. What he really was she knew already. Only what had been hidden, dormant, denied, she knew not.

Whereas Edith——

With a quick sigh, he kissed the paper, then deliberately tore it in two; and forgetting himself completely, rose and walked boldly to the middle of the floor; but here his strength deserted him. He did not fall headlong, but sank slowly to his knees, and then after resting a moment on the palm of his hand slipped gradually sidewise until he lay motionless, his head upon his arm, the torn pages of the letter grasped close to his heart.

The moon dropped down behind the fir-trees, and the light passed from the window. With a soft, rustling crackle the fire died out in the hall. The forgotten clock ticked listlessly, more and more slowly, until it stopped. Sound like a tide ebbed away in the distance, and a gray darkness filled the room with shadows.

Gasping through successive depths of cold and misery Cunliffe returned at last to the consciousness of an insurmountable weakness that left no space for vanity as he painfully dragged himself to the door. Thence it seemed an endless journey before he reached his goal at the foot of the stairway and saw, pale and clear above him, the starlit window on the landing. Drawing long sobs of exhaustion he climbed laboriously up the steps, and supporting himself against the wainscoting, crept along the upper hall. Hitherto, although he had had no conscious

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aim but that of finding himself again in his own room, he had never once relaxed his vice-like grasp upon the crumpled papers in his hand. Now, as he stood in his doorway, the faint red glow in the fire-place opposite caught his eye; crossing toward it as if in pursuance of some well-laid plan, he dropped the letter on the smouldering log and then staggered almost senseless to his bed.

There he lay and shivered, battling silently with a sickening sense of sinking and falling through the air, his face turned with a sort of mute appeal toward the door of the room where Edith was sleeping; but although he believed that he was dying, the thought of calling for help did not present itself to his benumbed intelligence. Still, when finally he heard her stir uneasily and push back her chair from the desk, a stinging spray of hot tears burned suddenly on his eyelids, testifying to his desperate relief.

She moved quietly at first, and then with the abrupt decision of a person fully awake and startled at the passage of time. Her lamp had gone out, and Cunliffe heard the sharp crackle of a match. The next minute she came into the room; he could see that she was frightened; her hand trembled as she held the candle. In spite of the doctor's warning she had forgotten the stimulant.

Stumbling over the heavy gown which he had slipped off at the side of the bed, she let fall a little drop of burning grease on his cheek.

"Eros and Psyche," he muttered faintly. "I shall disappear before daylight!"

She shook her head, but he could see that she was slightly encouraged to find in him the mockery of his characteristic mood.

"How could I be so careless?" she murmured.

"Do not be troubled. I drank nearly all there was there about an hour ago."

She turned to the table and lifted the flask. It was very light; Cunliffe saw the relief leap to her eyes. "There is just enough left for this time," she said. "Can you sit up?"

He could not, but he looked at her lazily and smiled, as if only the will to move and not the strength were lacking. She slipped her arm behind him and, helping him gently to a reclining posture, gave him the brandy. Then propping him up with the pillows she left him a moment while she lighted another lamp and went in search of the nourishment about which the doctor had been so strenuous.

Cunliffe was very weak. He lay moving his hand nervously to and fro along the linen sheet that lay across his lap; suddenly it clinched, and he sat up rigid, with eyes wide open and aghast.

His letter had not burned:—it lay there, still on the log, but not as he had thrown it; gradually uncurling in the heat, both pieces were opened fully to the gaze of the earliest comer. Even from that distance he could see the form of the bold black writing in the first short line. Any line but that! for Edith was returning.

Carefully closing the door into the hall, she sat down upon the bed-side and fed him the steaming bouillon with evident pleasure in the opportunity.

In spite of his frightful exhaustion Cunliffe talked on and on, feebly but incessantly, in order to retain her attention. Plying her with gentle gibes he kept her eyes upon his until she passed through the doorway into her own room, her face wearing a look of timid hopefulness that softened its every asperity.

"Now if I do snuff out," he said to himself, "she will have no cause for self-reproach: I am so evidently better." But his strength was ebbing with every breath he took.

"I may be mistaken," he thought, fingering his oddly fluttering pulse with strange, impersonal curiosity, "but I am afraid I have broken something inside. Well—it justifies my faith in Macgregor; and—also his mistrust of me. That speechifying in the lower hall last night was not without its object. I wonder what he suspected? Between a woman and a doctor, especially one of Macgregor's experience, the best place for a man who means to keep something to himself is a certain grisly bourne toward which I am rapidly

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tending. How tired the traveller gets! Fortunately, he is not called upon to return. Am I going to sleep? I cannot go to sleep now—with that letter lying there!" He made a feeble effort to rise, but his eyelids were closing.

"And Edith," he murmured drowsily, "whose favorite boast has always been that we had positively no secrets from each other!" The next instant, mastered by unconquerable languor, he fell into a dull, torpid slumber.

In the shock of bad news and in the haste of her departure the evening before, the nurse had neglected to close the shutters of the window opposite the foot of Cunliffe's bed; later on his wife had drawn up the shade also, forgetting to pull it down again. And now, in the colorless winter's dawn, a dark grayish triangle, bounded by the black, sweeping lines of the curtains, began to gather shape at the sash. Slowly it paled, and as the light increased a hazy net-work of bare twigs and branches formed against the whiteness without.

In the other room Edith noiselessly extinguished her lamp and stretched herself upon the lounge. Everything about was lifeless, pallid, forlorn; she hid her head in the pillows to escape that moment of profound revolt with which the soul instinctively recoils from the first dreary call of coming day.

For awhile it seemed as if both were sleeping. Then translucent, crystalline, a splendid yellow spread and deepened in the sky. Cunliffe opened his eyes, and looked thoughtfully at the window. The black, clear reticulations of the branches seemed to inclose the living heavens like a jewel in an oriental carving.

"'No secrets from each other! No . . . other!'"

Hitherto he had always heard this statement of Edith's with a comfortable persuasion of his own magnanimity in allowing her to cherish any idea whatever that happened to please her; now, the persistence of its repetition struck him in a new light. Had she wished to stifle a doubt? In the grim widening of his horizon the tolerant amusement of his old attitude seemed mean and small beside the large, determined trustfulness of hers.

He closed his eyes; and, wrought by an invisible sculptor, the gaunt, stern outlines of his face momentarily deepened.

"I cannot go until I get that letter," he whispered; but when he tried to rise his head seemed riveted to the pillow. For a moment he struggled, and then things grew black before him.

Was someone standing in the doorway? Edith, of course; she was always inopportune, poor girl! Was it time for that brandy again?

And the letter, the letter!

He moaned feebly and turned away his head. There was a pause, a little clink of glass, and then she stole softly from the room. She had gone downstairs to refill the empty flask.——One chance left!

With a terrible effort he succeeded in dragging himself up upon his elbow, and was trying to slip to the floor in the vain hope of finding strength to crawl to the fire-place, when shrill and noisy, from somewhere in the house, came the long, disturbing rattle of an electric bell; the next instant Macgregor's loud, cheery voice sounded in anxious inquiries from below.

Cunliffe's heart gave a fierce, painful bound and then began to flutter violently. Striking his clinched fist upon his forehead with a gesture of despair, he made a last frantic attempt to leave his bed.

Someone in the hall was trying to open his door.

"Do not come in," he called, without ceasing his struggles or even glancing over his shoulder. But the knob continued softly to turn, and the new nurse appeared, terrified, on the threshold; the next instant she was gone, forgetting to close the door behind her.

But Cunliffe heeded neither her advent nor her departure. Abruptly he had ceased all effort, and resting upon his elbow, was staring at the fireplace.

With the opening of the door a light flame had shot up at the base of the smouldering log upon which the hot yellow papers were lying.

Cunliffe held his breath. Uncon-

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scious of weakness he rose, inch by inch, as if drawn by some outward power, until, propping himself on one trembling arm, he sat upright—waiting.

A puff of smoke—a fierce, short blaze—the letter was gone!

"Oh, man, man!" cried the doctor, running into the room. "Why didn't ye heed my warning?"

Cunliffe did not answer. His eyes were fixed upon the flakes of soft, black ash that were lazily floating up the chimney. In front of the window the red, clear disk of the sun was slowly climbing among the bare, graceful boughs of the elm-tree. A moment of peace, of utter gladness, had come to Cunliffe.

"Things have turned out pretty well after all," he murmured, and then fell back among the pillows.

Self-possessed and resourceful, the new nurse stole forward, seconding the doctor's vain efforts as one after another he tried his ineffectual remedies. At the foot of the bed stood Edith, breathless, her arms bent, her hands drawn rigidly to her sides, in the tense attitude of one about to run a race.

At last, straightening himself from his stooping posture, Macgregor looked across at his assistant and shook his head; almost imperceptibly, assenting, the woman bent hers in return.

Grave and thoughtful, never so wonted to death as to see it without awe, and yet too familiar to meet it with amazement, these two, whose profession was the healing of the living, waited in silent acknowledgment of the end of their usefulness. There was not a sound in the room.

Then Edith threw her hands above her head with a long, mourning cry. "Oh, what shall I do?" she wailed. "I am a widow, a widow indeed! He was all that I had!"

Her voice rang on her ears querulous and self-conscious, rebuked by the mute, austere sincerity of Death.

She wished that she had not spoken. She was glad that Cunliffe could not hear.

HIS STATEMENT OF THE CASE

By James Herbert Morse

"Now half a hundred years had I been born—
So many and so brief—when made aware,
By Time's blunt looks, of hoar-frost in my hair.
I turned to one of twenty, in the corn,
At husking time, that blissful autumn morn,
And said 'What if the red ear fall to me?'
I would not for the world have any see
The look, half doubtful, mazeful, half in scorn,
That grew through all degrees, then broke in laughter,
As she ran down among the beardless men.
I left the husking, nor returned thereafter,
That autumn morn, nor any morn since then.
But you shall see gray beards in a long row,
Upon the rustic roads where I now go."

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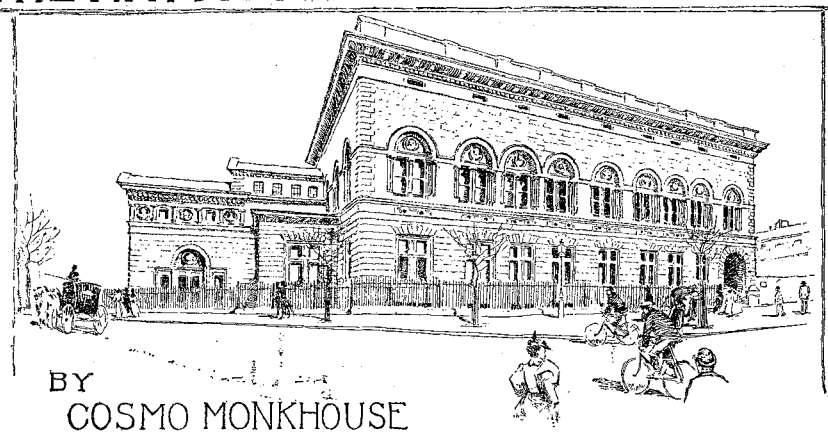
THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY



BY
COSMO MONKHOUSE

THANKS to the patriotic liberality of Mr. William Henry Alexander, the British National Portrait Gallery has at last been provided with a handsome house of its own. While rendering all due thanks to him, it is yet to be regretted that the site granted by the British Government does not admit of any expansion of the present building, which is only large enough to afford bare accommodation to the existing collection. It is also a matter for regret that it occupies the space which would have been most suitable for the much-needed additions to the National Gallery. The two hidebound institutions now stand back to back, connected somewhat in the manner of the Siamese twins. Nor does it make matters any better that the architecture of one is classical and of the other Renaissance, while the well-intentioned attempt to effect a plausible transition between the two buildings by a portico, which agrees with neither, only draws attention to the discord. The present National Gallery, which occupies what has been called the finest site in Europe, is perhaps the "best-abused" building in that quarter of the globe. Its façade is elegant and would be impressive but for the inadequate superstructures of dome and turrets. If the space now occupied by the National Portrait Gallery had been handed over to a competent architect, with power to deal, as a whole, with the existing building, and his additions to it, we might have had a really fine National Gallery, and a National Portrait Gallery might have been built in the barrack ground near or elsewhere. But the opportunity has been lost, and when the barrack ground aforesaid is at last diverted from military to artistic purposes, it can only be used for the erection of supplementary buildings, which will increase the present architectural confusion. This, however, is not the fault of the donor, nor should we be hard upon the architect. Like Mr. Wilkins, the architect of the National Gallery, the late Mr. Ewan Christian, was hampered by conditions. The former had to make use of old materials, the latter to build on a difficult and contracted site. If Mr. Christian's building is not a masterpiece, he has at least given us a fair and elegant elevation on the north side, something like a fifteenth century palace in Florence, and has provided a series of well-lighted and pleasantly proportioned rooms, where some hundreds of pictures can be seen to the best advantage.

It is some forty years ago that the present National Portrait Gallery was instituted, at the suggestion of the late Earl Stanhope, and with the support of the late Prince Consort. Previously to 1856 the nearest approaches to such an institution were to be found in the monuments in Westminster Abbey and

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St. Paul's Cathedral, and a very miscellaneous gathering of pictures in the British Museum, which had been presented or bequeathed to the nation from time to time since the middle of the last century. Out of the latter some seventy have been carefully selected, and transferred to the National Portrait Gallery. Of these seventy, no fewer than sixteen were presented by Dr. Andrew Gifford, the Baptist Minister, archæologist, and numismatist, who was Assistant Librarian to the British Museum from 1757 till his death in 1784. They comprise two portraits, both by Paul Van Somer, of the great Lord Bacon and of Elizabeth Vernon (the countess of Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton, the friend of Shakespeare); others of the great Lord Burghley and of Thomas Cecil, first Earl of Exeter (the latter by Marc Gheeraerts); of James, Duke of Monmouth, and Archbishop Ussher (both by Sir Peter Lely); of Charles II. (by James Greenhill), besides many others that are interesting or valuable. The contribution from the British Museum also contained portraits of Thomas Howard, first Lord of Arundel, the great collector and patron of art; of Oliver Cromwell and his page (one of the finest works of Robert Walker); of Queen Elizabeth (two, one of unusual interest on account of the costume and the date, 1567, when the Queen was four-and-thirty); of the great Duke of Marlborough, by Kneller; of the younger Sir Harry Vane, by William Dobson; and, not to extend this list unduly, of Archbishop Cranmer at the age of fifty-seven, by Gerbarus Fliccius. The last is a noble work by a very rare artist, of whose career nothing is known except that he came to England, and was imprisoned in London, possibly on account of his Protestantism. At the time, therefore, of the institution of the National Portrait Gallery the nation possessed a goodly number of interesting portraits, which might have formed the nucleus of the new collection, but for some reason or other they remained at the British Museum till June, 1879. To the late Earl of Ellesmere belongs the honor of starting the present collection by the gift of what is known as the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, from its having belonged to the first Duke of Chandos (the patron of Gay and Handel, and builder of the "lordly pleasure-house" of Canons), a life-sized picture of whose pompous person, in all the glory of huge wig, crimson mantle, and gold buskins hangs also on the walls of the gallery. The "Chandos" portrait of Shakespeare, though not painted, as was once supposed, by either John Taylor or Richard Burbage, the players, belonged to the former, or a namesake of his, and was probably painted, if not from the life, at least from memory; and no more fitting canvas could have been chosen to inaugurate the National Collection. It was presented in March, 1856, or some months in advance of the formal establishment of the Institution. Since then the Gallery has been growing at the rate, on the average, of about twenty-five pictures in the year, though not without the aid of some extraordinary contributions, as those of the British Museum, already mentioned, thirty pictures presented by the Honorable Society of Judges and Sergeants-at-Law, in 1877, and about seventeen transferred from the National Gallery in 1883 and since.

Chronologically, also, the pictures begin with a poet—none other than Geoffrey Chaucer, that "well of English undefyled." The history of this small panel is unknown, but it is possibly contemporary, and represents the author of the "Canterbury Tales" in a gray ungirdled gown and black leggings, with beads in one hand and knife-case in the other, and a long falling turban-like head-dress. It is one of the portraits transferred from the British Museum, which still possesses a similar representation of the poet drawn on vellum, which is engraved in Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations." With the exception of this picture and one of Archbishop Scrope, the portraits in the Gallery are, till the time of Henry VII., confined to royal personages, and chiefly consist of electrotypes of their effigies in Westminster Abbey and the Cathedrals of Canterbury and Gloucester. The family of Edward III. are represented by engravings by the late Direc-

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PRINCESS MARY, eldest daughter of Henry VIII., afterward Queen (Bloody) Mary.

From the painting by Joannes Corvus.

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tor, Sir George Scharf, after tracings from drawings once on the wall of St. Stephen's Chapel (the old House of Commons), which perished in the fire that consumed both Houses of Parliament in 1834; but the first easel picture of a king, which is valuable not only for its resemblance but for its artistic merits, is that of Richard III., by some unknown Flemish artist.

It is full of character and was evidently either taken from the life or, as two others similar to it exist, was copied from one so taken. He is richly dressed and ornamented, and is shifting one of three rings which he wears on his right hand. His face is closely shaven and sallow, and his lips compressed.

A very interesting contemporary portrait of Henry VII., and another of his mother, Margaret Beaufort, the Countess of Richmond, mark the end of the long Wars of the Roses and the revival of art and letters in England. From that time to the present there has been a steady demand for portraits in England, and as steady a supply of portrait-painters, good, bad, and indifferent, native and foreign. But anyone who expects that the National Portrait Gallery contains a selection of the best portraits by the best artists will be disappointed. In the first place its object is historical and not artistic, and in the second, there are no portraits to be found of some of the most eminent and interesting men and women. Moreover, when they exist, they are often unobtainable, for, however patriotic a man may be, he hesitates to part with the most cherished of his family possessions, and when they come into the market they often fetch prices beyond the modest income of the Gallery. Nevertheless, if we have no Holbein, we have several excellent pictures of his "school," and if we have only one Van Dyck (a portrait of Sir Julius Cæsar), we have a number of good copies of his works. Moreover, of fine examples of the best of the later portrait-painters the Gallery is by no means deficient; and it possesses excellent portraits by artists who if not of the first rank were very skilful and faithful limners. Amongst these may be mentioned Marc Gheeraerts, Honthorst, Mireveldt, Van Somer, Zucchero, and de Heere, while the special student of English art will rejoice to find examples of comparatively rare painters like Aikman, Mary Beale, Riley, Nathaniel Dance, Robert Walker, Arthur Devis, John Greenhill, Francis Hayman, Joseph Highmore, Jonathan Richardson, Hoare, of Bath, and Joseph Michael Wright, while of American artists there are at least two, Washington Allston, whose portrait of Coleridge is so well known, and Gilbert Stuart, by whom there are no less than six admirable portraits, including a small version of his masterpiece—the full length figure of George Washington. Some of the portraits by rare English artists, like that of the philosopher Hobbes, of Malmesbury, by Joseph Michael Wright, and the portraits of

QUEEN MARY and HER HUSBAND, KING PHILIP II. OF SPAIN at the age of twenty-eight years.
Reverse and obverse of a gold medal by Jacopo da Tezzo of Milan, dated 1555.

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EDWARD VI., at the age of six.

From a painting of the School of Holbein.

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SARAH JENNINGS, FIRST DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

From the painting by Kneller.

Dobson and Walker by themselves, are of quite exceptional merit even as works of art.

The National Portrait Gallery now contains between 1,000 and 1,100 works (including sculpture and medals), but it may yet be considered in its infancy. It has recently been estimated by Mr. Sidney Lee, the present editor of the Dictionary of National Biography, that since the year 1000 about 30,000 persons have achieved in the United Kingdom such a measure of distinction as to claim the national biographer's attention. Though it may be going too far to say that every one of these has established a claim to a portrait in the National Collection, which at present draws the line at criminals and mere eccentrics; and though such claims could not in a very large number of cases be satisfied, because no portraits are in existence, there is still left an enormous margin for the legitimate extension of the National Portrait Gallery, especially as more than one portrait of the same individual, if he has any great claim on the nation's memory, may and should be welcomed within its walls. The three great historical loan collec-

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NELL GWYNN.

From the painting by Sir Peter Lely.

tions of portraits which were exhibited at the South Kensington Museum in 1866, 1867, and 1868 contained nearly 3,000 pictures, and this at least is far below the proportions which the National Portrait Gallery may be expected to attain. Yet, even at present, though the gaps in it are too numerous for mention in this article, the assemblage gives a good historical summary of the distinguished personages of British history since the days of Henry VII. We see Henry VIII. presented in two large pictures reproducing what may be called the Holbein type of "Bluff King Hal," the burly potentate, brave with jewels and embroideries, immense in breadth and girth, with full, fleshy face and swaggering air. And there is another portrait of him, of a much rarer

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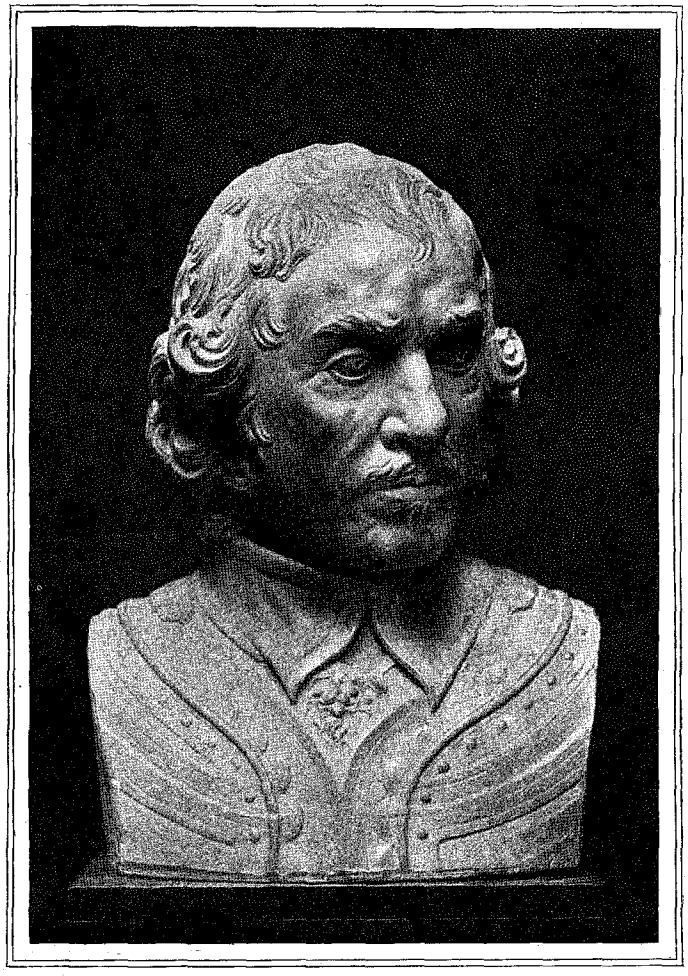

OLIVER CROMWELL.

From a terra cotta bust modelled from the life by Edward Pierce, Jr.

type, small and with his face turned to the right, quite human and meditative. Grouped around him, in pictures of various degrees of merit, are two of his queens (Catherine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn), his daughter Mary and his son Edward, Cardinal Wolsey, and Sir Thomas More, his doctor, Sir William Butts, and his friend, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Here, also, are Brandon's son-in-law, the second Duke of Suffolk, and his grandchild, the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. The martyrs, Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer, with Cardinal Pole and King Philip II., form part of the appropriate setting of the meagre and unhappy visage of Queen Mary; and near them hang several pictures of her more popular sister, the great Queen Bess, attended by a goodly company of her courtiers and her counsellors, her favorites and foes, her soldiers and her sailors, her poets and philosophers. Here is Mary, Queen of Scots, with her mother, Mary of Lorraine, and her husband, Darnley. Here are Knox and Fox, Burghley and Leicester, Essex and Raleigh, Speed and Camden, Shakespeare and Bacon. The times of the Stuarts are more fully represented than those of the Tudors, and those of the present dynasty than all of the rest put together; or, to state the matter more nearly, according to the official list of August 31, 1894, about 44 works belonged to the sixteenth, 165 to the seventeenth, 194 to the eighteenth, and 349 to the nineteenth century.

Though the portraits of Catherine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn are not very prepossessing, they are well executed and in good preservation. The daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella does not suggest a Spanish extraction. She wears a square-cut dress with an English pentagonal hood, and a jewelled cross with three pearls pendant hangs at her neck. She has very red lips and full jaws. The face of Anne Boleyn is younger and of a more slender type, but in spite of the large brown eyes and chestnut hair, it is scarcely so pleasant as that of her rival. Her French hood and dress

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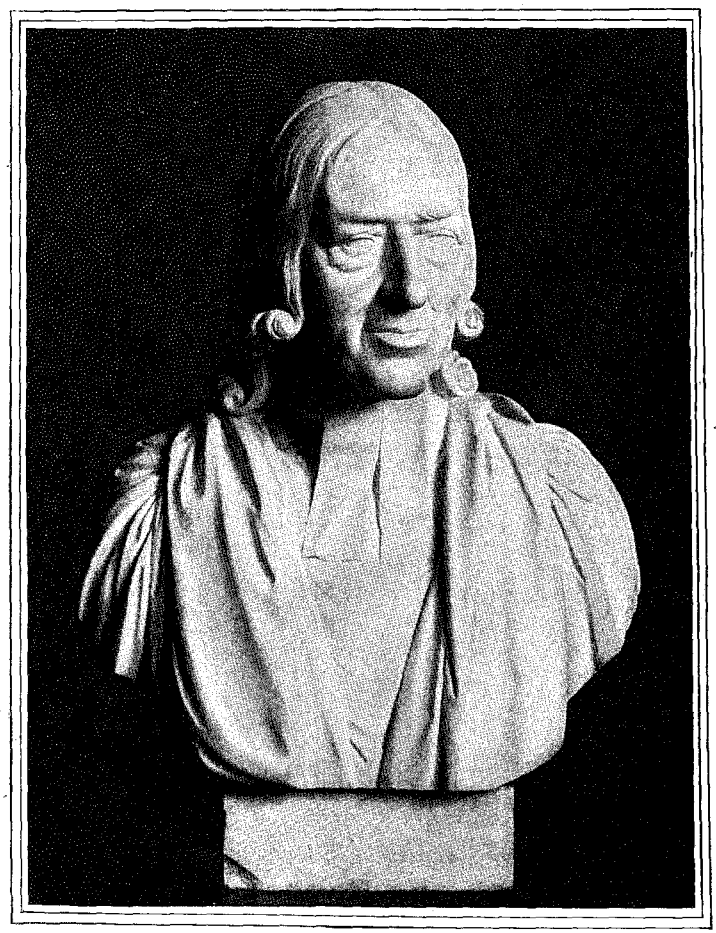
are embroidered with pearls, and she wears a pearl necklace with the letter B hanging from it. It strikes one as a mark of the incompleteness of the Gallery that out of Henry's six wives two only are represented here. Of his three children who ascended the throne, one (Edward VI.) is motherless; but there is a very pretty portrait of him as a boy of six, of the school of Holbein, delicate and thoughtful, with a rose in his hand and a pearl at his breast, his cap decorated with an ostrich plume, daintily arranged. The very interesting portrait of Henry's eldest daughter, the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen, was painted by Joannes Corvus, a rare Flemish master, whose real name was Jan Rave. Her coiffure is somewhat similar to that of Anne Boleyn, and she also wears a square-cut dress, a pearl necklace and a pendant. Her full-sleeved gown of cloth of gold is decorated with seed pearls. It was painted in 1544 when she was eight and twenty, and probably happier than she had been since her mother's repudiation, for this year her right of succession to the throne had been declared by an Act of Parliament. She danced at a court ball shortly afterwards, and is described by the secretary of the Duke de Najera, as not only pleasing in person but very popular. Neither her happiness nor her charm appear in this portrait.

The imperfection of the Gallery is well illustrated in connection with the earlier poets and dramatists. There is only an indifferent representation of Shakespeare, and only a copy of a portrait of Ben Jonson, while Chapman and Spenser, Webster and Marlowe, are wholly unrepresented. There is a portrait of Fletcher, but none of Beaumont, none of Sackville, but one of Drayton, and, in the absence of Sir Philip Sidney, we have to content ourselves with the face of his sister, for whose entertainment he wrote the "Arcadia." If it were only for William Browne's famous epitaph on this charming lady

> "Underneath this marble hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse,



JOHN WESLEY.

From a marble bust by an unknown sculptor.

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> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Death! ere thou has found another
> Fair and wise and good as she
> Time shall throw his dart at thee,"

she would deserve a niche in our national temple. She wears a white lace cap arranged something like a handkerchief, peaked over her forehead and curving round her head, so as to show her dark brown hair on each side. A black-and-red mantle partly covers her white embroidered jacket, but shows the tightly fitting sleeves and yellow gloves, both of which she holds in her right hand. Her handsome, clever, but very sweet and cheerful face seems to justify her epitaph. This excellent picture is ascribed to Marc Gheeraerts with some doubt, but the painter of the equally fine portrait of Drayton is frankly stated as unknown. The laborious author of the "Polyolbion," and of

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

From the drawing by Robert Hancock.

the stirring ballad of the Battle of Agincourt, is represented almost full face and looking straight out of the picture. This is dated 1599 when the poet was thirty-six years old. The face is handsome and refined, with blue eyes, brown mustache, and peaked beard. The head wears a wreath of bay leaves and berries.

Although she plays but a small part

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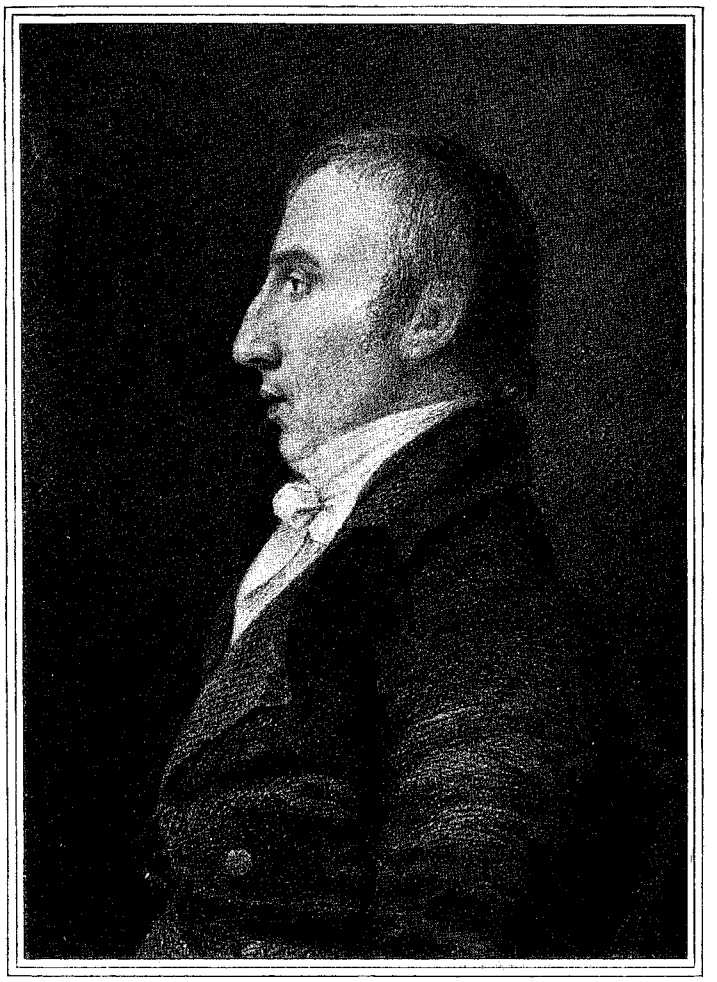
in the pages of English history, no little national interest attaches to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the sister of Charles I., the mother of Prince Rupert, and the ancestor of Queen Victoria, in the direct line. Of her there are two good portraits, one by Mireveldt and the other by Honthorst. The latter is the more attractive, and shows a singularly handsome and rather melancholy face. Her unadorned hair is parted on one side and descends in ringlets over her shoulders. She wears a black dress cut square and low, and bordered with deep lace. Her short necklace is of large pearls. Her ears are hidden, but two still larger pearls depend from each of them, and appear from under her hair, against her neck. The already mentioned Hobbes, of Malmesbury, by J. M. Wright, a good picture of Inigo Jones, copied by Stone from Van Dyck, very fine portraits, by William Dobson, of himself and of Endymion Porter, the friend of Charles I., and the Duke of Buckingham, and a group of the latter and his family, by Honthorst, are among the best of the pictures of this time.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

From the drawing by Robert Hancock.

Of the portraits of Oliver Cromwell none are finer than that by Robert Walker, and a bust, modelled from the

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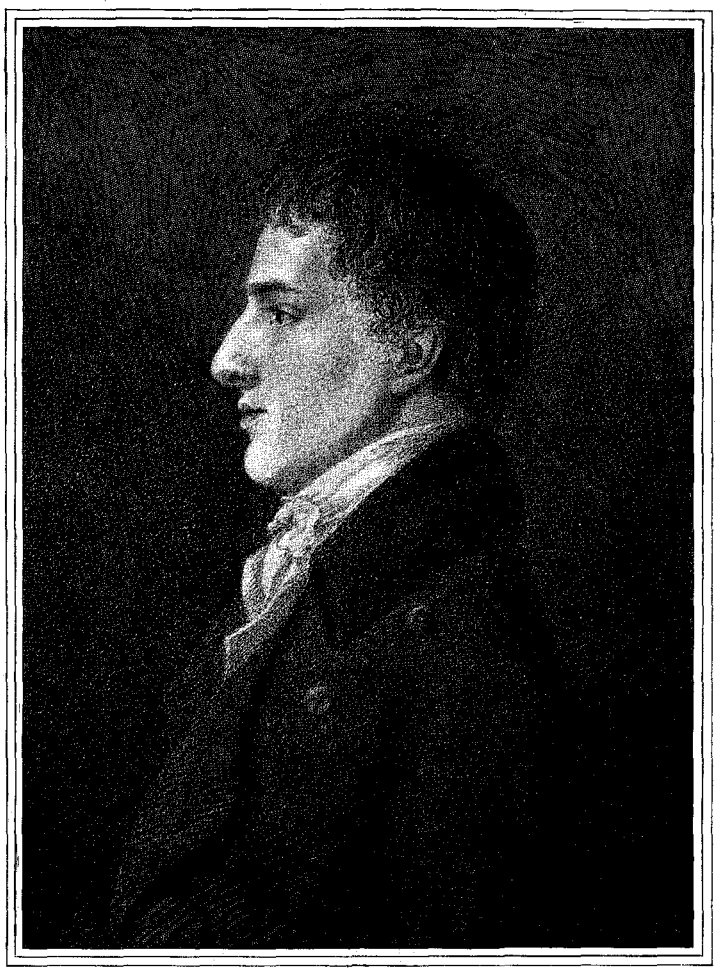
life, by Edward Pierce, Junior. It is in terra-cotta, and the marble bust made from it is, or was lately, in the possession of Lady Taunton. Cromwell was indeed fortunate in both the painters and the sculptors at his service. One of his portraits here is evidently enlarged from one of Samuel Cooper's beautiful miniatures, and though the gallery possesses no work direct from this master's hands, his noble style is very visible in a portrait of General Monck, Duke of Albemarle, in steel armor and square collar. There is another portrait of Monck, by Sir Peter Lely, a painter represented here by over twenty works. These include portraits of Charles II., Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, the Duke of Buckingham, and of the painter himself, besides several of the "fair and frail" beauties of the time. Of the female portraits, none is finer than those of Nell Gwynn and Mrs. Middleton. The latter represents the blonde and languorous charmer as a shepherdess in white satin, seated among rocks, indolently resting her cheek upon her hand. It is remarkable for its silvery tones and high finish.



CHARLES LAMB.

From the drawing by Robert Hancock.

After Lely for awhile the portraits are comparatively depressing. Even

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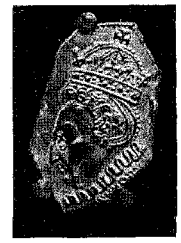
royalty (on canvas) depends greatly on the picturesqueness of costume and the skill of its painters, and the reigning monarchs from Charles II. to George III. suffer accordingly. Kneller was the best of the painters of this period, but he does not show to advantage when painting kings and queens. He is much more successful in his picture of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, who here appears as a young and peevish beauty, and in a very fresh and lively sketch of John Gay. There is an old copy of Addison's portrait by Kneller, but Gay comes off best of all the brilliant writers of the so-called Augustan age, who, as a rule, fare badly in the hands of such painters as Jervas and Richardson. Yet it is something to have credible images of such men as Pope and Prior, Steele and Swift, and also of Newton, Thomson, and Handel. With Hogarth comes a spring of fresh life. We see him painted by himself in green coat and purple cap, mixing his tints while seated in a huge arm-chair before his easel. The picture is known by his own engraving from it. Besides this portrait there is a bust of Hogarth by Roubiliac, which is a spirited translation into French of the very English original. The gallery also contains Hogarth's inimitable sketch of the wily old Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, and his fine portrait of Bishop Hoadley. Near to Hogarth are to be seen his old enemies Wilkes and Churchill—Wilkes in a sketch by Richard Earlom the engraver, and the author of the "Rosciad" in oil by Schaak, looking very puffy and parsonic. Far pleasanter is the portrait by Arthur Pond, of the charming "Peg" Woffington, lying in bed after her stroke of paralysis, with her sweet and cheerful face seen in profile on the pillow.



Queen Elizabeth.

From a fragment of a gold piece of the time.

Here, too, is her friend Garrick, in paint, by Robert Edge Pine, and in sculpture by an unknown artist, works which make us wish for one of those many livelier portraits of the incomparable "Davy" by Hogarth, Reynolds, and others. In this Gallery historical memories of the latter half of the eighteenth century naturally cluster round the name of the great Sir Joshua, for he was not only the painter but the companion of all the distinguished men of the time. By his own hand are some fifteen pictures, including those of himself and his friends Keppel, Burke, Sir William Chambers, and Malone. Of these the finest is that of Burke, and the most interesting that of himself when about seventeen, before he went abroad, holding his left hand in front of his forehead so as to cast a shadow across his face; a work which is Rembrandtesque in character and shows how soon his genius proclaimed itself.

There is also a copy by one of his pupils of his famous portrait of Goldsmith, once in the possession of the poet himself. But we must go next door to the National Gallery to see his portraits of Doctor Johnson and the faithful Boswell. By Allan Ramsay, Reynolds's rival in court favor, there is a half-length of Lord Chesterfield which shows his powers at their best. By Gainsborough there are but few pictures, and the most generally interesting of these is the portrait of George Colman, the elder, the author of the "Clandestine Marriage" and manager of Covent Garden and the Haymarket Theatres. By Romney are portraits of Richard Cumberland, Flaxman, and Lady Hamilton; but his finest work here is his own portrait, which his friend Hayley carried off in an unfinished state for fear the artist should spoil it. Among a few good examples of Raeburn's admirable skill is a portrait of Harry Mackenzie, the "Scottish Addison."

On the whole the class best represented in the National Portrait Gallery is that of the artists themselves. There are portraits by their own hands of some thirty painters, including Barry, Cosway, Haydon, Hogarth, Angelica Kauffman, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Morland, Opie, Reynolds, Zoffany, Wilkie, and Wright of Derby, all good, and in the case of Barry and Wright of Derby probably the finest they ever painted. There are many others by different hands the most notable absence being

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that of Turner. The gallery of poets of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is fairly complete, though we miss Collins and Shelley. Many of these portraits, like Washington Allston's Coleridge, Phillips's Byron, and Sir William Allan's Scott, are well known by engravings; but this is at all events not the case with regard to four little drawings, by Robert Hancock the engraver, of Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge as young men. The portrait of Lamb is the pleasantest we have of him, and that of Coleridge is of special interest from its early date (1796), and the dress, which is that he wore when he preached his first sermon in Mr. Jardine's chapel at Bath.

The rest of the portraits include most of the principal statesmen from Chatham to Bright, and a fair number of great soldiers and sailors, from Marlborough to Lord Napier of Magdala; of churchmen, from Bishop Burnet to Dean Stanley; some philanthropists and philosophers, like Howard and Clarkson, Benjamin Franklin and William Wilberforce, Priestley and Bentham; a few noted evangelicals, like Wesley—of whom there is an excellent bust by an unknown hand—and Whitefield; a few engineers, like Watt and Smeaton, Brunel and Stephenson; men of science, like Jenner and Herschel; and prose writers, from Richardson and Horace Walpole to Dickens and Thackeray. To these must be added a few actors, a few musicians, and a good many more who are difficult to classify. There is no space here to speak of any of these, but a word must be said of one man to whose knowledge and energy the National Portrait Gallery is greatly indebted.

As Secretary from its commencement, and as Director, Keeper, and Secretary also, from 1882 till his death in April of last year, the late Sir George Scharf, K.C.B., was primarily responsible for the selection of the portraits in the Gallery. For this important duty he was specially qualified by his attainments and experience. An artist of no mean acquirements, a facile and accurate draughtsman and etcher, a close student of art and archæology, he brought to the performance of his duties such an amount of pertinent knowledge, well sifted and arranged, as probably no other man possessed, while his retentive memory, and his habit of careful observation and comparison, were aided by a methodical system of note-taking, both verbal and graphic, which was of incalculable value to the institution of which he was the practical manager. Nor will his usefulness die with him, for he has left to the Gallery his series of note-books and drawings, among which will be found sketches of nearly all the works which from time to time were brought to him as candidates for admission to his Walhalla. If such works were rejected he retained a sketch of them, sufficient to identify them if offered again, as they sometimes were, not always under the same name. I remember his once showing to me his sketch of a so-called portrait of Turner by himself, which he had known in various hands under different names. This particular portrait still continues its career as a genuine portrait of Turner, and but for Sir George Scharf's care and knowledge would possibly have asserted its impudent claims on the walls of the National Portrait Gallery itself. Even Sir George Scharf was not proof against all forms of deception. He once acquired the portrait of an old lady in mourning with a widow-like arrangement of lace on her head and a little book, presumably of devotion, in her hand. This he noted in the catalogue as a portrait of Rachel, Lady Russell (1636–1723), the wife of the patriot, so well known for her devotion to her husband at his trial for complicity in the Rye House Plot. It was really the portrait of a very different personage, Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, grown old and devout. A copy of her portrait, by Sir Peter Lely, in the pride of her power and beauty, now hangs beside it in forcible contrast.

He no doubt made mistakes now and again, but to amend them will be the lightest of the duties of his successor, Mr. Lionel Cust. Since his appointment he has indeed had sufficient to occupy his time, in gathering together all the works under his care,

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WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, at the age of thirteen or fourteen years.

After a bust made from life by an unknown sculptor.

from the Bethnal Green Museum, from the headquarters of the gallery in Great George Street, from the National Gallery, and perhaps other places where they were temporarily lodged ; in having them and their frames put into good condition, and in rearranging them in their new house. Although all must regret that the life of Sir George Scharf was not spared to superintend these arrangements, and to see the collection to which he had devoted so great a part of his life fairly installed in a building of its own, there is good reason to be satisfied with the hands upon which his duties have devolved. The necessary work of cleaning and refurbishing has been done in a skilful and judicious manner, and the hanging of the pictures, having regard to the conditions of size and light, leaves little to be desired. Mr. Lionel Henry

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MISS CHRISTINA ROSSETTI AND HER MOTHER.

From the drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Cust is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, has done good service as Assistant in the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, and is otherwise well qualified to discharge the difficult duties of his office.

Since his accession to office there has been little time to test his judgment in the purchase of pictures, but he has acquired at least one of remarkable interest, a portrait group of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the painter, Sir William Chambers, the architect, and Joseph Wilton, the sculptor, painted by John Francis Rigaud in 1782. Since then, also, the collection has been increased by many valuable presentations.

Mr. George Frederick Watts is not only the greatest portrait-painter of the Victorian age, but also the most liberal donor to the National Collection of portraits. Quite recently he has added about fifteen pictures to the Gallery in accordance with what may be called his life-long purpose. They illustrate the intellectual genius of his time with a sympathy, strength, and completeness that have scarcely been achieved by any other painter. For many years the Gallery has been in possession of his portraits of Lord Lyons and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, both painted, or at least begun, at Constantinople during or shortly after the Crimean War, and of Lord Lyndhurst. To these (all presented by the artist) are now added the statesmen, Lord John Russell, Lord Sherbrooke, Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord Lawrence; Panizzi, the Librarian of the British Museum; Sir Andrew Clarke, the physician; the philosophers, Mill and Carlyle; Manning, the cardinal; Sir Charles Hallé, the musician; and no less than six poets—Tennyson and Browning, Rossetti and Matthew Arnold, Sir Henry Taylor and Lord Lytton, the younger. Among others of the more recent acquisitions of the Gallery are a noble drawing of Miss Christina

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Rossetti and her mother, by Dante Rossetti and another of Ford Madox Brown, by the same. A sketch of Robert Louis Stevenson, by William B. Richmond, R.A., a replica of the Hon. John Collier's fine portrait of Charles Darwin, and an oil painting of Cardinal Newman, by Miss Emmeline Deane. It is significant of the difference between the National Portrait Gallery and other collections of pictures that of all the later additions to the former none will perhaps be so generally appreciated as the joint portrait of Mary and Charles Lamb, though it has little claim to admiration as a work of art. It was painted at the British Museum shortly before the death of Charles by F. S. Cary, during visits paid by the Lambs to the artist's father (the Rev. H. F. Cary, the translator of Dante). The latter was appointed to the museum in 1826, and Lamb died in the following year.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

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Drawn by William Hatherell.

Grizel stood by the body guarding it.—Page 339.

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SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER XXX

END OF THE JACOBITE RISING

UPON the small hours of the following night the pulse of Thrums stopped for a moment, and then went on again, but the only watcher remained silent, and the people rose in the morning without knowing that they had lost one of their number while they slept. In the same ignorance they toiled through a long day.

It was a close October day in the end of a summer that had lingered to give the countryside nothing better than a second crop of haws. Beneath the beeches leaves lay in yellow heaps like sliced turnip, and over all the strath was a pink haze; the fields were singed brown, except where a recent ploughing gave them a mourning border. From early morn men, women, and children (Tommy among them) were in the fields taking up their potatoes, half-a-dozen gatherers at first to every drill, and by noon it seemed a dozen, though the new-comers were but stout sacks, now able to stand alone. By and by heavy-laden carts were trailing into Thrums, dog-tired toilers hanging on behind, not to be dragged, but for an incentive to keep them trudging, boys and girls falling asleep on top of the load, and so neglecting to enjoy the ride which was their recompense for lifting. A growing mist mixed with the daylight, and still there were a few people out, falling over their feet with fatigue; it took silent possession, and then the shadowy forms left in the fields were motionless and would remain there until carted to garrets and kitchen corners and other winter quarters on Monday morning. There were few gad-abouts that Saturday night. Washings were not brought in, though Mr. Dishart had preached against the unseemly sight of linen hanging on the line on the Sabbath-day. Innes, stravaiging the square and wynds in his apple-cart, jingled his weights in vain, unable to shake even moneyed children off their stools, and when at last he told his beast to go home they took with them all the stir of the town. Family exercise came on early in many houses, and as the gude wife handed her man the Bible she said, entreatingly, "A short ane." After that one might have said that no earthly knock could bring them to their doors, yet within an hour the town was in a ferment.

When Tommy and Elspeth reached the Den the mist lay so thick that they had to feel their way through it to the *Ailie*, where they found Gavinia alone and scared. "Was you peeping in, trying to fleg me twa three minutes syne?" she asked, eagerly, and when they shook their heads, she looked cold with fear. "As sure as death," she said, "there was some living thing standing there; I couldna see it for the rime, but I heard it breathing hard."

Tommy felt Elspeth's hand begin to tremble, and he said "McLean!" hastily, though he knew that McLean had not yet left the Quharity Arms. Next moment Corp arrived with another story as unnerving.

"Has Grizel no come yet?" he asked, in a troubled voice. "Tommy, hearken to this, a light has been burning in Double Dykes and the door swinging open a' day! I saw it mysel', and so did Willum Dods."

"Did you go close?"

"Na faags! Willum was hol'ing and

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I was lifting, so we hadna time in the daylight, and wha would venture near the Painted Lady's house on sic a night?"

Even Tommy felt uneasy, but when Gavinia cried, "There's something uncanny in being out the night; tell us what was in Mr. McLean's bottle, Tommy, and syne we'll run hame," he became Commander Sandys again, and replied, blankly, "What bottle?"

"The ane I warned you he was to fling into the water; dinna dare tell me you hinna got it."

"I know not what thou art speaking about," said Tommy; "but it's a queer thing, it's a queer thing, Gavinia"—here he fixed her with his terrifying eye—"that I happen to have found a—another bottle," and still glaring at her he explained that he had found this bottle floating on the horizon. It contained a letter to him, which he now read aloud. It was signed "The Villain Stroke, his mark," and announced that the writer, "tired of this relentless persecution," had determined to reform rather than be killed. "Meet me at the Cuttle Well, on Saturday, when the eight-o'clock bell is ringing," he wrote, "and I shall there make you an offer for my freedom."

The crew received this communication with shouts, Gavinia's cry of "Five shillings, if no ten!" expressing the general sentiment, but it would not have been like Tommy to think with them. "You poor things," he said, "you just believe everything you're telled! How do I know that this is not a trick of Stroke's to bring me here when he is some other gait working mischief?"

Corp was impressed, but Gavinia said, short-sightedly, "There's nae sign o't."

"There's ower much sign o't," retorted Tommy. "What's this story about Double Dykes? And how do we ken that there hasna been foul wark there, and this man at the bottom o't? I tell you, before the world's half an hour older, I'll find out," and he looked significantly at Corp, who answered, quaking, "I winna gang by mysel', no, Tommy, I winna!"

So Tommy had to accompany him, saying, valiantly, "I'm no feared, and this rime is fine for hodding in," to which Corp replied, as firmly, "Neither am I, and we can aye keep touching cauld iron." Before they were half way down the Double Dykes they got a thrill, for they realized, simultaneously, that they were being followed. They stopped and gripped each other hard, but now they could hear nothing.

"The Painted Lady!" Corp whispered.

"Stroke!" Tommy replied, as cautiously. He was excited rather than afraid, and had the pluck to cry, "Wha's that? I see you!" but no answer came back through the mist, and now the boys had a double reason for pressing forward.

"Can you see the house, Corp?"

"It should be here about, but it's smored in rime."

"I'm touching the paling. I ken the road to the window now."

"Hark! What's that?"

It sounded like devil's music in front of them, and they fell back until Corp remembered, "It maun be the door swinging open, and squealing and moaning on its hinges. Tommy, I take ill wi' that. What can it mean?"

"I'm here to find oot." They reached the window where Tommy had watched once before, and looking in together saw the room plainly by the light of a lamp which stood on the piano. There was no one inside, but otherwise Tommy noticed little change. The fire was out, having evidently burned itself done, the bedclothes were in some disorder. To avoid the creaking door, the boys passed round the back of the house to the window of the other room. This room was without a light, but its door stood open and sufficient light came from the kitchen to show that it also was untenanted. It seemed to have been used as a lumber-room.

The boys turned to go, passing near the front of the empty house, where they shivered and stopped, mastered by a feeling they could not have explained. The helpless door, like the staring eyes of a dead person, seemed to be calling to them to shut it, and Tommy was about to steal forward for this purpose when Corp gripped him and whispered that the light had gone out. It was true, though Tommy disbelieved until they

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had returned to the east window to make sure.

"There maun be folk in the hoose, Tommy!"

"You saw it was toom. The lamp had gone out itself, or else—what's that?"

It was the unmistakable closing of a door, softly but firmly. "The wind has blown it to," they tried to persuade themselves, though aware that there was not sufficient wind for this. After a long period of stillness they gathered courage to go to the door and shake it. It was not only shut but locked.

On their way back through the Double Dykes they were silent, listening painfully but hearing nothing. But when they reached the Coffin Brig Tommy said, "Dinna say naething aboot this to Elspeth, it would terrify her;" he was always so thoughtful for Elspeth.

"But what do you think o't a'?" Corp said, imploringly.

"I winna tell you yet," replied Tommy, cautiously.

When they boarded the *Ailie*, where the two girls were very glad to see them again, the eight o'clock bell had begun to ring, and thus Tommy had a reasonable excuse for hurrying his crew to the Cuttle Well without saying anything of his expedition to Double Dykes, save that he had not seen Grizel. At the Well they had not long to wait before Mr. McLean suddenly appeared out of the mist, and to their astonishment Miss Ailie was leaning on his arm. She was blushing and smiling too, in a way pretty to see, though it spoilt the effect of Stroke's statement.

The first thing Stroke did was to give up his sword to Tommy and to apologize for its being an umbrella on account of the unsettled state of the weather, and then Corp led three cheers, the captain alone declining to join in, for he had an uneasy feeling that he was being ridiculed.

"But I thought there were five of you," Mr. McLean said; "where is the fifth?"

"You ken best," replied Tommy, sulkily, and sulky he remained throughout the scene, because he knew he was not the chief figure in it. Having this knowledge to depress him, it is to his credit that he bore himself with dignity throughout, keeping his crew so well in hand that they dared not give expression to their natural emotions.

"As you are aware, Mr. Sandys," McLean began, solemnly, "I have come here to sue for pardon. It is not yours to give, you reply, the Queen alone can pardon, and I grant it; but, sir, is it not well known to all of us that you can get anything out of her you like?"

Tommy's eyes roved suspiciously, but the suppliant proceeded, in the same tone. "What are my offences? The first is that I have been bearing arms (unwittingly) against the Throne; the second that I have brought trouble to the lady by my side, who has the proud privilege of calling you her friend. But, Sandys, such amends as can come from an erring man I now offer to make most contritely. Intercede with Her Majesty on my behalf, and on my part I promise to war against her no more. I am willing to settle down in the neighboring town as a law-abiding citizen, whom you can watch with eagle eye. Say, what more wouldst thou of the unhappy Stuart?"

But Tommy would say nothing, he only looked doubtfully at Miss Ailie, and that set McLean off again. "You ask what reparation I shall make to this lady? Sandys, I tell thee that here also thou hast proved too strong for me. In the hope that she would plead for me with you, I have been driven to offer her my hand in marriage, and she is willing to take me if thou grantest thy consent."

At this Gavinia jumped with joy, and then cried, "Up wi' her!" words whose bearing the schoolmistress fortunately did not understand. All save Tommy looked at Miss Ailie, and she put her arm on Mr. McLean's, and, yes, it was obvious, Miss Ailie was a lover at the Cuttle Well at last, like so many others. She had often said that the Den parade was vulgar, but she never said it again.

It was unexpected news to Tommy, but that was not what lowered his head in humiliation now. In the general rejoicing he had been nigh forgotten, even Elspeth was hanging in Miss Ailie's skirts, Gavinia had eyes for none but lovers, Corp was rapturously examining five half-crowns that had been dropped

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into his hands for distribution. Had Tommy given an order now, who would have obeyed it? His power was gone, his crew would not listen to another word against Mr. McLean.

"Tommy thought Mr. McLean hated you!" said Elspeth to Miss Ailie.

"It was queer you made sic a mistake!" said Corp to Tommy.

"Oh, the tattie-doolie!" cried Gavinia.

So they knew that Mr. McLean had only been speaking sarcastically; of a sudden they saw through and despised their captain. Tears of mortification rose in Tommy's eyes, and kind-hearted Miss Ailie saw them, and she thought it was her lover's irony that made him smart. She had said little hitherto, but now she put her hand on his shoulder, and told them all that she did indeed owe the supreme joy that had come to her to him. "No, Gavinia," she said, blushing, "I will not give you the particulars, but I assure you that had it not been for Tommy, Mr. McLean would never have asked me to marry him."

Elspeth crossed proudly to the side of her noble brother (who could scarcely trust his ears), and Gavinia cried, in wonder, "What did he do?"

Now McLean had seen Tommy's tears also, and being a kindly man he dropped the satirist and chimed in warmly, "And if I had not asked Miss Ailie to marry me I should have lost the great happiness of my life, so you may all imagine how beholden I feel to Tommy."

Again Tommy was the centre-piece, and though these words were as puzzling to him as to his crew, their sincerity was unmistakable, and once more his head began to waggle complacently.

"And to show how grateful we are," said Miss Ailie, "we are to give him a—a sort of marriage present. We are to double the value of the bursary he wins at the university—" She could get no farther, for now Elspeth was hugging her, and Corp cheering frantically, and Mr. McLean thought it necessary to add the warning, "If he does carry a bursary, you understand, for should he fail I give him nothing."

"Him fail!" exclaimed Corp, with whom Miss Ailie of course agreed. "And he can spend the money in whatever way he chooses," she said, "what will you do with it, Tommy?"

The lucky boy answered, instantly, "I'll take Elspeth to Aberdeen to bide with me," and then Elspeth hugged him, and Miss Ailie said, in a delighted aside to Mr. McLean, "I told you so," and he, too, was well pleased.

"It was the one thing needed to make him work," the school-mistress whispered. "Is not his love for his sister beautiful?"

McLean admitted that it was, but half-banteringly he said to Elspeth: "What could you do in lodgings, you excited mite?"

"I can sit and look at Tommy," she answered, quickly.

"But he will be away for hours at his classes."

"I'll sit at the window waiting for him," said she.

"And I'll run back quick," said Tommy.

All this time another problem had been bewildering Gavinia, and now she broke in, eagerly: "But what was it he did? I thought he was agin Mr. McLean."

"And so did I," said Corp.

"I cheated you grandly," replied Tommy with the audacity he found so useful.

"And a' the time you was pretending to be agin him," screamed Gavinia, "was you—was you bringing this about on the sly?"

Tommy looked up into Mr. McLean's face, but could get no guidance from it, so he said nothing; he only held his head higher than ever. "Oh, the clever little curse!" cried Corp, and Elspeth's delight was as ecstatic, though differently worded. Yet Gavinia stuck to her problem, "How did you do it, what was it you did?" and the cruel McLean said: "You may tell her, Tommy; you have my permission."

It would have been an awkward position for most boys, and even Tommy—but next moment he said, quite coolly: "I think you and me and Miss Ailie should keep it to oursels, Gavinia's sic a gossip."

"Oh, how thoughtful of him!" cried Miss Ailie, the deceived, and McLean said: "How very thoughtful!" but

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now he saw in a flash why Mr. Cathro thought Tommy might steal a bursary to stand.

Thus was the repentant McLean pardoned, and nothing remained for him to do save to show the crew his Lair, which they had sworn to destroy. He had behaved so splendidly that they had forgotten almost that they were the emissaries of justice, but not to destroy the Lair seemed a pity, it would be such a striking way of bringing their adventures in the Den to a close. The degenerate Stuart read this feeling in their faces, and he was ready, he said, to show them his Lair if they would first point it out to him; but here was a difficulty, for how could they do that? For a moment it seemed as if the negotiations must fall through; but Sandys, that captain of resource, invited McLean to step aside for a private conference, and when they rejoined the others McLean said, gravely, that he now remembered where the Lair was and would guide them to it.

They had only to cross a plank, invisible in the mist until they were close to it, and climb a slippery bank strewn with fallen trees. McLean, with a mock serious air, led the way, Miss Ailie on his arm. Corp and Gavinia followed, weighted and hampered by their new half-crowns, and Tommy and Elspeth whispered joyously in the rear of the coming life. And so, very unprepared for it, they moved toward the tragedy of the night.

CHAPTER XXXI

A LETTER TO GOD

"DO you keep a light burning in the Lair?" McLean turned to ask, forgetting for the moment that it was not their domicile, but his.

"No, there's no light," replied Corp, equally forgetful, but even as he spoke he stopped so suddenly that Elspeth struck against him. For he had seen a light. "This is queer!" he cried, and both he and Gavinia fell back in consternation. McLean pushed forward alone, and was back in a trice, with a new expression on his face. "Are you playing some trick on me?" he demanded suspiciously of Tommy. "There is some one there; I almost ran against a pair of blazing eyes."

"But there's nobody; there can be nobody there," answered Tommy, in a bewilderment that was obviously unfeigned, "unless—unless—" He looked at Corp, and the eyes of both finished the sentence. The desolate scene at Double Dykes, which the meeting with McLean and Miss Ailie had driven from their minds, again confronted them, and they seemed once more to hear the whimpering of the Painted Lady's door.

"Unless what?" asked the man, impatiently, but still the two boys only stared at each other. "The Den's no mous the night," said Corp at last, in a low voice, and his unspoken fears spread to the womankind, so that Miss Ailie shuddered and Elspeth gripped Tommy with both hands and Gavinia whispered, "Let's away hame, we can come back in the daylight."

But McLean chafed and pressed upward, and next moment a girl's voice was heard, crying: "It is no business of yours; I won't let you touch her."

"Grizel!" exclaimed Tommy and his crew, simultaneously, and they had no more fear until they were inside the Lair. What they saw had best be described very briefly. A fire was burning in a corner of the Lair, and in front of it, partly covered with a sheet, lay the Painted Lady, dead. Grizel stood beside the body guarding it, her hands clenched, her eyes very strange. "You sha'n't touch her!" she cried, passionately, and repeated it many times, as if she had lost the power to leave off, but Corp crept past her and raised the coverlet.

"She's straikit!" he shouted. "Did you do it yoursel', Grizel? God behears, she did it hersel'!"

A very long silence it seemed to be after that.

Miss Ailie would have taken the motherless girl to her arms, but first, at Corp's discovery, she had drawn back in uncontrollable repulsion, and Grizel, about to go to her, saw it, and turned from her to Tommy. Her eyes rested on him beseechingly, with a look he never saw in them again until she was a

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woman, but his first thought was not for Grizel. Elspeth was clinging to him, terrified and sobbing, and he cried to her, "Shut your een," and then led her tenderly away. He was always good to Elspeth.

There was no lack of sympathy with Grizel when the news spread through the town, and unshod men with their gallowses hanging down, and women buttoning as they ran, hurried to the Den. But to all the questions put to her and to all the kindly offers made, as the body was carried to Double Dykes, she only rocked her arms, crying, "I don't want anything to eat. I shall stay all night beside her. I am not frightened at my mamma. I won't tell you why she was in the Den. I am not sure how long she has been dead. Oh, what do these little things matter."

The great thing was that her mamma should be buried in the cemetery, and not in unconsecrated ground with a stake through her as the boys had predicted, and it was only after she was promised this that Grizel told her little tale. She had feared for a long time that her mamma was dying of consumption, but she told no one, because everybody was against her and her mamma. Her mamma never knew that she was dying, and sometimes she used to get so much better that Grizel hoped she would live a long time, but that hope never lasted long. The reason she sat so much with Ballingall was just to find out what doctors did to dying people to make them live a little longer, and she watched his straiking to be able to do it to her mamma when the time came. She was sure none of the women would consent to straik her mamma. On the previous night, she could not say at what hour, she had been awakened by a cold wind, and so she knew that the door was open. She put out her hand in the darkness and found that her mamma was not beside her. It had happened before, and she was not frightened. She had hidden the key of the door that night and nailed down the window, but her mamma had found the key. Grizel rose, lit the lamp, and having dressed hurriedly, set off with wraps to the Den. Her mamma was generally as sensible as anybody in Thrums, but sometimes she had shaking fits, and after them she thought it was the time of long ago. Then she went to the Den to meet a man who had promised, she said, to be there, but he never came, and before daybreak Grizel could usually induce her to return home. Lately she had persuaded her mamma to wait for him in the old Lair, because it was less cold there, and she had got her to do this last night. Her mamma did not seem very unwell, but she fell asleep, and she died sleeping, and then Grizel went back to Double Dykes for linen and straiked her.

Some say in Thrums that a spade was found in the Lair, but that is only the growth of later years. Grizel had done all she could do, and through the long Saturday she sat by the side of the body, helpless and unable to cry. She knew that it could not remain there much longer, but every time she rose to go and confess, fear of the indignities to which the body of her darling mamma might be subjected pulled her back. The boys had spoken idly, but hunted Grizel, who knew so much less and so much more than any of them, believed it all.

It was she who had stood so near Gavinia in the ruined house. She had only gone there to listen to human voices. When she discovered from the talk of her friends that she had left a light burning at Double Dykes and the door open, fear of the suspicions this might give rise to, had sent her to the house on the heels of the two boys, and it was she who had stolen past them in the mist to put out the light and lock the door. Then she had returned to her mamma's side.

The doctor was among the listeners, almost the only dry-eyed one, but he was not dry-eyed because he felt the artless story least. Again and again he rose from his chair restlessly, and Grizel thought he scowled at her when he was really scowling at himself; as soon as she had finished he cleared the room brusquely of all intruders, and then he turned on her passionately.

"Think shame of yoursel'," he thundered, "for keeping me in the dark," and of course she took his words liter-

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ally, though their full meaning was, "I shall scorn myself from this hour for not having won the poor child's confidence."

Oh, he was a hard man, Grizel thought, the hardest of them all. But she was used to standing up to hard men, and she answered, defiantly: "I did mean to tell you, that day you sent me with the bottle to Ballingall, I was waiting at the surgery door to tell you, but you were cruel, you said I was a thief, and then how could I tell you?"

This, too, struck home, and the doctor winced, but what he said was, "You fooled me for a whole week, and the town knows it; do you think I can forgive you for that?"

"I don't care whether you forgive me," replied Grizel at once.

"Nor do I care whether you care," he rapped out, all the time wishing he could strike himself; "but I'm the doctor of this place, and when your mother was ill you should have come straight to me. What had I done that you should be afraid of me?"

"I am not afraid of you," she replied, "I am not afraid of anyone, but mamma was afraid of you because she knew you had said cruel things about her, and I thought — I won't tell you what I thought." But with a little pressing she changed her mind and told him. "I was not sure whether you would come to see her, though I asked you, and if you came I knew you would tell her she was dying, and that would have made her scream. And that is not all, I thought you might tell her that she would be buried with a stake through her——"

"Oh, these blackguard laddies!" cried McQueen, clenching his fists.

"And so I dared not tell you," Grizel concluded, calmly; "I am not frightened at you, but I was frightened you would hurt my dear darling mamma," and she went and stood defiantly between him and her mother.

The doctor moved up and down the room, crying, "How did I not know of this, why was I not told?" and he knew that the fault had been his own, and so was furious when Grizel told him so.

"Yes, it is," she insisted, "you knew mamma was an unhappy lady, and that the people shouted things against her and terrified her; and you must have known, for everybody knew, that she was sometimes silly and wandered about all night, and you are a big strong man, and so you should have been sorry for her; and if you had been sorry you would have come to see her and been kind to her, and then you would have found it all out."

"Have done, lassie!" he said, half angrily, half beseechingly, but she did not understand that he was suffering, and she went on, relentlessly: "And you knew that bad men used to come to see her at night—they have not come for a long time — but you never tried to stop their coming, and I could have stopped it if I had known they were bad; but I did not know at first, and I was only a little girl, and you should have told me."

"Have done!" It was all that he could say, for like many he had heard of men visiting the Painted Lady by stealth, and he had only wondered with other gossips, who they were.

He crossed again to the side of the dead woman, "And Ballingall's was the only corpse you ever saw straiked?" he said in wonder, she had done her work so well. But he was not doubting her; he knew already that this girl was clothed in truthfulness.

"Was it you that kept this house so clean?" he asked, almost irritably, for he himself was the one undusted, neglected-looking thing in it, and he was suddenly conscious of his frayed wristband and buttons hanging by a thread.

"Yes."

"What age are you?"

"I think I am thirteen."

He looked long at her, vindictively she thought, but he was only picturing the probable future of a painted lady's child, and he said mournfully to himself, "Ay, it does not even end here; and that's the crowning pity of it." But Grizel only heard him say, "Poor thing!" and she bridled immediately.

"I won't let you pity me," she cried.

"You dour brat!" he retorted. "But you need not think you are to have everything your own way still. I must get some Monypenny woman to take you till the funeral is over, and after that——"

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"I won't go," said Grizel, determinedly, "I shall stay with mamma till she is buried."

He was not accustomed to contradiction, and he stamped his foot. "You shall do as you are told," he said.

"I won't!" replied Grizel, and she also stamped her foot.

"Very well, then, you thrawn tid, but at any rate I'll send in a woman to sleep with you."

"I don't want anyone. Do you think I am afraid?"

"I think you will be afraid when you wake up in the darkness, and find yourself alone with—with it."

"I sha'n't, I shall remember at once that she is to be buried nicely in the cemetery, and that will make me happy."

"You unnatural——"

"Besides, I sha'n't sleep, I have something to do."

His curiosity again got the better of the doctor. "What can you have to do at such a time?" he demanded, and her reply surprised him,

"I am to make a dress."

"You!"

"I have made them before now," she said, indignantly.

"But at such a time!"

"It is a black dress," she cried, "I don't have one, I am to make it out of mamma's."

He said nothing for some time, then "When did you think of this?"

"I thought of it weeks ago, I bought crape at the corner shop to be ready and——"

She thought he was looking at her in horror, and stopped abruptly. "I don't care what you think," she said.

"What I do think," he retorted, taking up his hat, "is, that you are a most exasperating lassie. If I bide here another minute I believe you'll get round me."

"I don't want to get round you."

"Then what makes you say such things? I question if I'll get an hour's sleep to-night for thinking of you, confound you!"

"I don't want you to think of me!"

He groaned. "What could an untidy, hardened old man like me do with you in his house?" he said. "Oh, you little limmer, to put such a thought into my head."

"I never did!" she exclaimed, indignantly.

"It began, I do believe it began," he sighed, "the first time I saw you easying Ballingall's pillows."

"What began?"

"You brat, you wilful brat, don't pretend ignorance. You set a trap to catch me, and——"

"Oh!" cried Grizel, and she opened the door quickly. "Go away, you horrid man," she said.

He liked her the more for this regal action, and therefore it enraged him. Sheer anxiety lest he should succumb to her on the spot was what made him bluster as he strode off, and "That brat of a Grizel," or "The Painted Lady's most unbearable lassie," or "The dour little besom" was his way of referring to her in company for days, but if anyone agreed with him he roared "Don't be a fool man, she's a wonder, she's a delight," or "You have a dozen yourself, Janet, but I wouldna neifer Grizel for the lot of them." And it was he, still denouncing her as long as he was contradicted, who persuaded the Auld Licht Minister to officiate at the funeral. Then he said to himself, "And now I wash my hands of her, I have done all that can be expected of me." He told himself this a great many times as if it were a medicine that must be taken frequently, and Grizel heard from Tommy, with whom she had some strange conversations, that he was going about denouncing her "up hill and down dale." But she did not care, she was so—so happy. For a hole was dug for the Painted Lady in the cemetery, just as if she had been a good woman, and Mr. Dishart conducted the service in Double Dykes before the removal of the body, nor did he say one word that would hurt Grizel, perhaps because his wife had drawn a promise from him. A large gathering of men followed the coffin, three of them, because, as you may remember, Grizel had dared them to stay away, but all the others out of sympathy with a motherless child who, as the procession started, rocked her arms in delight because her mamma was being buried respectably.

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Being a woman she could not attend the funeral, and so the chief mourner was Tommy, as you could see by the position he took at the grave and the white bands Grizel had sewn on his sleeves. He was looking very important, as if he had something remarkable in prospect, but little attention was given him until the cords were dropped into the grave, and a prayer offered up, when he pulled Mr. Dishart's coat and muttered something about a paper. Those who had been making ready to depart swung round again, and the minister told him if he had anything to say to speak out.

"It's a paper," Tommy said, nervous yet elated, and addressing all, "that Grizel put in the coffin. She told me to tell you about it when the cords fell on the lid."

"What sort of a paper?" asked Mr. Dishart, frowning.

"It's—it's a letter to God," Tommy gasped.

Nothing was to be heard except the shovelling of earth into the grave. "Hold your spade, John," the minister said to the gravedigger, and then even that sound stopped. "Go on," Mr. Dishart signed to the boy.

"Grizel doesna believe her mother has much chance of getting to heaven," Tommy said, "and she wrote the letter to God, so that when he opened the coffins on the last day he would find it and read about them."

"About whom?" asked the stern minister.

"About Grizel's father for one. She doesna know his name, but the Painted Lady wore a locket wi' a picture of him on her breast, and it's buried wi' her, and Grizel told God to look at it so as to ken him. She thinks her mother will be damned for having her, and that it winna be fair unless God damns her father too."

"Go on," said Mr. Dishart.

"There was three Thrums men—I think they were gentlemen—" Tommy continued, almost blithely, "that used to visit the Painted Lady in the night afore she took ill. They wanted Grizel to promise no to tell about their going to Double Dykes, and she promised because she was ower innocent to ken what they gaed for—but their names are in the letter."

A movement in the crowd was checked by the minister's uplifted arm. "Go on," he cried.

"She wouldna tell me who they were, because it would have been breaking her promise," said Tommy, "but—" he looked around him—"but they're here at the funeral."

The mourners were looking sideways at each other, some breathing hard, but none dared to speak before the minister. He stood for a long time in doubt, but at last he signed to John to proceed with the filling in of the grave. Contrary to custom all remained. Not until the grave was again level with the sward did Mr. Dishart speak, and then it was with a gesture that appalled his hearers. "This grave," he said, raising his arm, "is locked till the day of judgment."

Leaving him standing there, a threatening figure, they broke into groups and dispersed, walking slowly at first, and then fast, to tell their wives.

CHAPTER XXXII

RUNAWAYS

THE solitary child remained at Double Dykes, awaiting the arrival of her father, for the Painted Lady's manner of leaving the world had made such a stir that the neighbors said he must have heard of it, even though he were in London, and if he had the heart of a stone he could not desert his bairn. They argued thus among themselves, less as people who were sure of it than to escape the perplexing question, what to do with Grizel if the man never claimed her? and before her they spoke of his coming as a certainty, because it would be so obviously the best thing for her. In the meantime they overwhelmed her with offers of everything she could need, which was kindly but not essential, for after the funeral expenses had been paid (Grizel insisted on paying them herself) she had still several gold pieces, found in her mamma's beautiful tortoise-shell purse, and there were nearly twenty pounds in the bank.

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But day after day passed, and the man had not come. Perhaps he resented the Painted Lady's ostentatious death; which, if he was nicely strung, must have got upon his nerves. He could hardly have acknowledged Grizel now without publicity being given to his private concerns. Or he may never have heard of the Painted Lady's death, or if he read of it, he may not have known which painted lady in particular she was. Or he may have married, and told his wife all and she had forgiven him, which somehow, according to the plays and the novels, cuts the past adrift from a man and enables him to begin again at yesterday. Whatever the reason, Grizel's father was in no hurry to reveal himself, and though not to her, among themselves the people talked of the probability of his not coming at all. She could not remain at Double Dykes alone, they all admitted, but where, then, should she go? No fine lady in need of a handmaid seemed to think a painted lady's child would suit; indeed, Grizel at first sight had not the manner that attracts philanthropists. Once only did the problem approach solution; a woman in the Den head was willing to take the child because (she expressed it) as she had seven she might as well have eight, but her man said no, he would not have his bairns fil't. Others would have taken her cordially for a few weeks or months, had they not known that at the end of this time they would be blamed, even by themselves, if they let her go. All, in short, were eager to show her kindness if one would give her a home, but where was that one to be found, unless her father appeared after all?

Much of this talk came to Grizel through Tommy, and she told him in the house of Double Dykes that people need not trouble themselves about her, for she had no wish to stay with them. It was only charity they brought her; no one wanted her for herself. "It is because I am a child of shame," she told him, dry-eyed.

He fidgetted on his chair, and asked, "What's that?" not very honestly.

"I don't know," she said, "no one will tell me, but it is something you can't love."

"You have a terrible wish to be loved," he said in wonder, and she nodded her head wistfully. "That is not what I wish for most of all, though," she told him, and when he asked what she wished for most of all, she said, "To love somebody; oh, it would be sweet!"

To Tommy, most sympathetic of mortals, she seemed a very pathetic little figure, and tears came to his eyes as he surveyed her; he could always cry very easily. "If it wasna for Elspeth," he began, stammering, "I could love you, but you winna let a body do onything on the sly."

It was a vague offer, but she understood, and became the old Grizel at once. "I don't want you to love me," she said, indignantly; "I don't think you know how to love."

"Neither can you know, then," retorted Tommy, huffily, "for there's nobody for you to love."

"Yes, there is," she said, "and I do love her and she loves me."

"But wha is she?"

"That girl." To his amazement she pointed to her own reflection in the famous mirror whose size had scandalized Thrums. Tommy thought this affection for herself barely respectable, but he dared not say so lest he should be put to the door. "I love her ever so much," Grizel went on, "and she is so fond of me, she hates to see me unhappy. Don't look so sad, dearest, darlingest," she cried, vehemently; "I love you, you know, oh, you sweet!" and with each epithet she kissed her reflection and looked defiantly at the boy.

"But you canna put your arms round her and hug her," he pointed out triumphantly, and so he had the last word after all. Unfortunately Grizel kept this side of her, new even to Tommy, hidden from all others, and her unresponsiveness lost her many possible friends. Even Miss Ailie, who now had a dressmaker in the Blue and White Room, sitting on a bedroom chair and sewing for her life (oh, the agony—or is it the rapture? of having to decide whether to marry in gray with beads or brown plain to the throat), even sympathetic Miss Ailie, having met with several rebuffs, said that Grizel had a most unaffectionate nature, and, "Ay,

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she's hardy," agreed the town, "but it's better, maybe, for hersel'." There are none so unpopular as those who hold their tongue.

If only Miss Ailie, or others like her, could have slipped noiselessly into Double Dykes at night, they would have found Grizel's pillow wet. But she would have heard them long before they reached the door, and jumped to the floor in terror, thinking it was her father's step at last. For, unknown to anyone, his coming, which the town so anxiously desired, was her one dread. She had told Tommy what she would say to him if he came, and Tommy had been awed and delighted, they were such scathing things; probably, had the necessity arisen, she would have found courage to say them, but they were made up in the daytime, and at night they brought less comfort. Then she listened fearfully and longed for the morning, wild ideas coursing through her head of flying before he could seize her; but when morning came it brought other thoughts, as of the strange remarks she had heard about her mamma and herself during the past few days. To brood over these was the most unhealthy occupation she could find, but it was her only birthright. Many of the remarks came unguardedly from lips that had no desire to cause her pain, others fell in a rage because she would not tell what were the names in her letter to God. The words that troubled her most, perhaps, were the doctor's, "She is a brave lass, but it must be in her blood." They were not intended for her ears, but she heard. "What did he mean?" she asked Miss Ailie, Mrs. Dishart, and others who came to see her, and they replied, with pain, that it had only been a doctor's remark, of no importance to people who were well. "Then why are you crying?" she demanded, looking them full in the face with eyes there was no deceiving.

"Oh, why is everyone afraid to tell me the truth!" she would cry, beating her palms in anguish.

She walked into McQueen's surgery and said, "Could you not cut it out?" so abruptly that he wondered what she was speaking about.

"The bad thing that is in my blood," she explained. "Do cut it out, I sha'n't scream. I promise not to scream."

He sighed and answered, "If it could be cut out, lassie, I would try to do it, though it was the most dangerous of operations."

She looked in anguish at him. "There are cleverer doctors than you, aren't there?" she asked, and he was not offended.

"Ay, a hantle cleverer," he told her, "but none so clever as that. God help you, bairn, if you have to do it yourself some day."

"Can I do it myself?" she cried, brightening. "I shall do it now. Is it done with a knife?"

"With a sharper knife than a surgeon's," he answered, and then regretting he had said so much, he tried to cheer her. But that he could not do. "You are afraid to tell me the truth too," she said, and when she went away he was very sorry for her, but not so sorry as she was for herself. "When I am grown up," she announced dolefully, to Tommy, "I shall be a bad woman, just like mamma."

"Not if you try to be good," he said.

"Yes, I shall. There is something in my blood that will make me bad, and I so wanted to be good. Oh! oh! oh!"

She told him of the things she had heard people say, but though they perplexed him almost as much as her, he was not so hopeless of learning their meaning, for here was just the kind of difficulty he liked to overcome. "I'll get it out o' Blinder," he said, with confidence in his ingenuity, "and then I'll tell you what he says." But however much he might strive to do so, Tommy could never repeat anything without giving it frills and other adornment of his own making, and Grizel knew this. "I must hear what he says myself," she insisted.

"But he winna speak plain afore you."

"Yes, he will, if he does not know I am there."

The plot succeeded, though only partially, for so quick was the blind man's sense of hearing that in the middle of the conversation he said, sharply, "Somebody's ahint the dyke!" and he caught Grizel by the shoulder. "It's the Painted Lady's lassie," he said when she

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screamed, and he stormed against Tommy for taking such advantage of his blindness. But to her he said, gently, "I daresay you egged him on to this, meaning weel, but you maun forget most of what I've said, especially about being in the blood. I spoke in haste, it doesna apply to the like of you."

"Yes, it does," replied Grizel, and all that had been revealed to her she carried hot to the surgery, Tommy stopping at the door in as great perturbation as herself. "I know what being in the blood is now," she said, tragically, to McQueen, "there is something about it in the Bible. I am the child of evil passions, and that means that I was born with wickedness in my blood. It is lying sleeping in me just now because I am only thirteen, and if I can prevent its waking when I am grown up I shall always be good, but a very little thing will waken it; it wants to be wakened, and if it is once wakened it will run all through me, and soon I shall be like mamma."

It was all horribly clear to her, and she would not wait for words of comfort that could only obscure the truth. Accompanied by Tommy, who said nothing, but often glanced at her fascinated yet alarmed, as if expecting to see the ghastly change come over her at any moment—for he was as convinced as she, and had the livelier imagination—she returned to Monypenny to beg of Blinder to tell her one thing more. And he told her, not speaking lightly, but because his words contained a solemn warning to a girl who, he thought might need it.

"What sort of thing would be likeliest to waken the wickedness?" she asked, holding her breath for the answer.

"Keeping company wi' ill men," said Blinder, gravely.

"Like the man who made mamma wicked, like my father?"

"Ay," Blinder replied, "fly from the like of him, my lass, though it should be to the other end of the world."

She stood quite still, with a most sorrowful face, and then ran away, ran so swiftly that when Tommy, who had lingered for a moment, came to the door she was already out of sight. Scarcely less excited than she, he set off for Double Dykes, his imagination in such a blaze that he looked fearfully in the pools of the burn for a black frock. But Grizel had not drowned herself; she was standing erect in her home, like one at bay, her arms rigid, her hands clenched, and when he pushed open the door she screamed.

"Grizel," said the distressed boy, "did you think I was him come for you?"

"Yes!"

"Maybe he'll no come. The folk think he winna come."

"But if he does, if he does!"

"Maybe you needna go wi' him unless you're willing?"

"I must, he can compel me because he is my father. Oh! oh! oh!" She lay down on the bed, and on her eyes there slowly formed the little wells of water Tommy was to know so well in time. He stood by her side in anguish; for though his own tears came and went at the first call, he could never face them in others.

"Grizel," he said, impulsively, "there's just one thing for you to do. You have money, and you maun run away afore he comes!"

She jumped up at that. "I have thought of it," she answered, "I am always thinking about it, but how can I, oh, how can I? It would not be respectable."

"To run away?"

"To go by myself," said the poor girl, "and I do want to be respectable, it would be sweet."

In some ways Tommy was as innocent as she, and her reasoning seemed to him to be sound. She was looking at him wofully, and entreaty was on her face; all at once he felt what a lonely little crittur she was, and, in a burst of manhood,

"But, dinna prig wi' me to go with you," he said, struggling.

"I have not!" she answered, panting, and she had not in words, but the mute appeal was still on her face. "Grizel," he cried, "I'll come!"

Then she seized his hand and pressed it to her breast, saying, "Oh, Tommy, I am so fond of you!"

It was the first time she had admitted

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it, and his head wagged well content, as if saying for him, "I knew you would understand me some day." But next moment the haunting shadow that so often overtook him in the act of soaring fell cold upon his mind, and "I maun take Elspeth?" he announced, as if she had him by the leg.

"You sha'n't!" said Grizel's face.

"She winna let go," said Tommy's.

Grizel quivered from top to toe. "I hate Elspeth!" she cried, with curious passion, and the more moral Tommy was ashamed of her.

"You dinna ken how fond o' her I am," he said.

"Yes, I do."

"Then you shouldna want me to leave her and go wi' you."

"That is why I want it," Grizel blurted out, and now we are all ashamed of her. But fortunately Tommy did not see how much she had admitted in that hasty cry, and as neither would give way to the other they parted stiffly, his last words being "Mind, it wouldna be respectable to go by yoursel'," and hers "I don't care, I'm going." Nevertheless it was she who slept easily that night, and he who tossed about almost until cockcrow. She had only one ugly dream, of herself wandering from door to door in a strange town, asking for lodgings, but the woman who answered her weary knocks—there were many doors but invariably the same woman—always asked, suspiciously, "Is Tommy with you?" and Grizel shook her head, and then the woman drove her away, perceiving that she was not respectable. This woke her, and she feared the dream would come true, but she clenched her fists in the darkness, saying, "I can't help it, I shall go, and I won't have Elspeth," and after that she slept in peace. In the meantime Tommy, the imaginative—but that night he was not Tommy, rather was he Grizel, for he saw her as we can only see ourselves. Now she—or he, if you will—had been caught by her father and brought back, and she turned into a painted thing like her mother. She brandished a brandy bottle and a stream of foul words ran lightly from her mouth, and suddenly stopped, because she was wailing "I wanted to be good, it is sweet to be good!" Now a man with a beard was whipping her, and Tommy felt each lash on his own body, so that he had to strike out, and he started up in bed, and the horrible thing was that he had never been asleep. Thus it went on until early morning, when his eyes were red and his body was damp with sweat.

But now again he was Tommy, and at first even to think of leaving Elspeth was absurd. Yet it would be pleasant to leave Aaron, who disliked him so much. To disappear without a word would be a fine revenge, for the people would say that Aaron must have ill-treated him, and while they searched the pools of the burn for his body, Aaron would be looking on trembling, perhaps with a policeman's hands on his shoulder. Tommy saw the commotion as vividly as if the searchers were already out and he in a tree looking down at them; but in a second he also heard Elspeth skirling, and down he flung himself, from the tree, crying, "I'm here, Elspeth, dinna greet; oh, what a brute I've been!" No, he could not leave Elspeth, how wicked of Grizel to expect it of him; she was a bad one, Grizel.

But having now decided not to go, his sympathy with the girl who was to lose him returned in a rush, and before he went to school he besought her to—it amounted to this, to be more like himself; that is, he begged her to postpone her departure indefinitely, not to make up her mind until to-morrow—or the day after—or the day after that. He produced reasons, as that she had only four pounds and some shillings now, while by and by she might get the Painted Lady's money, at present in the bank; also she should wait for the money that would come to her from the roup of the furniture. But Grizel waived all argument aside; secure in her four pounds and shillings she was determined to go to-night, for her father might be here to-morrow; she was going to London because it was so big that no one could ever find her there, and she would never, never write to Tommy to tell him how she fared, lest the letter put her father on her track. He implored her to write once, so that the money owing her might be forwarded, but even this bribe did not

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move her, and he set off for school most gloomily.

Cathro was specially aggravating that day, nagged him, said before the whole school that he was a numskull, even fell upon him with the tawse, and for no earthly reason except that Tommy would not bother his head with the *oratio obliqua*. If there is any kind of dominie more maddening than another, it is the one who will not leave you alone (ask any thoughtful boy). How wretched the lot of him whose life is cast among fools not capable of understanding him; what was that saying about entertaining angels unawares? London? Grizel had more than sufficient money to take two there, and once in London, a wonder such as himself was bound to do wondrous things. Now that he thought of it, to become a minister was abhorrent to him; to preach would be rather nice, oh, what things he would say (he began to make them up, and they were so grand that he almost wept), but to be good after the sermon was over, always to be good (even when Elspeth was out of the way), never to think queer unsayable things, never to say Stroke, never, in short, to "find a way"—he was appalled. If it had not been for Elspeth——

So even Elspeth did not need him. When he went home from school, thinking only of her, he found that she had gone to the Auld Licht manse to play with little Margaret. Very well, if such was her wish, he would go. Nobody wanted him except Grizel. Perhaps when news came from London of his greatness, they would think more of him. He would send a letter to Thrums, asking Mr. McLean to transfer his kindness to Elspeth. That would show them what a noble fellow he was. Elspeth would really benefit by his disappearance; he was running away for Elspeth's sake. And when he was great, which would be in a few years, he would come back for her.

But no, he—. The dash represents Tommy swithering once more, and he was at either end of the swither all day. When he acted sharply it was always on impulse, and as soon as the die was cast he was a philosopher with no regrets. But when he had time to reflect, he jumped miserably back and forward. So when Grizel was ready to start, he did not know in the least what he meant to do.

She was to pass by the Cuttle Well, on her way to Tilliedrum, where she would get the London train, he had been told coldly, and he could be there at the time—if he liked. The time was seven o'clock in the evening on a week-day, when the lovers are not in the Den, and Tommy arrived first. When he stole through the small field that separates Monypenny from the Den, his decision was—but on reaching the Cuttle Well, its nearness to the uncanny Lair chilled his courage, and now he had only come to bid her good-by. She was very late, and it suddenly struck him that she had already set off. "After getting me to promise to go wi' her!" he said to himself at once.

But Grizel came; she was only late because it had taken her such a long time to say good-by to the girl in the glass. She was wearing her black dress and lustre jacket, and carried in a bundle the few treasures she was taking with her, and though she did not ask Tommy if he was coming she cast a quick look round to see if he had a bundle anywhere, and he had none. That told her his decision, and she would have liked to sit down for a minute and cry, but of course she had too much pride, and she bade him farewell so promptly that he thought he had a grievance. "I'm coming as far as the toll-house wi' you," he said, sulkily, and so they started together.

At the toll-house Grizel stopped. "It's a fine night," said Tommy, almost apologetically, "I'll go as far as the quarry o' Benshee."

When they came to the quarry he said, "We're no half-roads yet, I'll go wi' you as far as Padanarum." Now she began to wonder and to glance at him sideways, which made him more uncomfortable than ever. To prevent her asking him a question for which he had no answer, he said, "What makes you look so little the day?"

"I am not looking little," she replied, greatly annoyed, "I am looking taller than usual. I have let down my frock three inches so as to look taller—and older."

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"You look younger than ever," he said, cruelly.

"I don't! I look fifteen, and when you are fifteen you grow up very quickly. Do say I look older!" she entreated, anxiously. "It would make me feel more respectable."

But he shook his head with surprising resolution, and then she began to remark on his clothes, which had been exercising her curiosity ever since they left the Den.

"How is it that you are looking so stout?" she asked. "I feel cold, but you are wiping the sweat off your face every minute."

It was true, but he would have preferred not to answer. Grizel's questions, however, were all so straight in the face, and there was no dodging them. "I have on twa suits o' clothes, and a' my sarks," he had to admit, sticky and sullen.

She stopped, but he trudged on doggedly. She ran after him and gave his arm an impulsive squeeze with both hands, "Oh, you sweet!" she said.

"No, I'm not," he answered, in alarm.

"Yes you are! You are coming with me."

"I'm not!"

"Then why did you put on so many clothes?"

Tommy swithered wretchedly on one foot. "I didna put them on to come wi' you," he explained, "I just put them on in case I should come wi' you."

"And are you not coming?"

"How can I ken?"

"But you must decide," Grizel almost screamed.

"I needna," he stammered, "till we're at Tilliedrum. Let's speak about some other thing."

She rocked her arms, crying, "It is so easy to make up one's mind."

"It's easy to you that has just one mind," he retorted, with spirit, "but if you had as many minds as I have—!"

On they went.

(To be continued.)

IN SUMMERTIDE

By Rupert Hughes

WHAT time the brazen sun offends the sky,
She frets in heavy mockery of sleep,
And feels for him in dreams, as billows creep
And clutch to reach a seashell dull and dry.
So he, in town, would fain put business by:
Her face is all the books his mind can keep;
And plans are webs wherethrough her fingers sweep.
The far-off witch weaves every thought awry.
But with the evening dawns their real day,
For twilight steals about her like a plea,
And brings her lover speeding to her side
With fond demandings that are not denied.
And summer moonshine builds a new Cathay,
Wherein they dream beside a summer sea.

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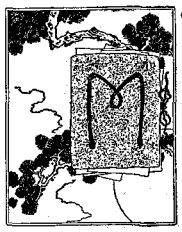
SPORT IN AN UNTOUCHED AMERICAN WILDERNESS

By Frederic Irland



OST of the great solitude which two hundred years ago constituted the peninsula of Acadia, is as undisturbed by civilized men as it was when British ships carried the French settlers away from its border. The interior has never been definitely surveyed or adequately mapped.

In the United States we have seen the forests melt away like snow in an April wind, and have come to look upon them as merely transitory; so that it is difficult for Americans to realize the extent to which, in the region of earliest European occupation of Canada, primeval conditions endure. In the immediate presence of a civilization more than two hundred years old, the wilderness of the Maritime Provinces preserves its perpetual youth, sheltering, in undiminished numbers, its royal inhabitants, the moose, the caribou, the black bear, the partridge, the salmon, and the trout. Nowhere on this continent can be found a more striking example of forest persistence than in the region east of the State of Maine, between the Atlantic Ocean on the south and the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the north. The interior of this peninsula is almost entirely undisturbed. The few who have penetrated its depths have found it a veritable land of enchantment.

On an afternoon early in September I was sitting in the writing-room at Young's Hotel, in Boston, awaiting the arrival by express of an extra heavy rifle which had been made to order. At six o'clock that evening I took the cars for Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, which has been well described as "the quietest city of its size north of the Potomac;" and at noon the next day entered the woods, which extend, with scarcely a break, hundreds of miles, up to the Arctic limit of timber.

For, though the New Brunswick capital has for many years been a centre of education and refinement, you could to-day fire a long-range rifle-bullet from the dome of the parliament building into the edge of the forest which stretches away to the north, broken only by the St. Lawrence. The deer wander within an hour's walk of the ancient city, and on the smooth road that makes off to the upper St. John River settlements you may see the partridges run into the brush, within a mile of town. The birds are more innocent than those we know. Ten miles from Fredericton, if you meet a Canada grouse, it will fly unconcernedly up to the nearest branch, from which perch of fancied security it will gaze curiously down upon you, while you cut a slender sapling, attach a looped string to the small end, slowly move it right up to the bird's beak, drop the noose over its neck, and with a slight jerk pull the trusting creature down, fluttering but unhurt. A barn-yard hen would be far more sophisticated.

There is a little railroad which runs from Fredericton to Chatham, along the valley of the Southwest Miramichi River. It possesses two locomotives, each making a daily run of one hundred and ten miles and return. One summer a circus wandered up into that country, exhibiting at St. John, Chatham, and Fredericton. It took one of the locomotives to haul the circus train, and so for two days the regular business of the road was abandoned.

At one of the intermediate stations you may leave the train, cross the river, pass two or three farms, and then plunge into a stunted forest broken only by barrens, beaver meadows, broad lakes, and lofty mountains. A few miles back the last vestige of a road disappears, and if you are fortunate enough to have the services of a guide who knows

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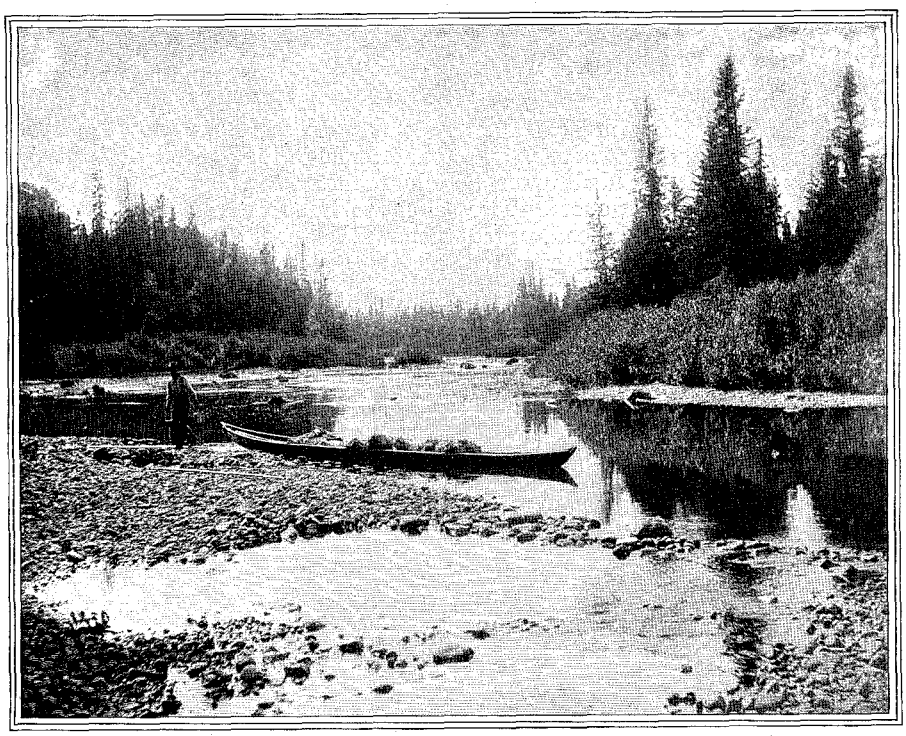

On the Little Southwest Miramichi River.

the woods, he can conduct you, by much walking, into a land of surprises. Very few, indeed, are the men who have ever seen the tranquil beauty of those lovely solitudes. There is a mellowness about the mountain scenery which makes the purple granite peaks seem in the distance like immense heaps of the ripe blueberries with which they are covered, and the autumnal foliage is unequalled in brilliancy.

The larger and less known portion of this wilderness lies between the Restigouche River on the north, the Intercolonial Railway, paralleling the sea-coast, on the east; the Southwest Miramichi River on the south, and the St. John River on the west, within the extensive counties of Northumberland, York, Carleton, Victoria, Madawaska, and Restigouche. The least accessible portion is about the headwaters of the streams which ultimately form the Miramichi, Nepisiguit, and Tobique Rivers. These streams rise in an unmapped mountainous tract, which, though as beautiful as the Adirondack region, is not penetrated by half a dozen tourists in a season. The reason for this delightful neglect is a commercial one. There is practically no pine timber. Plenty of trees grow, but they are birches, firs, small spruces, and others not attractive to the lumberman. The land, if cleared, would not be good for farming purposes. This is why the game-trails around the lakes, across the barrens, and through the thickets, grow deeper year by year, trodden as they have been by countless generations of animals. On the day when the Hebrew psalmist was singing "Every beast of the forest is mine," that very day the moose and caribou at sunset came down to the shores of the lonely lakes behind those mountains, just as other moose and caribou will come to-night.

I have spent two seasons in the very centre of this wilderness. From Fredericton, by the railroad of two locomotives, ambitiously called the Canada Eastern, it is three hours' ride — the distance is forty miles—to Boiestown. There, thanks to arrangements made by a Fredericton friend, my companion

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and myself were met by Henry Braithwaite, of Stanley, one of the very few guides who know how to reach the heart of the interior. A wagon carried our tent and outfit five miles. Then we were at the very last house, and there everything was loaded upon a sled with wide wooden runners. Two horses struggled with this load, urged on by a teamster whose profanity was a household word in the settled portion of that valley. For twenty-five miles, over roots, fallen trees, and bare ground, this summer sled proceeded, and then, where the decayed lumber road ended, and the country became very rough, we said good-by to the old teamster, and for fifty-seven days we did not see a human face, or the smoke of another fire; nor did we hear the sound of a rifle-shot, except our own. The rest of the journey to Little Southwest Lake, sixty miles away, was made on foot—as indeed the whole journey from Boiestown had been, after the first five miles. There was no road. The experienced Braithwaite led us on and on, across boggy barrens, through thick swamps, where occasional axe-marks on the trees were the only street signs he needed, up steep mountain-sides, and along the shores of unnamed lakes. We went in expecting to remain three weeks. When we had been gone about nine weeks, and two feet of snow had fallen, our friends in the United States began telegraphing to the Boiestown station agent to hunt us up regardless of expense. He could not find a man in all the settlement who knew the way beyond the Dungarvon River, where the team had turned back. This detail is mentioned for the purpose of demonstrating that the large game with which that wilderness abounds is practically unhunted.

An Old Camp.

During the nine weeks of our absence, were we lost and starving? No! We were having the pleasantest time of all our lives, and we fared sumptuously every day. It was an experience to make one feel that civilization does not matter much, and that our savage ancestors had rather the best of it. When heavy snow came unexpectedly early in November, the guide and cook built a thirty-foot dug-out in a week, hewing it out of a big hermit pine, dragged the craft a mile over the snow to a stream, and after a five days' run, over rapids and around cataracts, we came out on the other side of the province. The first man we met on the lower river sang out, "Hello, Braithwaite, is that you? They're offering fifty dollars to the man who will go into Little Southwest country to hunt you up, and nobody will take it." News of the delayed travellers had spread all over the country.

This article is not intended as a chronicle of game slaughter. No idea

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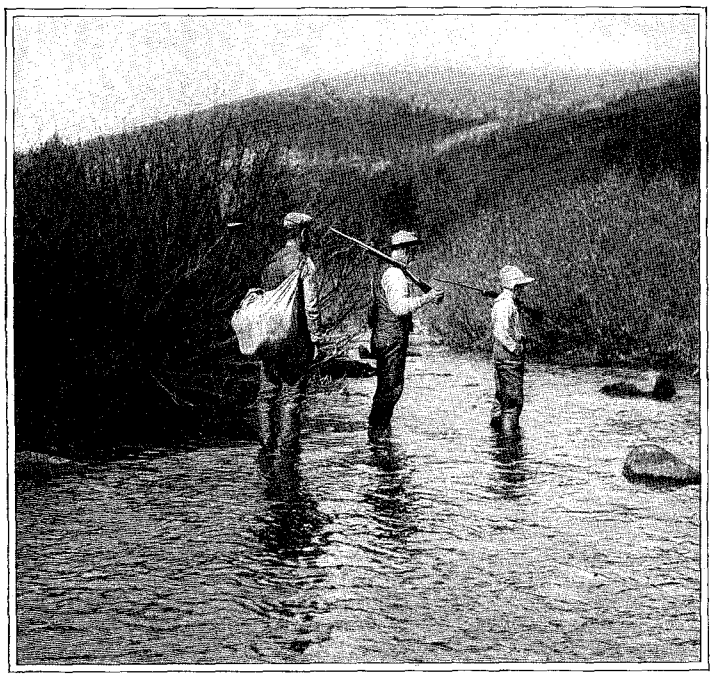
A Load of Antlers.

of that region is complete, however, which does not impress the constant presence of the moose track. The borders of the lakes, the mossy barrens, the deep woods, all the places where hoof-prints can be made, are full of impressions of the tireless feet of moose and caribou. The New Brunswick law allows a man to kill only two moose and three caribou in a season, and only one moose for each member of a party of three or more. If one is any kind of a shot he can be pretty sure of at least one chance at a moose, especially if his guide is a good "caller." It is in this respect that Mr. Braithwaite is above every other New Brunswick guide. He is, in his way, the musical peer of Ysaye or Paderewski, and his solo instrument is the birch-bark horn.

The future of the moose, oldest and noblest of the game animals on this continent, is a matter that has interested a good many people. Mr. Braithwaite, who has lived among these animals all his life, says there is no danger of their diminution in New Brunswick. They shed their antlers before the snow becomes deep in winter, and the sportsman who endeavors to carry away a hornless moose is always roughly dealt with by the magistrates down in the settlements. The only



Modern Acadian Travelling.

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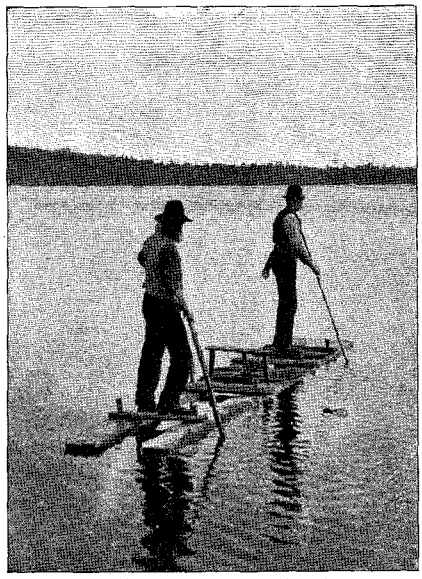
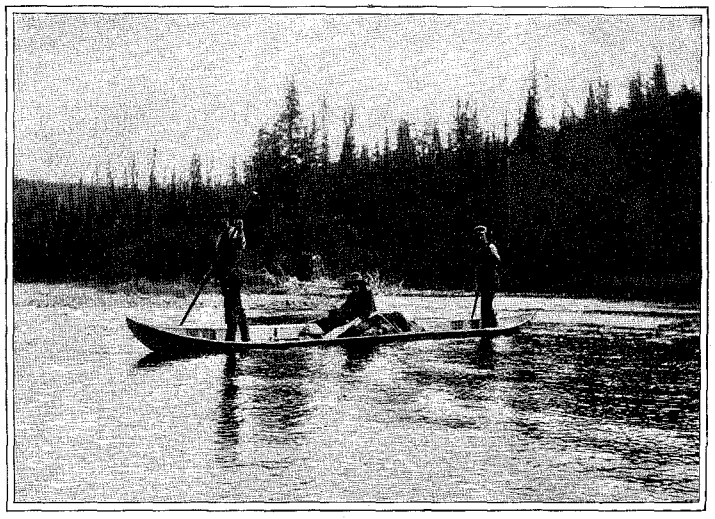
relentless enemy of the moose is the lumberman, who in the depth of winter can make good use of the meat. But in the region which is the subject of this article there is little lumber, and so there are few lumbermen. The degenerate Indians of the villages seldom trouble themselves to hunt, and the few moose killed by hunters are as nothing compared with the young ones destroyed by the bears. Bruin gets trapped, because his coat will average twenty dollars to his captor. There are no wolves in this wilderness; so the prospects for the moose are getting better instead of worse. And if there are thousands of moose, there are tens of thousands of caribou.



On a Raft in Louis Lake.

The males of both species, about the time of the first full moon in October, will come to the deceitful music of the hunter's birch-bark horn. But the imitation of the cow's call must be very clever, or it will not succeed; and so very few moose are shot in this way. The distance at which the real moose-call can be heard is something wonderful. I have heard it echoing over a lake at least five miles across. But the hunter who, on a perfectly still evening, can provoke a response from the hills a mile away, is an artist, and probably there are not three men in all New Brunswick who can do it well.

The horn with which the calling is done is very simple in its construction. The guide can, in five minutes, at any time, find a suitable birch-tree, from which he cuts a sheet of bark about fifteen inches square. This he rolls up in the form of a cornucopia, making the aperture at the small end about three quarters of an inch in diameter, and at the larger end about four inches. A tough spruce root, which can be pulled



Nothing to do but sit in the canoe.

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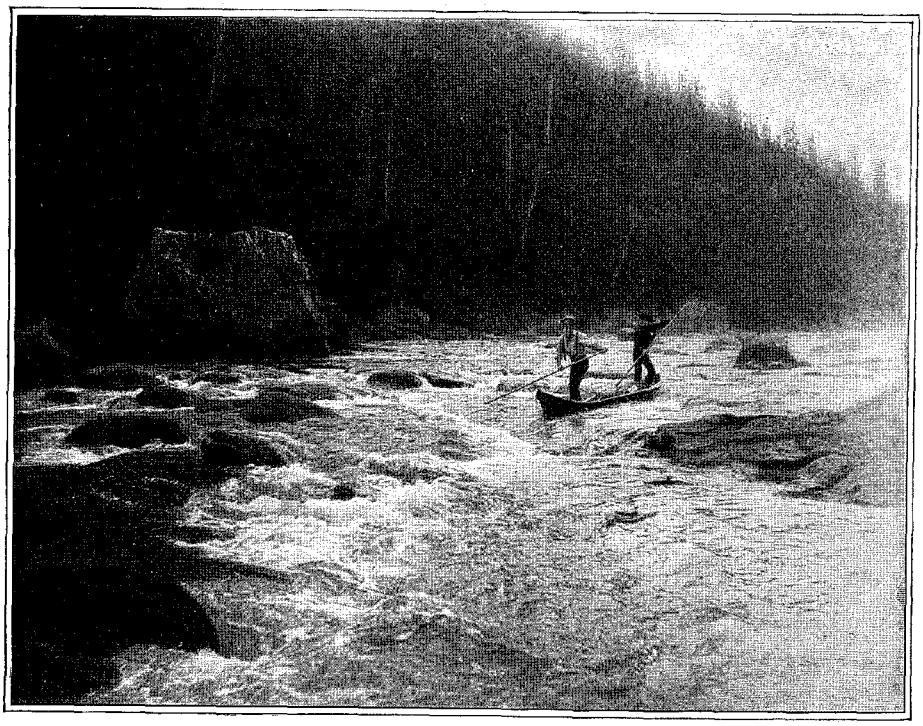

Lively Running.
(There are fifty miles like this on the Little Southwest Miramichi.)

from the ground almost anywhere, furnishes a string with which to tie the horn so that it will retain its shape. When the larger end is trimmed the horn is ready for business.

So charming a place did I find the modern Acadia in 1894, that again in 1895, with the same guide, a cook, and a single companion, I spent the greater part of the summer and fall among the mountains and lakes, fishing a little, shooting a little, and resting a great deal. If life on earth had no more for me I should feel that the recollections of those two seasons in the New Brunswick woods had made it worth living.

For the sake of communication with the outside world, we employed a special mail-carrier, who made the round trip to the railroad station and return about once in ten days. We would tell him each time about where our camp should be, and when he struck the stream on which we were temporarily located, he would travel up or down along the banks until he found us. There were no other people within many miles of us, and if he saw human foot-prints on a sand-bar, or axe-marks on a tree, he knew that we had made them and were in the immediate vicinity. The ease with which he found us on every occasion, travelling through the woods as he did where there were no roads, was one of the most clever feats of woodcraft that I have ever seen.

The wealth of animal life in those woods was constantly forced upon our attention. Impudent moose-birds would alight on our improvised dinner-table, and the red squirrels and white-bellied mice quarrelled for the fallen crumbs, while after nightfall the chattering martens would shriek out their cat-like disputes over the fish-heads in the rear of the camp. Often we heard the short, coughing bark of the fox in the still hours of the night. In the farther depths of the wilderness we saw the beaver's logging operations and river improvements still carried on. At one place we found a beaver-house so big and strong that a bull-moose had walked up on it and pawed defiance from the

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top, yet his great weight had not broken the structure down.

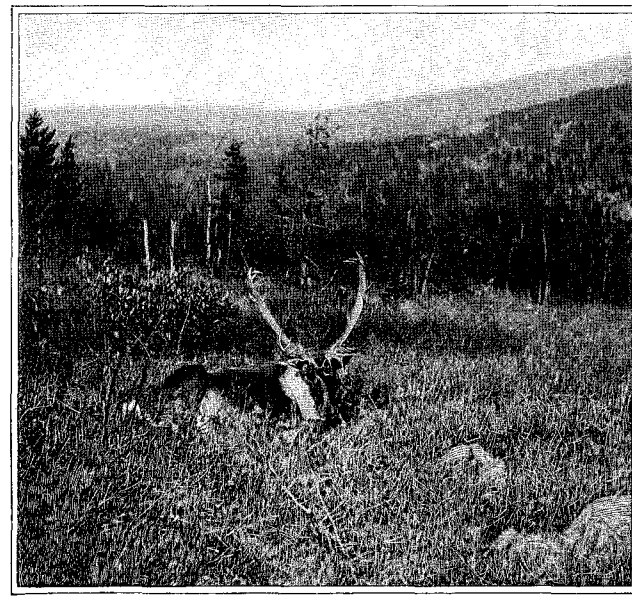
A most impressive exhibit of the terrific energy of the angered moose was written on a bushy mountain-side. Two bulls had met and fought. The record of the conflict was plain to all comers. A great swath had been torn down the mountain for half a mile, the uprooted bushes bearing scattered tufts of hair. In some places both moose had slid for several yards. Then there was the evidence of a complete somersault, and finally it was plain that both had run against a dead pine-stub, and knocked it down. One of the moose had dragged the end of it on his back for twenty feet, for the broken lower end, next the stump, had been carried up hill. The fight had ended right there. Two moose tracks, in opposite directions, told of the retreat of the rival woodland monarchs.

Calling Moose.

Never can a man forget his first sight of a bull-moose in the woods. Mine came in this way: Mr. Braithwaite and I had tramped the country for a week; but while there were tracks everywhere, and we had heard several moose calling, we had only caught a momentary glimpse of one bull. In the presence of so many superior attractions, Braithwaite's musical performances had been scorned by the gentlemen moose. One evening the baffled guide, in talking the matter over before the camp-fire, said: "There is a lake about three miles back here in the mountains that I have had in my mind for ten years as a likely place to call a moose. To-morrow we will try it."

It should be explained that the bull-moose comes much more readily to the call after dark. All the Indians who attempt calling do so at night. The difficulty about this method is that while the moose may come very near the sportsman, the latter cannot see his intended victim, and the result is that four moose are wounded and lost for every one that is killed on the spot after dark. Braithwaite never calls at night, but trusts to his ability to outwit the moose in broad daylight.

When the guide uttered the remark above quoted we were camped on Little Southwest Lake, a body of water about four miles long. Getting into the canoe the next morning, we paddled up to the head of the lake. On the way up we saw, half a mile away on the shore, the huge, ungainly shape of a cow-moose, swinging clumsily along close to the water's edge. She remained in sight for fully ten minutes and then leisurely disappeared in the thicket.



Caribou Lying Down.

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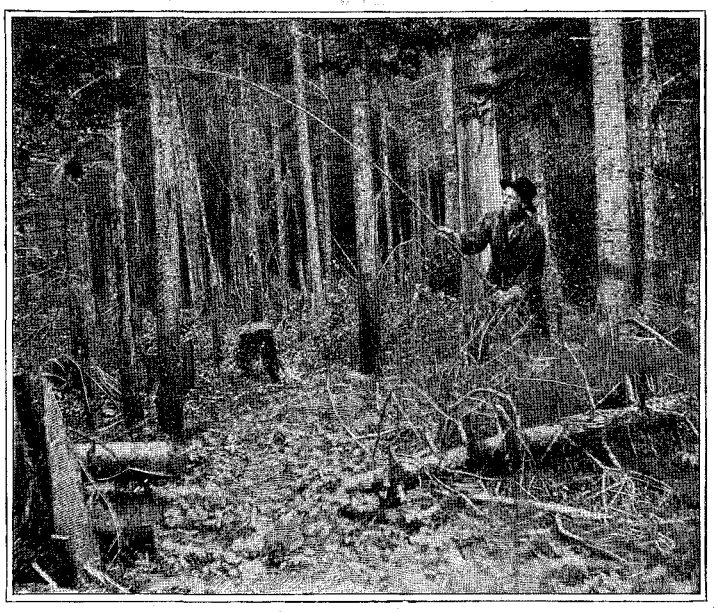

Fishing for Grouse.

Arrived at the head of the large lake, it was a good three hours' task to climb the mountain and penetrate the dense thickets of spruce and cedar which barred the approach to the small lake of which we were in search. At last we saw the welcome gleam of water through the trees, and pushed on to the brink. A great flock of black ducks rose quacking from the surface and in three minutes had crossed over to the larger body of water which it had taken us so many toilsome hours to leave behind. We sat for a few minutes in the bright October sunshine, with our legs dangling over the steep bank, carefully scanning every bush and rock and stub around the shore. There was no ripple on the water. Around us rose the mountain-sides, resplendent in their autumnal attire. The repose of the wilderness was over everything. One would have thought there was not a living creature within hearing.

Placing the birch-bark horn to his lips, the guide gave the long, wailing bellow of the cow-moose, not loud, but in the same coaxing tone which characterized the genuine article, as we had heard it vibrating in the evening air two or three days before. The echoes had not died away when, across the narrow water, from a thicket nearly opposite us, came the never-to-be-forgotten hoarse grunt of a bull, repeated every few seconds as the animal rushed toward the water's edge. In less than a minute we caught sight of his broad antlers, glistening in the sun, as he pushed impatiently through the thick branches. Then he broke through the bushes, and as he stood by the water's edge, intently looking and listening, his head thrown high in the air, it seemed to me that he appeared ten feet tall.

It was as easy a shot as one could ask for. Any kind of a marksman could hit a man's hat at that distance, and the animal's black bulk stood out against the rifle sight, as big as the front door of a house. One glance was enough, and at the report of the heavy rifle the moose wheeled suddenly about and plunged along the shore of the lake for fully fifty yards. While he was covering that distance I fired four times more, emptying the magazine of the rifle. Then the moose rushed up the bank and disappeared in the forest.

Five minutes later two panting and wild-eyed men, splashed with mud and water, had run clear around the head of the little lake and reached the point where the moose first appeared.

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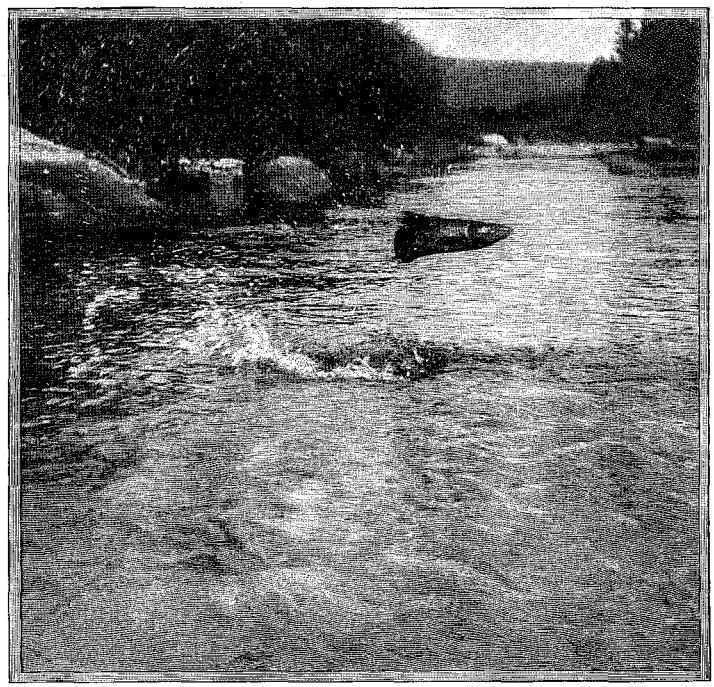
"Do you think I hit him?" I anxiously inquired.

"Yes, I think you broke his leg," responded the guide, "but it may be an all-day chase to catch up with him."

Full of anxiety over the uncertainty of the result I climbed directly up the bank, while Braithwaite followed the more circuitous trail through the bushes. I had not gone fifty feet when, in a little opening in the balsams and spruces, I suddenly came upon the moose, standing rigid among the bushes, within fifteen feet of me. The bristles stood a foot high on his shoulders; his threatening antlers could easily accommodate two men about the size of those in his immediate vicinity, and he was not a pleasant sight to see. But he was in more danger than I was, for the instant I saw him the rifle again spoke, and the poor brute fell crashing to the ground. Four of the bullets had struck him, all in the vicinity of the breast and shoulder, and two had gone clean through him.

The following year, under somewhat similar circumstances, a single bullet killed another moose in his tracks.

Our second hunting trip, in the fall of 1895, was in the Bald Mountains, considerably farther north. In this region there are fewer moose, but more caribou. It is considerably easier of access than the Little Southwest Lake country. One can either go up the Nepisiguit River from Bathurst, or up the Northwest Miramichi from Newcastle. If he goes up the latter stream he cannot use a birch-bark canoe, on account of the extreme roughness of the upper waters. In order to reach the limit of navigation, the canoe-men will be compelled to drag the boat over many miles of shallow bars, wading in the cold water. This they cheerfully do, however, for a dollar and a quarter per day.



A Salmon Jumping.

For us, the passengers, there was nothing but comfort. My companion on this trip was a slender boy of fourteen, who had never before been outside of the brick walls of a city, and who had never seen anything wilder than an English sparrow, except in the cages of the

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zoölogical garden. Some of his friends who did not know about such things thought it a foolhardy thing to let him go into the wilderness, a hundred miles from anywhere. They did not know what a luxurious place it is. On the way into the hunting-ground all he had to do was to sit in the centre of the big canoe, and watch the ever-changing panorama of the stream. He took to sleeping in an open tent, before a big fire, as naturally as though it had been his habit throughout life. I had a little 22-calibre rifle for the benefit of the partridges, and in a week this boy, who had never before fired a gun, could shoot almost as well as I could. The only trouble was, he was not strong enough to hold a big ten-pound 45-calibre rifle steady. He had trout and partridges whenever he wanted them to eat, and plenty of civilized food besides, for we had an excellent cook.

The second day after we got up into the mountains Braithwaite and I started on a long tramp, while the boy, who was not equal to so severe a journey, remained at the camp to reinforce the cook as home-guard. The guide and myself early in the day saw a large bunch of caribou on the farther side of a wide valley, and after climbing around the rocks for two or three miles, to avoid their winding us, we lost sight of them entirely. Disgusted at our ill-fortune, we started back for the stream to "boil the kettle" for a midday lunch, and, on our way there, walked right in amongst the caribou, which were lying down. It was a surprise on both sides, and the caribou, of which we counted sixteen, fairly climbed over each other in their efforts to escape. After three or four wild shots I had the good luck to stop the big bull of the herd.

The next day Duncan, the cook, and Herbert, the boy, took the canoe and went after the caribou's head and hide, and, much to our surprise, came back with two pairs of antlers instead of one.

They reported that they had seen twenty-six caribou, too far away to follow, high up on the mountain-side, but when they reached the place by the side of the stream where we told them we had left the caribou we had shot the day before, they found a lonesome bull standing within one hundred feet of his dead companion; and Herbert, who had begged the privilege of taking the big rifle along in the canoe, had shot the animal as neatly as though it had been a bull-partridge instead of a bull-caribou, though the recoil of the rifle nearly knocked the breath out of him.

The number of unmapped lakes in New Brunswick is very great. The guides are constantly discovering new ones. Many of them are mere ponds, but some of them are beautiful sheets of water two or three miles across.

These undisturbed waters are a summer paradise for the loons, whose discordant voices can be heard on any quiet day. I asked an Indian once, how many lakes he thought there were within a day's travel of the place where we were camped. His reply was: "Oh, don't know; supposem five hundred."

The guides, by the way, believe that the loon cannot be shot, except by building a fire on the shore and shooting through the smoke, as they think the loon dives at the flash of the rifle.

One day we began wantonly firing at a loon, with the 22-calibre. Every time one of us would shoot, the bird would dive and remain down a long time. Finally we took a raft which we had made for fishing purposes, and pushed out to the centre of the little lake. By watching carefully we could shoot quickly enough to keep the loon under water, and soon it began to show signs of being short of breath. But we marvelled at the great distance that it could swim. Sometimes it would come up a hundred and fifty yards on one side of the raft, and the next time two hundred yards on the other side. Finally it came up close to the raft, and my companion killed it. As we were pushing out to pick it up, we suddenly saw another loon come up on the other side. Without knowing it we had been keeping two loons under water, supposing all the time there was only one. In order to make a complete job of it, we continued the same tactics as to the remaining one, and soon it too was so short of breath that it had to rise at very frequent intervals.

In two or three minutes it was a shot

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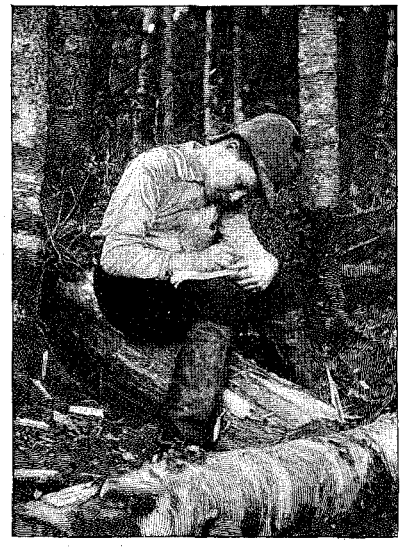
bird. We hung these two relentless enemies of the trout at the front of the tent, and when the men came back at night they were greatly surprised at the shattering of their traditions.

Another time we saw an old loon, with a young one sitting on her back. When we paddled toward her she dived, leaving the fluffy little fellow on the surface. He could not go under. It was an easy thing to pick him up. After being in the canoe a minute or two, on replacing him in the water, he swam fearlessly back toward us, and we could not drive him away. The mother bird, from a safe distance, was setting up the most heart-breaking lament, so we went away and left the gosling. In a few minutes his mother found him, and expressed her joy as plainly as though she had been human.

The famous interior fishing-grounds of the United States are pretty nearly done for. In fact, nothing is so fatal to the fish as notoriety. But the resources of the remote waters of old Acadia are unimpaired. The mountain lakes contain trout in surprising numbers. The ocean-going streams of this peninsula are the finest salmon waters on the Atlantic Coast. On all the accessible lower reaches of the streams, down near the coast, fishing clubs control the privileges. But back in the distant hills, where travel is difficult, there are pools unwhipped by the angler's fly, where the summer assemblage of aristocratic fishes is a marvellous thing to see. The danger to the salmon, of course, lies in the fact that, like the wild-duck, he is a migratory being. If he would stay up in his summer home all the year, then nothing would disturb him. But every season he must run the gauntlet of the tide-water nets, of which there are a great number. The fish laws of the Dominion allow each riparian owner on tide-water to put out a pound-net not exceeding in length one-third the width of the channel. For thirty or more miles the tide rushes up from the sea, and some of these streams are very wide as far up as tidal action extends. To the canoeist on these lower reaches it seems incredible that a single fish could escape the manifold dangers of travel through the maze of nets. But a great number do. The summer of 1895, owing to the lowness of the water, was a very bad salmon year. Yet an overland journey to the head of one of the remote tributaries of the Miramichi water system, in July, enabled us to see, in the rocky basins of the river, conventions of salmon which must have numbered thousands of individuals. Camped by the side of one of these big pools, the constant splashing made by the jumping fish was disastrous to sound sleep. The heavy, sloppy blow struck by a fifteen-pound salmon, as he tumbles back against the surface of the pool, after leaping three feet out, is an impressive sound. When it is repeated, on an average, once a minute all night long, it is calculated to make an angler feel that he is in the immediate presence of his friends.



Writing Home.

One's first salmon is an event. I got mine all alone. It was on the Dungarvon, on my way into the more remote interior. In a clear pool we could see the green backs of the fish, big and little, but they were not after our flies. The others went up the stream a considerable distance, and I remained by the pool. It needs two men to land a salmon. Presently I began idly casting, just to try my new eighteen-foot rod, and the first thing I knew a fish was hooked. He galloped around that pool,

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The Boy and the Moose Head.

jumping out, darting back and forth, and I waded right in. After a while I got him pretty tired. I had no landing-net or gaff, but there was a smooth gravel bar forty rods below. After a while I towed the unfortunate fish down there, got him headed for shore, and ran straight back on the bar. Out he came, flopping somersaults on the gravel. The gut leader broke, but I threw myself on top of that salmon and clasped my arms around him. He was slippery and strong and I could not hold him. Finally I got my fingers in his gills, reached for a stone, and gave him three or four merciless whacks over the head. Then I had him. I was a sight to behold, wet and bespattered with mud and slime; but I was too proud, as well as too nearly out of breath, for words.

Most of these streams are not readily navigable for birch-bark canoes. Horses cannot be used for the transportation of camp luggage, because there is scant feed for them. The sportsman who would penetrate to the heart of the old Acadian wilderness must, nearly always, do at least fifty miles of honest walking over blazed trails, through trackless swamps, across bushy mountains covered with fallen timber. He must ford unbridged streams, and his guides must carry the entire camp outfit on their backs.

There are, in the unsubdued fastnesses of the Cow Mountains and other faraway portions of New Brunswick, such dense tangles that the most determined traveller cannot possibly make more than five miles' progress in a day, over the fallen trunks, and through the thick growths. If one could travel as the bear does, on all fours, he would do better.

Last fall, having come down an unfrequented river in a dug-out constructed in the interior, Mr. Braithwaite and myself made an evening camp just at the edge of the sparse settlements which extend for some miles up the stream. The next morning a native, looking for his stray cattle, came upon us and asked: "Didn't you come down here eight years ago?"

Mr. Braithwaite said this was the fact. The farmer then remarked: "My boy saw your canoe in the river last night, and we remembered that you came down in one like it eight years ago." He said further that, so far as he knew, no strange canoe had come down from the unexplored headwaters of the stream in the meantime. This incident illustrates the infrequency of travel on those boisterous mountain rivers, and is also a fine example of the bushman's accuracy of observation and inference.

Undoubtedly some of this unoccupied

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domain, in common with other portions of the great Canadian wilderness, will some day be filled with human habitations; but the interesting fact remains that a vast region of surpassing beauty will probably forever continue unmarred by settlement, an impregnable game preserve. Myriads of cataracts and cascades will roar unheard. Thousands of lonely lakes will smile in the summer sun, or sleep quietly under winter's covering, unvisited, except at long intervals, by man. And as the Acadian forests have survived the possession of the savage, the Gaul, and the Briton, so they will remain unharmed long after the next obvious change in the map of North America; and forest, lake, mountain, and stream will continue a perpetual joy to the hardy sportsman and the gentle lover of Nature for Nature's sake.

AT DAWN

By Charles Edwin Markham

Just then the branches lightly stirred. . . .
See, out o' the apple-boughs a bird
Bursts music-mad into the blue abyss!
Rothschild would give his gold for this—
The wealth of nations, if he knew:
(And find a profit in the business, too.)

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LOVE'S HANDICAP

By John J. a'Becket

MISS GERTRUDE ARMSTRONG was in an odd predicament. She had received an offer of marriage from three fine young men, each of whom she liked extremely. Miss Armstrong was unable to tell which of them she wanted as a life partner, though thoroughly convinced that one of the three ought to be her husband.

Yet the three men were unlike in almost every respect. Edmund Warren was a New Yorker, twenty-six years of age, five feet nine, spare, dark, and an all-round athlete; intellect, fair to middling; character, conventionally correct. Holyoke Phillips was a Bostonian, of Mayflower descent, of medium height, fine physique, so handsome as to make his appearance almost a cause of disturbance, clever, and always perfectly groomed. He was twenty-three years of age. Fairfax Fitzhugh was a Virginia Hercules, twenty-four years old, six feet three in his stocking feet, and weighing two hundred and ten pounds. He was boyishly sincere and hearty, had brown hair and mustaches, and a fresh ruddiness which accorded well with the clearness of his hazel eyes. He carried his avoirdupois with the greatest lightness and was one of the most graceful dancers in the country.

Warren had an income of $50,000 a year, Phillips possessed one of $10,000, while Fitzhugh had only what sufficed to maintain himself with decent fitness for his social position.

After which statement of their money values it is in order to mention that Miss Armstrong was worth $200,000, and was the only heir in sight to an old aunt who had three millions. But Gertrude Armstrong was a marvellously advanced young woman, not a "New Woman" but an intensely novel one, with most independent views and ways. People who only knew her superficially, and those who did not like her, were apt to label, and thereby libel, her versatility and force as "crankiness."

Miss Armstrong had spent a fortnight at the White Sulphur Springs, in West Virginia, in the beginning of July, and there Fitzhugh had offered her his aristocratic hand and the love of his clean, strong nature. She had asked time for reflection. She had passed the last two weeks of July and the first week of August at Newport. It was here that Warren had requested the privilege of putting an engagement ring on her finger. She had confided to him that this was "so sudden," and begged to defer a definite answer for awhile. The last of August she had spent at Bar Harbor, and in that haven of mellow glitter Holyoke Phillips had begged the honor of making her Mrs. Phillips. To whom, with some sense of repeating herself, she had avowed her inability to utter a conclusive monosyllable without the assistance of time for deliberation.

Hence Miss Armstrong's predicament. The points that endeared Warren to her were quite different from those that made her think tenderly of Phillips, while Fitzhugh's hold on her heart was thoroughly unlike that possessed by the two others. It was her uniquely embarrassing fortune to be in love with three perfectly eligible men at once. "If I were a man," Miss Armstrong mused, "and so in love with three different women that I couldn't tell which I loved most, I could become a Mormon and marry them all. That would be a neat solution. If I only cared a little *more* for one of these men than for the other two, or could hope to love some fourth man more than any of the three, it would not be so dreadfully hard. But I feel that one of these three must be my husband. It would look frivolous to ask them to match for it, and I haven't the courage to put their names into a hat and then marry the one I pull out. I must do something. It seems shamefully wanting in character to be equally in love with three men at the same time. And very much in love, too."

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At last an idea came to her mind, and one that was in keeping with her feeling that the three men had an equal claim to consideration. She made an appointment for them all to call at exactly half-past four on the afternoon of September the tenth.

The men responded so promptly that the servant had no sooner ushered Mr. Fitzhugh into the drawing-room than he was called on to perform the same duty for Mr. Phillips, which function was hardly concluded before Mr. Warren's ring made it imperative for the third time.

Each of the trio had barely time to get irritated at what he fancied the inopportune call of the other two, before Miss Armstrong entered the room. Each man regarded her with a new thrill of that courtly deference and anticipative joy of possession so natural to the lover. Each hoped that the beautiful girl had had time to evolve a "yes" which she would bestow on him as soon as "those other two fellows" were gone. Three of the most delightful resorts in the country had been enhanced for Miss Armstrong by the devotion and proposal of a charming man. Alas! too charming, she thought, as with a quiet sigh of delicious perplexity she beamed upon them all. Her color, action, and manner told what benefit she had derived from a summer outing so wonderfully seasoned.

"How do you do?" she said vivaciously, without offering her hand to any of them, denying herself the one way of giving it to them all. "Sit down, please. Or wait one moment, won't you?"

She selected three straight-backed chairs, exactly alike, set them side by side, about two feet apart, and in front of them, two or three yards away, planted another.

"Now, if you will kindly seat yourselves in these chairs," she said, sitting down herself, "I will perform rather an embarrassing duty. It looks as if I were the teacher of a small but very select catechism class. But the likeness does not go far, for each of you has done me the honor of asking the same question to which I am still unable to give a catechetical 'Yes' or 'No.'"

There was what the French papers call a "*sensation*" on this direct announcement of Miss Armstrong's, and the trio stiffened like one man. With hardly a pause the young woman continued. She had evidently prepared her few remarks, and meant that they all should take their medicine quickly.

"When you each one did me the honor of making me an offer of marriage, I asked for time. I have had time, and time enough if any one of you had been the only one. You are strangers to one another, and far too modest, not to sympathize with me when I tell you that I have been unable to decide to which one I should say 'Yes,' though it took me very little time to feel that it must be this to one of you. I realize fully that such a quandary is not only extraordinary but seems a trifle absurd. It is not a nice one for a girl to be in, I assure you. But I am in it, and the fault, if there is any, is yours. You are all gentlemen, all of good family, all charming. These are the sole points that count with me.

"Now the only way out that I have been able to devise is this," continued Miss Armstrong, straightening herself and speaking more rapidly: "I will see you all again on the second of January. Whichever one shall have done in the meantime what seems to me the finest action for a man to do, I will accept. Between now and then I shall not see any of you, except as chance may throw us together. You are at liberty to invent the action, and you can go out of your way to do it. So the issue need not depend on any good fortune which offers to one opportunity that is denied to another. On Christmas-day you can write to me what you consider the best action of the past three months, and when you come on January 2d, I will give a definite 'Yes' to the one I decide has made the best showing. My relation to you all is an impartial one. It is a fair field and no favor.

"If this course strikes you as bizarre and undignified, please to remember that a girl does not often find herself in such an *embarras des richesses* as three suitors for her hand who have an equal hold on her heart. If you can suggest a better scheme, I am perfectly willing to adopt it."

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The three men rose simultaneously and said "Miss Armstrong," as a chorus. Then came to a halt and regarded one another with a proud air of magnanimous abeyance.

"You see, gentlemen," said Miss Armstrong, shaking her head sadly, "you are giving another proof of how perfectly on the same level you are. And this, notwithstanding your pronounced individualities. But as you are ranged Mr. Phillips is at 'the head of the class,' and so there is a reason for beginning with him. What have you to say to this proposition of mine, Mr. Phillips?"

"I can only compliment you on the clever way with which you handle the impossible situation," said the young man, in measured tones. "It is quite natural, of course, that others should feel toward you as I do, but this unlooked-for meeting with two — rivals" (Mr. Phillips showed a chivalrous recognition of the other two men) "is a surprise to me, as, I doubt not, it is to them."

The two men looked their inability to deny this, and Mr. Phillips went on.

"For my part, I think you have acted with perfect candor and fairness to us"—Mr. Phillips here assumed an apologetic air toward the other two as if asking pardon for the familiarity of the first person plural when two-thirds of it were strangers to the third, and enunciative fraction, himself. The other factors gave subtile indications of condoning the liberty, and the speaker resumed.

"Unacquainted though I am with these two gentlemen, knowledge of myself makes me feel that I am somewhat handicapped in this—this—*prix de vertu* tourney, if you will permit the phrase, Miss Armstrong, by a very limited ability for noble achievements. However, 'faint heart ne'er won fair lady,' and with such a motive for good deeds one may hope that fate will not disdain a willing assistant."

Mr. Phillips bowed, and after his speech instinctively resumed his seat.

"Thank you very much," said Miss Armstrong, heartily. "That was a charming little speech for an impromptu effort on what must have been an unfamiliar subject. I think it is very nice in you to bear one out so generously. But I shouldn't have said that," she added, with a quick smile. "Mr. Warren and Mr. Fitzhugh must be perfectly unprejudiced in what they have to say. What do you think of the idea, Mr. Warren?"

"I am afraid, Miss Armstrong," said that gentleman, rising, with a somewhat forced smile on his face, "that Mr. Phillips has cut the ground from under my feet by his remarks. But you can't expect much eloquence from the average New Yorker. I don't suppose there was ever this condition of things before. Of course, a nice girl often has several offers before she says 'Yes' to one of them. But to have three that she has to toss up for—pardon my putting it just that way—is a little out of the usual. I don't feel that I will pull out as long as there is a fighting chance. I can only echo what this gentleman said about not being very strong in the kind of thing you want. If it had been a long distance running or a swimming match it would have been more in my line. But I want to be entered for the race. No one knows what may turn up."

Acting on Mr. Phillips's precedent Mr. Warren seated himself after his speech.

"I must thank you too, Mr. Warren, for accepting my condition so gallantly," Miss Armstrong remarked, according as gracious a smile to him as she had to Mr. Phillips. "As for eloquence, I don't see that any one of you need envy the other, since you have all been equally eloquent. Mr. Fitzhugh?"

As the towering Virginian rose gracefully to his superb height and stood like a composite of Hercules and Chesterfield, both the other men darted an uneasy glance at him.

"Miss Armstrong," he said, in his great mellow voice, "I am sure each of us regrets your divided mind, just as each of us sees that you wish to be perfectly fair. Whatever your final decision may be, the two unfortunates who are left out will admit that you have done the best you could. I assent, of course, to your wish, and hope the best man wins, for your sake and his."

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Mr. Fitzhugh did not resume his seat, as Miss Armstrong arose at the conclusion of his remarks and said: "Thank *you*, Mr. Fitzhugh. I am comforted that you are all so indulgent to my poor plan. Before you go, I think you should know one another, and then good-by until January 2d."

She presented them, then showed the three out in a body. At the foot of the steps the three men bowed to each other with formality, and started downtown, Mr. Phillips on one side of the street, Mr. Warren on the other, while Mr. Fitzhugh took the side street to get to the parallel avenue. There was the same thought in the mind of each: how fine a thing the other men would do? There was the same doubt in the mind of each; that one of the others would probably do something finer than he could himself. There was the same hope in the mind of each: that neither of the others would.

Not long after this extraordinary reception at Miss Armstrong's came the closing day of the excursion season at Coney Island. The last boat had left the Iron Pier crowded to suffocation. There was the usual jumble of excursionists. Big, burly men, with a sense of liquor and loudness about them, seemed to take up more space than was their due. Obstreperous young fellows made vapid remarks, with the brazen assurance of hollow conceitedness, and varied this by shrill whistling, or attempting to sing popular airs of the day, as a yet more ample field for lung exercise and wearying self-assertion. Stout women, for whom one would have imagined excursions could have no lure with option of as many hours of repose at home, were wedged into the crowd with fat content. Other women, some robust and a little too gay, some thin and far too weakly, were part of the richly assorted passenger list of the craft.

One of the latter kind sat near the rail, worn out and sleepy. She held a scrap of baby on her thin arm, and her bony fingers clutched a paper bag in which there still remained a few peanuts. The baby was quietly slumbering, while the heavily drooping lids of the mother fought against sleep. Near her stood a huge man with a kindly look on his face, who had placed himself so that his immense proportions might act as a bulwark to prevent the crowd from pressing too heavily against the pair.

The day had been gaspingly hot, and was now culminating in one of those spasmodic thunder-storms which are nature's titanic hiccough when crapulous with heat. Things were getting dun and ominous. The packed steamer pitched and lurched in the tumid waves on which the veil of night was falling. The pleasure trip was ending in more than usual discomfort for the fagged-out "trippers." After their few hours of cooler air, they were returning to the furnace heat of the town and their hot rooms, worn out and peevish.

"Look out there! God! it's over the side!"

Fitzhugh heard these words break suddenly on the stifling air. His attention had been distracted from the woman and her child for a moment, but at this sudden exclamation, close to him, he looked at her instinctively. Her arms were empty! The thing was clear. Through sheer fatigue the worn woman had fallen into slumber. The infant had awakened, and refreshed by its own sleep to new activity had given a convulsive shake to its small anatomy which had dislodged it from the mother's arm. It had wriggled itself over the side! There it was, a white spot on the water, rapidly receding.

Fitzhugh had hardly grasped the situation and reflected on his inability to swim the length of a bath-tub, when a man brushed by him, thrusting a coat and waistcoat into his hands, exclaiming, "Hold those!" The next moment the man had climbed over the rail, and, with one quick look toward the floating child, sprang resolutely into the sea.

The would-be rescuer had not looked at him, but in the glimpse he had of his features Fairfax Fitzhugh at once recognized Mr. Warren.

He watched his movements with a vivid interest. Warren came quickly to the surface, and, with the energetic movements of a practised swimmer, struck out in the direction of the now disappearing blot of white. There was

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great excitement among the crowd, and the officers were instantly busy trying to prevent a panic. In her overloaded condition and in such a rough sea the steamer could only be handled with difficulty. After much delay a boat was at last lowered, but the rowers returned after about twenty minutes, wet and disgusted, without having discovered any trace of the man or infant. Some now began to clamor that the boat should go ahead and that many lives ought not to be imperilled for two. Fitzhugh volunteered to be one of a crew to venture forth again and look for the swimmer, while the steamboat went upon its way. But nobody but himself seemed to feel called on to do this, and finally the steamer sped on, leaving the pair to their fate.

It was a great relief to Fitzhugh to read in the evening papers the next day that Warren and the baby were saved. The swimmer had breasted his way to the Long Island shore with the child, who had been restored to its mother unharmed. Warren's name did not come out at all.

Only a few days after this the young Virginian read the announcement of Mrs. Emory Headley's death. She left fifty thousand dollars to several charities. The remainder of her three millions went to her only niece, Miss Gertrude Armstrong. He gave a quick, impatient sigh on finishing the paragraph. He was thinking of the income of his two rivals. Men with money may marry women with money.

In October the young Virginian, whose enjoyment of his lot in life was not augmented by seeing day after day slip by unmarked by opportunity for fine actions, went to visit a friend who had a cottage in one of the charming resorts near the Massachusetts coast. It was much affected by exclusive Bostonians, and had a pretty Country Club. Bowling was the father of half a dozen young children. Mrs. Bowling was one of those live, plump, active, small women who seem to have a genius for maternity. But Fitzhugh did not care. He liked children, and had no nerves.

Sometimes, however, he felt the need of a brief respite from the robust devotion of the four Bowling boys, who liked him altogether too well for his comfort. So one day he hired a dog-cart and drove over to the Country Club, some miles away. *En route* he remarked a small, tumble-down house standing some distance from the road in a lonely fashion. A red flag, fluttering from the door made him wonder if the family was to be "sold out" by auction. Another thought, which quickly succeeded this, led him to give a cut to his horse and get away from the forlorn roof-tree with its baleful banner as fast as he could.

He had a thoroughly enjoyable evening at the club, where he met some nice fellows and played three or four games of billiards. It was nearly twelve o'clock when he started back. He had forgotten the grim nest of small-pox festering on the hillside, until as he approached the locality he marked an ominous red glare in the sky. He whipped up, and when he got nearer saw that the house was in flames. They were already subsiding, as the woodwork was pretty well consumed. A thrill of horror seized him. What if the helpless woman had passed beyond the power of infecting anyone with her foul disease through having the purifying flames burn, not only germs, but the very soul, out of her body!

He lashed his horse and tore forward. As he got nearer he saw three persons on the hillside, brightly illumined by the flames—a man, a girl of nineteen, and a frightful-looking object wrapped in a scorched blanket. She was lying on the ground, her head in the girl's lap. Fitzhugh felt a cold shudder as his imagination supplied the defect of his vision for her loathsome face! A little beyond was a Surrey drawn by a span of horses, hitched to the fence.

The man had started running toward Fitzhugh as soon as he heard the sound of his wheels. When he got within hailing distance he shouted: "Hold up a minute."

Fitzhugh stopped his horse.

"Don't come any nearer," the man shouted again, taking care himself to approach only close enough for his voice to carry "There's a woman there, sick with the small-pox. I was

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driving by and pulled her out of the fire. I'm going to put her in my team and take her into Boston. That's the only chance for her. Go 'round the other way. Will you send a message to my man at Sweet Brier Cottage, to-morrow morning and tell him to come into Boston, and meet me at Young's at ten o'clock? His name is Thomas Matthews."

"All right," Fitzhugh shouted back. "Can't I help you any?"

"No," returned the man. "The best thing you can do is to go 'round the other way as fast as you can. I'm in for it now, but there's no sense in anybody else exposing himself to infection. The woman is *light* enough. Good-night."

The man was turning back when Fitzhugh shouted, hastily: "What's your name?"

"Phillips. Holyoke Phillips. But don't say anything about this. My people would be scared to death if they knew I had been handling a small-pox woman."

"You're sure I cannot do a thing?" urged Fitzhugh, reluctantly gathering up his reins. "I'd be glad to."

"There's nothing to be done. If you will send that message—Sweet Brier Cottage. I must hurry off with her. Good-night."

This time Phillips turned and half ran back to the two in the dying glare of the crumbling house. The thought came to Fitzhugh of Bowling's healthy clutch of children, and their round, cheery little mother. A nice centre into which to inject the germs of small-pox! It was his duty to take no chance of doing that. He wheeled about, and as a light puff of wind blew down the road from the direction of the group, he laid the whip over his horse's flank. As he wheeled off into the side-road he looked back and saw that Phillips was disposing the two women in the Surrey. A moment later and he had started on a brisk trot for Boston with his load of infectious corruption.

Fitzhugh put up at the Inn that night and returned to town the next morning after wiring Bowling that he would write to him from New York. He had sent the message duly to Thomas Matthews.

It was Christmas-day. Not a very gay festivity for Fairfax Fitzhugh. He knew what Christmas presents his rivals could send to Miss Armstrong, and he felt like a mean culprit over his own empty hands. He had heard nothing of Warren or Phillips since the time when fate had made him the witness of their glory. Heavy at heart he sat down and wrote to Miss Armstrong:

"My Dear Miss Armstrong: I write to-day to comply with your request in the only degree permitted to me. I have not one fine deed to bring you this Christmas morning! I have not to reproach myself with neglected opportunities; but, on the other hand, I have been unable to counteract this neglect of fate by devices of my own. I regret deeply that I should seem to offer you such inferior homage to that of Messrs. Warren and Phillips. I hope I need not assure you of that. I wish you all the joy in life with the fortunate man upon whom you confer your hand. It is a bitter humiliation that I should have to assist you in your decision by my utter disqualification. You will feel that it is needless for me to appear on January the second. I trust you will not take it ill if I add that, despite my failure to make you mine, I shall always be

"Most devotedly yours,
"Fairfax Fitzhugh."

To which he received answer: "I shall expect to see you on the second of January. Do not fail to come. G. A."

A spark of hope flickered for a moment in the young Virginian's breast at this brief command. Hope, as a flash-light, requires very little support from reason. But it was evanescent. Of course, up to the last hour there was a chance that occasion for some glorious achievement might drop from the skies. But when he carefully dressed himself and started for Miss Armstrong's on the afternoon of January the second, hope was dead. He was only going to assist at the triumph of his rivals. He was determined to do so with dignity, at least, though it was a hard ordeal.

As at the first interview, he was the first to arrive. He was on the hour with the punctuality of a king. The servant went to call Miss Armstrong. She might not come down until the others arrived. He remembered how short a time had elapsed between their respective appearances on the first day. He looked grimly at the three similar

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chairs which they had occupied on that occasion. There had been a fitness in that uniformity of session then. Now, he was the only one who should occupy one of those chairs. Phillips or Warren should sit with Miss Armstrong under the canopy in the corner, while the unchosen one of these two might be assigned to the stately fauteuil by the window, as an "Honors man," at least.

At this moment the bell sounded and Fitzhugh braced himself to meet the possible husband of Miss Armstrong. The man who entered the room was Holyoke Phillips. As Fitzhugh's eyes rested on his face he suffered a sickening surprise, almost repulsion, for one instant. The next he had sprung to his feet, and was wringing Phillips's hand with intense emotion.

"I see you are distressed by my appearance," said Phillips, calmly. "My face was not such a recreative object at best, and now it would be useful to scare bad children with."

"Or to inspire heroes, and to make men reverence you and feel honored by being in your presence," retorted Fitzhugh, a fiery enthusiasm in his face and almost a break in his voice. "I know why you bear those marks," he went on, in answer to the look of surprise in Mr. Phillips's. "The scars a soldier wins on a hard battle-field are not so glorious. I saw you when you won them, and I think to-day you will reap some reward for them. I am here to assist at your triumph. I know Warren's claim, and yours seems to me to infinitely surpass it. I shall be a very sorry object by the side of two such heroes."

"What are you saying?" exclaimed Mr. Phillips. "How do you know anything about this? Why," he added, suddenly, "were *you* the man in the buggy that night?"

"I was," replied Fitzhugh.

"How singular!" said Phillips, thoughtfully. "But I beg of you," he went on, rapidly, "not to indulge in any such friendly but exaggerated strain as this before Miss Armstrong."

"Here she is," exclaimed Fitzhugh.

Miss Armstrong had quickly entered the room. Fitzhugh's heart gave one big bound and then sank to his boots. She had never looked so queenly, so brilliantly fair, so womanly sweet. As if in honor of the occasion she had gowned herself as sumptuously as her mourning for her aunt would permit. The two men were standing so that Phillips's back was to her, and when, at Fitzhugh's remark, he wheeled sharply round, his frightfully marked face was close to hers.

She started back with dismay in her eyes, the words she was about to speak numbed on her lips by sudden horror of the deeply pock-marked face of the once strikingly handsome Bostonian. She rallied with a prompt but vigorous effort and greeted him warmly. Then she turned to Fitzhugh and a swift, involuntary expression that made his heart thump again dawned on her face. It may have been the relief of his clear-eyed ruddy visage, with its ingenuous candor, after the shock of Phillips's disfigurement.

"Sit down," she said, gently. "Do not let us be any more formal than the occasion demands. I am glad to see you. Mr. Warren," and she smiled with childlike brightness, as she held up a letter in her hand, "will not be here. He has asked to have his name 'scratched.' I am quoting his words."

"Miss Armstrong," said Mr. Phillips, a slight nervous abruptness in his usually contained manner, "before we go any farther, I have to say something that may simplify the proceedings. The perfectly unwitting but quite natural movement of repulsion——"

"Oh, Mr. Phillips!" cried Miss Armstrong with a shocked expression, "do not say that! I admit I was deeply impressed by your changed features, but it was the pain of sympathy that affected me."

"That is like your generous, noble self," said Mr. Phillips, with feeling. "But I know too well the effect my disfigurement must inspire, and without the slightest fault in the person who feels it. But your expression, not to qualify it more closely, was a help to me in what I wish to say. Perhaps it would have been better to write you this and not to have come to this appointment at all. Yet to do so seemed, in a

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way, more advisable. But first, although Mr. Warren has withdrawn, I am sure Mr. Fitzhugh has a claim which will probably settle the point at issue at once."

"Mr. Fitzhugh assures me that he has done nothing fine whatever. Of course, through no fault of his," Miss Armstrong hastened to add, smiling a little faintly.

Mr. Fitzhugh shook his head regretfully.

"And it is quite certain that Mr. Warren will not come?" inquired Mr. Phillips, with a troubled air.

"I will read you this letter which I received from him at the end of November, and will then supplement it with a marginal note of my own. You can in this way judge for yourselves," said Miss Armstrong briskly.

DEAR MISS ARMSTRONG: Do you know, the more I have thought on your singular proposal to the two gentlemen and myself, who were suitors for your hand, the more uncomfortable I have become. It was sprung on us" [Miss Armstrong arched her brows a little and made a *moue* at this expression] "when we were very ardent and not looking for anything of the kind, and it seemed fair enough, since you were in such a jolly queer predicament. But every day it grows harder for me to think of winning my wife by a snap-shot heroism. Besides, it has kept growing on me that a man would be wiser to select a wife who hadn't the misfortune of being in love with two other fellows at the same time. The fellow that wins might not be so far ahead of the other two. If he comes in ahead by only a neck, it does not seem natural that you could instantly lop off your regard for the others, and I confess I shouldn't quite like my wife to have that kind of feeling for two such men as Mr. Fitzhugh and Mr. Phillips.

So, as there really wasn't any engagement, and it seems perfectly honorable to do so, I think I must beg to have my name scratched. I am really doing you a kindness because it will make your choice a simpler thing. My rivals are better fellows than I. Although I haven't done any fine thing, pray don't put this move of mine down to a funk. I am sure I am not misjudging your character in thinking that you will gladly permit me to withdraw, and will still remain a good warm friend of mine, as I shall always be of yours.

Most respectfully and sincerely,
EDMUND WARREN.

Miss Armstrong threw out her hands with a mild gesture that suited her words: "So you see that eliminates Mr. Warren!" Then she smiled again, and continued, cheerfully: "He is quite right in thinking I shall remain friendly. I have no hard will against him. In fact," said Miss Armstrong, with some emphasis, "although this may not sound so true, I am positively relieved by Mr. Warren's course. The only thing that didn't seem quite fair, and I had to tell him this in my answer to his note, was his not mentioning the other girl. But I learned who she was a fortnight later from a woman friend of hers to whom she had confided, in strict secrecy, that she was engaged to Mr. Warren, only that Edmund didn't want it announced until after January! She is quite a nice girl and I am awfully glad," concluded Miss Armstrong, with an artless sincerity that left no doubt but that she was telling the exact truth. "I intend to make them a handsome wedding present," she added.

Mr. Phillips's pockmarks had not obscured the redness that crept into his face as the young woman scored Mr. Warren's perfidy in not avowing frankly that he had switched off to another girl. When she was through he said, with some hesitation, but resolutely:

"Miss Armstrong, it *would* have been better if I had written instead of coming here to-day. But I shall now speak to you with all simplicity, relying on your sympathy and justice. I had hoped the simple way out would be that one of these gentlemen should have presented himself with a deed that would make him your elected husband. But now, with Mr. Warren out, and Mr. Fitzhugh disclaiming any meritorious action, I must state my position. After this unfortunate malady left me such melancholy and enduring marks of its visitation, I felt at once that, no matter what claim I might establish to your hand, I would never, never consent to any such alliance of Beauty and the Beast. Nothing could alter this determination of mine, and I trust you will believe this, since I want to tell you another thing, which, I know, will keenly touch your warm heart.

"During my illness I was for sometime delirious. When I recovered my senses I discovered that a distant cousin of mine, with whom I had been on very

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friendly terms always, through a beautiful but Quixotic fear that I might not be properly or sufficiently cared for by the hospital nurses, had come there and insisted on taking charge of me herself! Of course I would not have permitted so needless a sacrifice had I known of it before it was too late. I regret to say," Mr. Phillips resumed after a slight pause, with deep feeling in his voice, "that this dear girl contracted the hateful malady, and she, who was once as beautiful as a dream, is now, thanks to her devotion to me, as disfigured as myself."

Miss Armstrong and Mr. Fitzhugh had listened to this recital with rapt interest. The moment he finished Miss Armstrong bent forward, her eyes dewily soft in their brightness, her lips parted in emotion, and an exquisite exultation pervading her.

"And you are going to marry her?" she cried, softly.

"That is what I hope to do," replied Mr. Phillips, gravely, "though I have not yet spoken to her on this subject. I felt, in a measure, bound, until this meeting had taken place. But I feel sure that you will be glad to have this young woman learn from me that I have had the honor to love two of the finest women I have ever met."

"You would be absolutely ignoble not to marry her, and it would be incredible if you did not love her," exclaimed Miss Armstrong, in ringing tones. "I congratulate her and yourself," she went on rising and crossing to Mr. Phillips. A film came over her beautiful eyes, and her lips quivered as she pressed his hands warmly with both of hers. His poor face was so disfigured, but Miss Armstrong felt no repulsion now.

"Thanks," returned Mr. Phillips. "You are no kinder or nobler than I should have expected. And now, he continued, in a lighter way, as, still holding Miss Armstrong's hand he looked at Mr. Fitzhugh with a twinkle in his eye, "the only thing lacking to make this occasion perfectly harmonious is to be permitted to offer *my* congratulations to our young friend here and to yourself, Miss Armstrong."

The young woman withdrew her hand and flushed very prettily. Fairfax Fitzhugh presented the incongruous spectacle of a giant blushing like a little school-girl. He did not look altogether happy, while Miss Armstrong, for whatever strange reason, could not quite help doing so.

"I am afraid that might be a little premature," she said, with saucy gayety. "You and Mr. Warren, after so basely deserting me, must not think you can make amends by magnanimously surrendering a twice-jilted girl to Mr. Fitzhugh, who, like Mr. Warren and yourself, hasn't the smallest shadow of a fine thing to declare. I can hardly believe it of three such fine men!"

"And you must not believe it of any but me," exclaimed Fitzhugh, impulsively. "I am in a position to tell you of exceedingly fine actions on both Mr. Phillips's and Mr. Warren's part. I think it only justice to do so. I can appreciate fine things if I cannot do them."

He succinctly but tellingly rehearsed Mr. Warren's exploit. He was about to pass to Mr. Phillips's when that gentleman broke in upon him.

"Excuse me, Mr. Fitzhugh. If this must be told I prefer to tell it myself. You are too eloquent a narrator of *others* merits'. The action to which Mr. Fitzhugh, despite my protests, has referred to is simply this. Last autumn I pulled a bedridden woman out of the first floor of a burning building, when, as there was no one else around to do it, my only option would have been to stand by and see her broil to death. It was an act of the most common humanity, and you can see why I forbore to mention it as a fine deed."

"He has not said," cried Fitzhugh, springing to his feet, and speaking with an animation Miss Armstrong had never witnessed in him before, and which seemed to afford her the keenest delight, "that this 'bedridden woman' was suffering from the most awful ravages of virulent small-pox. He has not said that he carried her into Boston at midnight in his own team, as her only chance for life. He has not said that he charged down the road as soon as he heard my buggy to warn me 'round another way that I might run no

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risk of contagion. He has not said that the disfigurement for life of as handsome a face as God ever gave to man is the result of this 'common humanity,' to a miserable outcast with no claim upon him but her helplessness. I said disfigurement, but it is a transfiguration, and these marks of his glory are more than the flawless beauty of an Apollo. I thank God," said Fitzhugh, his mellow tones rolling the words out like a benediction, "that he has found a woman who is his peer in sublime well-doing, one worthy of being his wife."

"Now really," exclaimed Mr. Phillips, with a deprecating air, when the young Virginian had poured this forth with the impressive fire of a Cicero, "you *have* heard it *all*, Miss Armstrong and you will permit me to retire and hide my confusion. I only hope Mr. Fitzhugh may wax as eloquent in his own cause as he does in that of others. I think, after all, this is probably a case of the survival of the fittest. Good-by, Miss Armstrong. I am sure we shall always be the best of friends."

"*Always*, Mr. Phillips," returned Miss Armstrong with deep fervor. "I am so glad Mr. Fitzhugh did tell this that I may assure you of my deep admiration for such splendid humanity in you. Did you think I would be a Shylock and hold you to your bond? You and this noble woman, whom I hope to know as your wife, shall never have a warmer or a truer friend than Gertrude Armstrong."

She smiled bravely, though there were tears in her lustrous eyes as he bent and kissed her hand.

"I leave you with a cheering hope in my soul," he cried, as without relinquishing her hand, he grasped that of Fitzhugh. "You must make him tell you the truth about himself. Good-by."

Miss Armstrong sank into her chair and gave a final touch to her eyes with her handkerchief after Mr. Phillips disappeared.

"I declare," she said, animatedly, "the thought of his marriage with that girl, 'his peer in sublime well-doing' as you so happily expressed it, is positively exhilarating. It is much nicer to have him in a warm niche in my memory instead of feeling half-vexed with him as I do with Mr. Warren. That fickle man! To actually throw me over for another girl, who isn't half as nice as I am," she added, with placid ingenuousness. "However, these two points are settled, and won't give me another thought. But now, Mr. Fitzhugh, *honestly*, haven't you *some* fine thing concealed about your consciousness, which you ought to tell me? Even if *you* don't think it very fine, give me a chance of judging."

"I haven't a thing," he returned with mournful conviction. "Not even a half-fine thing. I suppose I ought to congratulate myself on having escaped positively ignoble ones. What a shame that I should have seen these two men so splendidly qualify and not be worthy of tying their shoes."

"So splendidly qualify, and then bestow themselves elsewhere," exclaimed Miss Armstrong, merrily. There was nothing forced about her high spirits. She seemed bubbling over with gay joyousness. Such astonishing vivacity in a woman, two-thirds of whose heart should have been shattered, suddenly struck Fitzhugh as an abnormal emotionality.

"You don't seem upset at the turn things have taken, Miss Armstrong," he observed, bluntly. "Perhaps," he exclaimed, abruptly, and then stopped. "Possibly you"—again he halted. The young woman showed no disposition to assist him. "Have you"—he said desperately, only to have his tongue fail him once more. But he looked volumes.

"Have *you?*" queried Miss Armstrong, with a demurely reproachful intonation.

"Have I *what?*" retorted Fitzhugh, brusquely.

"Have you—what you were going to ask me," she returned, roguishly.

"*I!*" burst forth the Virginian with massive indignation. "*No.* *I* am not built that way."

"Yet these two others, who, according to your own testimony, have so far surpassed you in fine actions, *were* 'built that way,'" remarked the young woman, pensively. "Not that I care. I don't blame them. Blame them? I admire Mr. Phillips more than ever

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for his course. And I am so glad for what Mr. Warren did that I can almost forgive him the way he did it. Honestly and in all simplicity, Mr. Fitzhugh, I am overjoyed at the way things have turned out."

"That is not flattering to us," he replied, judicially, "whatever might be said about the justice of it. But I suppose, Miss Armstrong, that if two men may change their minds about one woman, one woman should surely be allowed to change hers about three men. It is natural enough. I seem to have fared the worst of all involved, for I am unchanged except to show up so much more poorly in the reflected glory of others. But I still presume so far as to hope that even we shall part friends, Miss Armstrong."

He rose slowly and advanced as if to make his adieux.

"So do I," she answered, chirpily. "But we are not going to part yet. Sit down."

Mr. Fairfax Fitzhugh resumed his seat somewhat with an air that suggested a mastiff who is being teased by a toy terrier with no respect for his dignity.

"I did not suppose there could be any pleasure to you in continuing the interview with me," he said, a little stiffly.

"Are you *sure* you haven't done even some little, *tiny* fine thing?" she murmured, wistfully regarding him with veiled eyes.

"None, that any decent gentleman does not do every day of his life," he responded, grimly.

"You said, I believe, that you *hadn't* fallen in love with any other girl?" she resumed, with a playfully questioning air.

He made a gesture, slight but expressive, as if he disdained verbal repudiation of such monstrous infidelity.

"But possibly," said Miss Armstrong, blushing a little as she looked him full in the eyes—"you are a lawyer you know, and one has to corner you—you may have *withdrawn* your regard, without *transferring* it"

"I do not know why you should doubt my fidelity," said Fitzhugh, a little wearily. "It is my hard lot to see the others, who had a claim, disappear and leave me, an ignominious failure, more intensely in love with you than ever. But it makes it easy for you. The only one left is the only one shut out, and so you are free."

"Well, now that you have said that, though with more calmness than I could desire, *I* have got a little confession to make. Then you may understand better why I am so pleased at the lovely way in which things have turned out. You will also see how much less painful it is to make the statement to you, Mr. Fitzhugh, than it would have been to the others, though I should have felt obliged to tell the one who had won before I married him. When I proposed this test it was in good faith. I *couldn't tell which* of you three men I wanted to marry. But, being only a woman, as time went on my judgment, or perhaps I should say my affection, began to crystallize into greater definiteness. Mr. Warren's letter was an immense relief, because that ungallant man had been, I am happy to say, crystallized *out entirely*, before his letter arrived. I came into the room to-day, I am afraid, with the crystallizing process gone one step farther. When Mr. Phillips, in that dear manly way, told about the girl who had nursed him and I saw what was in his heart, I could have fallen on his neck through grateful joy. And when you told me, so eloquently—Strange! You have never been as eloquent as that before, to my knowledge, Mr. Fitzhugh!—I would have done so, probably, if you had not been there. I was afraid you might not like it," she added, with captivating simplicity.

"Now, Mr. Fitzhugh, you understand, at least I *hope* you do," she put in with a joyous little laugh, "why I am as happy as a lark, and why I insisted on your coming to-day."

"Do you mean that you will take *me?* That you love *me*, and not the others?" cried Fitzhugh, springing to his feet and taking an impulsive step toward her. He stood towering at his full height, a monument of eager interrogation.

Miss Armstrong rose without taking her eyes from his and manifesting no

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alarm over a passion that seemed almost threatening in its intensity, stood with a faint smile on her lips,—stood and said nothing.

The next moment she was crushed in his mighty arms. Fairfax put his hand upon her fair forehead and bending her head gently back till he looked into her upturned eyes, said, with impressive ardor: "My dear one, if such a woman as you can't bring noble deeds out of your husband, he is of poorer stuff than I think."

"Fairfax," she said, "you couldn't have saved the baby, for you can't swim! And you were a few minutes too late (thank God) to save the woman. But you *were* true to the girl you loved. Those others weren't. Don't you think *that* was a little fine?"

SONG, YOUTH, AND SORROW

(A FRAGMENT)

By William Cranston Lawton

Sing to me, elegy, truly, of song, of sorrow, of youthtime;
Youth that departs as a dream, sorrow that with us abides,
Song, the bestower of fame, the revealer of hearts, the eternal:
These Mimnermus has sung, these to Catullus were known.

Körner at twenty and two, on the field of battle is lying.
Only a single Sword Germany loses in him,
While in the ears of a nation the tones of his Lyre are resounding,
Louder and clearer, because he, like a hero, has died.
Over him, even in tears, we may hearken to words that Tyrtæus
Set to a Spartan harp, twenty-five centuries old,
Wingèd and fluttering still: "For the young man all is befitting,
While in his glorious prime bright is the bloom of his youth.
Gladly beheld of men is he, and longed-for of women,
Living: and beautiful still, slain in the van of the fight!"

Shelley, the starry-eyed, who, a child amid men and a stranger,
Wandered for thrice ten years over our alien earth,
Under the furious waves, deep down in the peaceful abysses,
Drifts through the Midland Sea, dear and familiar to him.
Into his bosom are thrust, yet open, Endymion's pages.
Still in his ears might ring what of his friend he has sung,
"He is with nature at one, his voice is heard in her music."
Youth, grief, life, is a dream: nothing abides—but a song!

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Written, Drawn, and Engraved by Frank French

BETWEEN our old homestead at Loudon and that of our nearest neighbor was a level stretch of road of some twenty rods in extent. It was bordered upon one side by a "single" stone wall, and upon the other, my favorite side, by a "double" wall. Between the wall and the road the earth had been scraped up to form the road, but leaving a depression which, after heavy showers, held water. Next the wall was a diversified ridge or bank upon which grew grasses, wayside weeds, flowers, and ferns, casting mazy shadows across the gray and mossy rocks.

During the few tender years in which the New England boy is, or was, considered too young to work from sun to sun, this bit of road was my ideal world. Reclining upon the verdant bank, with head pillowed upon a bowlder, I witnessed the passing of the neighbors to and from the distant village, and caught scraps of conversation relating to the outside world, or "down country."

One summer day there came down the road a team, driven by a gentleman accompanied by ladies and children. The horses were genteel in silver-mounted harness, the surrey was dainty and bright in paint and varnish, and hovering about the little group was that indescribable cityfied air so awe-inspiring to the young rustics. True to the secretive instinct, which is almost as strong in a country boy as in a partridge, I concealed the upper portion of my homely little figure behind a hardhack bush and watched from my vantage-point. I was not destined to remain undiscovered, thanks to my bare feet, which must have been rather conspicuous upon the grassy slope. Pulling up his team, the gentleman addressed me in a manner which flattered me immensely, and drove away my shyness at once.

"Young man, can you tell me if I am on the right road to Concord?"

I promptly told him to take the first right-hand road a half-mile below, at the poplars, and to keep the straight road at the white school-house, and the "main travelled" beyond. My personal knowledge extended a little way beyond the "white school-house." The great city of Concord, with its crowds of "folks," its Capitol, and its steam-cars, was an unexplored mystery to me.

The man thanked me kindly, and the ladies smiled pleasantly as they moved on, while I gazed at them till they passed the bend by the great elm-tree and were lost to sight.

I endeavored, in imagination, to follow them into that mysterious realm to which my awakened ambition drew me. In order to add to the reality of my imaginary journey, I built a miniature road along the uneven bank by that old stone wall; laboring, day after day,

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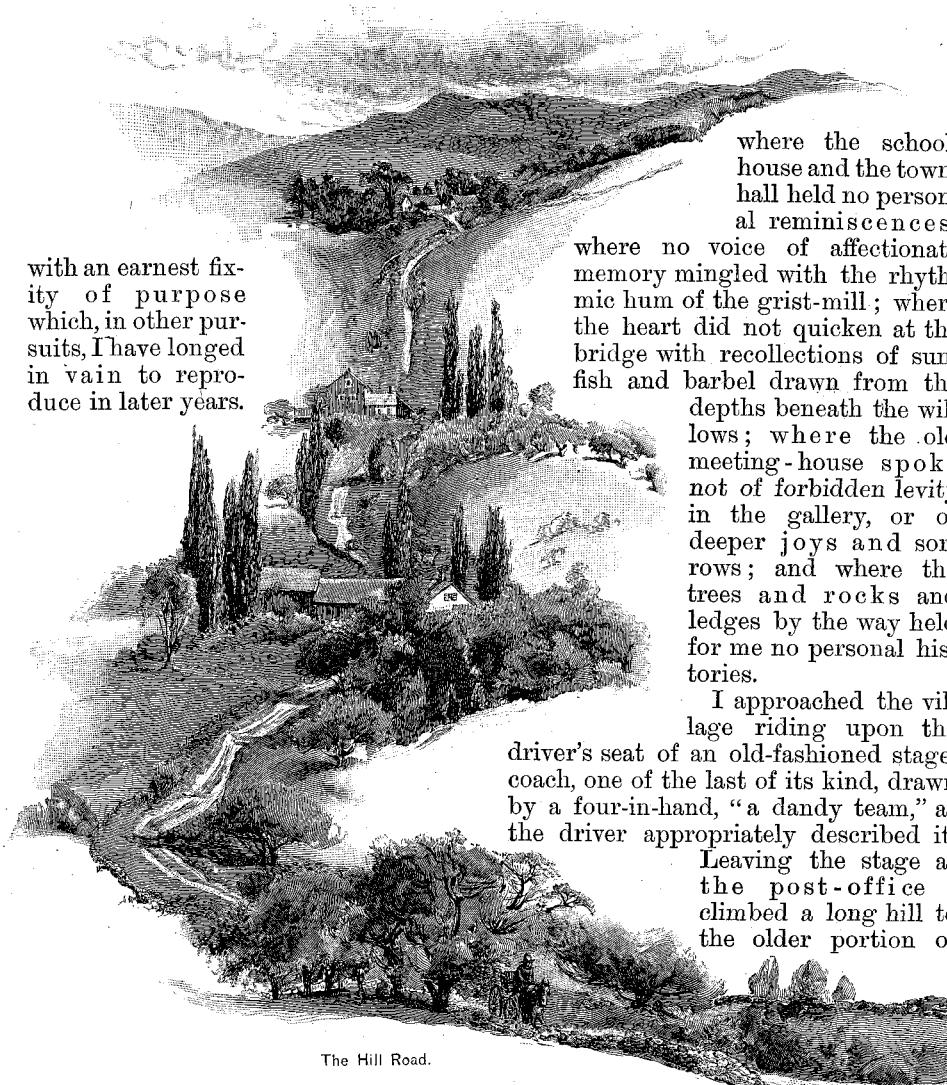

The Hill Road.

with an earnest fixity of purpose which, in other pursuits, I have longed in vain to reproduce in later years.

As I now recall this incident, which awakened my boyish interest in country roads, I am conscious that that interest has increased with the passing years. The local charm, associated with the boyish imagination, still remains, but there is added a broader significance as I contemplate their economic and picturesque value.

Desiring to consider country roads from the æsthetic side, and wishing to be free from the bias of early associations, I last summer sought a fresh region, a charming village, where the blacksmith's shop, the smith, the farmers who came with their horses and oxen for shoeing, were strangers to me; where the schoolhouse and the townhall held no personal reminiscences; where no voice of affectionate memory mingled with the rhythmic hum of the grist-mill; where the heart did not quicken at the bridge with recollections of sunfish and barbel drawn from the depths beneath the willows; where the old meeting-house spoke not of forbidden levity in the gallery, or of deeper joys and sorrows; and where the trees and rocks and ledges by the way held for me no personal histories.

I approached the village riding upon the driver's seat of an old-fashioned stage-coach, one of the last of its kind, drawn by a four-in-hand, "a dandy team," as the driver appropriately described it. Leaving the stage at the post-office I climbed a long hill to the older portion of the village. To the west rose a corresponding hill, rounded and gentle in its curving outline, mellowed by orchards which covered its summit, and cultivated fields which sloped to the valley where lay the village. On reaching a considerable elevation, roads could be seen leading from the village in every direction, losing them-

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selves in the wooded mystery of the hills they traversed, and awakening a longing to follow them up as opportunity should offer.

It has been claimed that the highways should follow the valleys instead of climbing over the hill-tops, and that they should make the most direct connection possible between objective points. In support of this claim the persuasive argument has been used that the cost of transporting loads of produce to market would be reduced, and the expenses of maintaining such roads lessened to a sufficient degree to warrant radical changes. While I am in sympathy with this proposition, as far as it is practicable, I cannot forget that the hardy settlers of that region chose the hill-tops for their homesteads to avoid the darkness and gloom of the forests. The loneliness of the scene was thus relieved by the sight of neighboring clearings upon surrounding hills. Those roads will necessarily remain as long as the dwellings remain.

The æsthetic side of the subject, too, deserves consideration. Perhaps it is not strange, in a new country, that road reformers should not be impressed with the idea that an application of the great principles of art to the care of our roads, and, incidentally, to the adjoining landscape, has its importance. There seems to be an impression that art is for the favorite few; that it is in no practicable way applicable to the business of a hard-working farmer, and is not convertible into cash. Its refining and ennobling influence upon the mind is scarcely considered at all.

A different spirit animated the colonists who brought from earlier civilizations beyond the sea an artistic ardor whose classic spirit found utterance in a beautiful meeting-house, and in some fine doorways about the old town which I am describing, adding immensely to the interest of its roads at the present day.

"Gee Buck!"

Wilson's Hill, in the neighborhood is crowned at the intersection of two roads by a colonial mansion, above which tower four grand old Lombardy poplars, whose majestic height leads the eye upward from the roofs, and the rounded masses of orchard growth, like the spires of a cathedral, lending to that otherwise commonplace hill-top an exalted dignity. Groups of those beautiful trees from Europe adorn occasional home-

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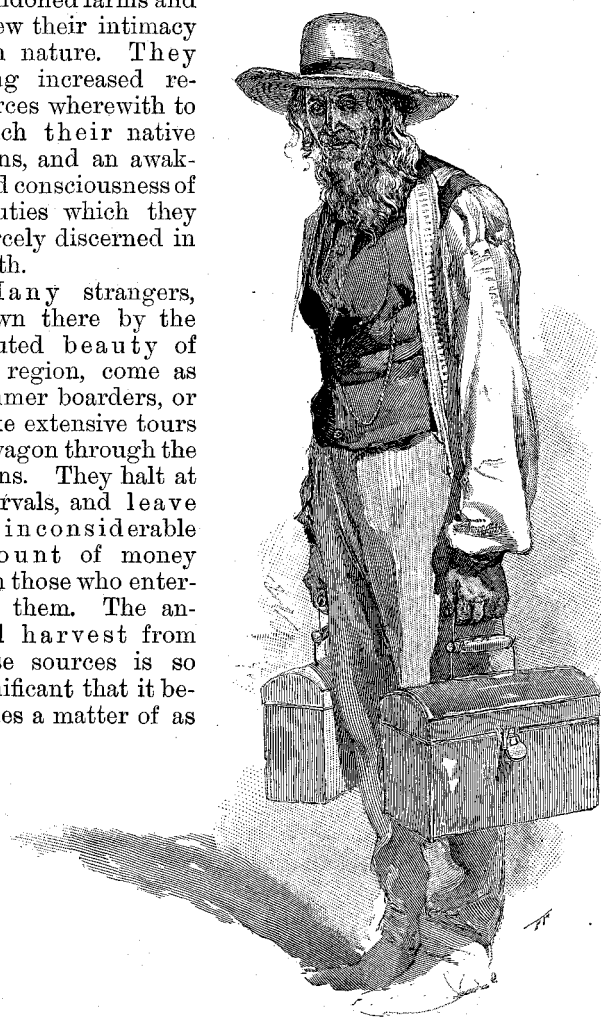
steads throughout New England, but they are always *old* trees, which remain, like the meeting-house and the fine doorways, as decaying monuments to a gentle art aspiration. Now, after a few generations of privation and hardship, these aspirations have given way to the cold, practical New England spirit, which tolerates no poetic conception of hamadryads dwelling in the living trees, and sees in them naught but a certain number of square feet of boards, or cord feet of fire-wood.

Conditions of development in New England are changing. Men whose boyhood was spent upon the home farm are coming back to occupy the abandoned farms and renew their intimacy with nature. They bring increased resources wherewith to enrich their native towns, and an awakened consciousness of beauties which they scarcely discerned in youth.

Many strangers, drawn there by the reputed beauty of the region, come as summer boarders, or make extensive tours by wagon through the towns. They halt at intervals, and leave no inconsiderable amount of money with those who entertain them. The annual harvest from these sources is so significant that it becomes a matter of as great importance to the land-owner that the country be beautiful as that his soil should produce a large yield of corn or potatoes to the acre.

New England possesses surpassing natural advantages. Her skies are swept by cloud effects which are magnificent, and her blue mountain-peaks form incomparable distances. Her numerous lakes, despite the activity of the destroying lumberman, are still flanked, in many instances, by virgin forests. Her hill-sides, strewn with bowlders, and mottled with gray granite ledges, interspersed with purple juniper and sweetbriar, her pine groves and birch-clad knolls, her fertile clearings and pretty villages, form middle distances which are all that could be desired. With this wealth of natural beauty, fresh from the hand of God, nothing is required to render her one of the most beautiful regions on earth but a sane and decent treatment of her forests and streams, and the humanizing touch of art upon her roads and homes.



"I asked him if he knew the way to Purgatory."

It must be apparent to any intelligent observer that those beauties and possibilities are in danger from existing indifference to, or contempt of, beauty, on the part of many of those who own the soil, and whose duty it is to foster and preserve them. Most men have a strong sentiment of love for the purely natural in landscape; but that is a phase of nature which one must travel far from civilization to find. We cannot have the purely nat-

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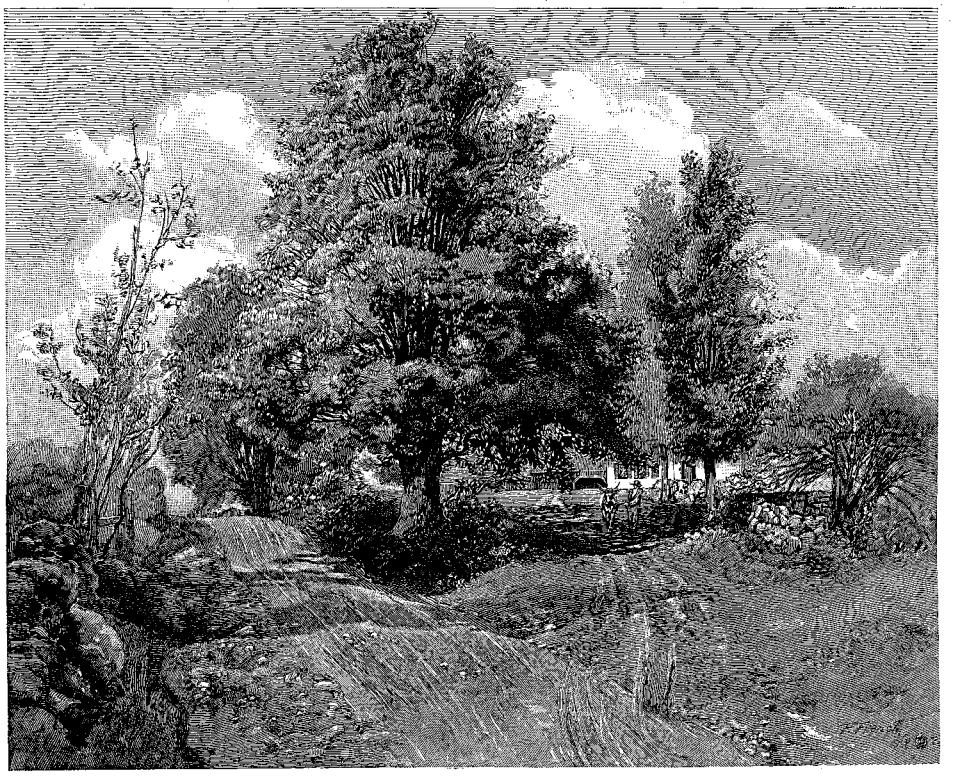

A Maple Roadway.

ural and at the same time roads and homes. The choice lies between humanized and brutalized nature. We have the humanized landscape, where flocks browse upon brown pasture-lots or stand upon the hill-side in the cool shade of hemlocks, which have been spared the axe because of their dark, sombre beauty and their shade. We have it in the lush meadow, where cows feed knee-deep in tender grass, or cool themselves in the swale beneath willows which the thoughtful agriculturalist has planted or suffered to remain where they grew. We feel the human touch in the belt of mixed timber trees which, by grace of its owner, sweeps around the curve of the mountain, between rich pasture and fertile field, clothing the valley in mystery, cherishing in its seclusion the fragile blossoms of the woodland, and hiding from the prying and unfriendly the haunt of the squirrel and the nest of the wood-thrush; defending the bickering brooklet which glides beneath the ferns, lapping the roots of the beeches until it flashes into view at the roadway, and goes singing beneath the bridge.

On the other hand, what could be more forlorn and brutalizing than a great stretch of denuded timber-land, where the trees have been mercilessly hewn down, big and little, old and young! The marketable sticks have been taken away, and the small trees, the limbs and branches are left prone —an unsightly tangle, waiting to take fire on some dry summer day, and to burn the scant soil down to the rock, to remain barren and repulsive forever.

What could be more barbarous than long, leaning piles of cord-wood, hemlock bark, and boards, skirting the wheelway, and menacing the passer-by, while mountains of sawdust, left by the travelling steam saw-mill, lie yellow in the sun?

Often do we see the roadside near dwellings made a dumping-ground for all kinds of rubbish, broken-down carts and wheels, old boards and rotten roof

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The Tin Pedler.

shingles, wheelbarrows, wagon-tires, old boots and horse-collars. The buildings themselves are often neglected. Pigsties, hen-coops, and other accessories are placed in unnecessary and inexcusable prominence, and so utterly out of key with all that is comely or pleasing as to be offensive in the extreme.

I know so well, from experience, the kindly hospitality of the undemonstrative New Englander, that I am convinced, if he could be made to see the importance to the stranger of first impressions received upon the highway, he would be willing to do for his guests that which he has not found it necessary to do for himself. Once engaged in the work of beautifying the roads, he would find the pursuit profitable, and would continue it to his own lasting pleasure and advantage.

It is of great importance that any action in this direction be governed by correct principles, applied with reciprocal uniformity throughout the towns. To this end, I think it wise for those whose business it is to search for the beautiful, and discover and appropriate her secrets, to offer helpful criticisms and suggestions, to aid the inexperienced in æsthetic matters. It is also the duty of those who have had the advantage of travel, and of superior taste and education—and such men are to be found in every community—to form societies for interchange of ideas regarding that which is appropriate and consistent, and to promote co-operation between the towns. Many such men are now producing object-lessons upon their own domains, but in a larger sense and on a grander scale much more effective work remains to be done.

I have observed that the average dweller in the country, as a rule, does not see the landscape as a picture, with distance, middle distance, and foreground. If you point out a beautiful vista, with mist-veiled mountain-peak seen through overhanging branches, rendered vague, distant, and aërial by contrast with the rocks and herbage at your feet, he expresses a determination to take you to a place "where you can *see something*" as soon as he gets through haying. He then conducts you to some barren hill-top, "the height of land," and bids you look away as far as the eye can reach, regretting that he hasn't a spy-glass by the aid of which you could see still farther.

First of all, then, we should look at scenes as pictures, remembering that the foreground is quite as important as the distance. These are elements of beauty which are interdependent, hence chopping down the trees and destroying the foreground may not add to the beauty of the picture but may, on the other hand, totally destroy it. It is just here

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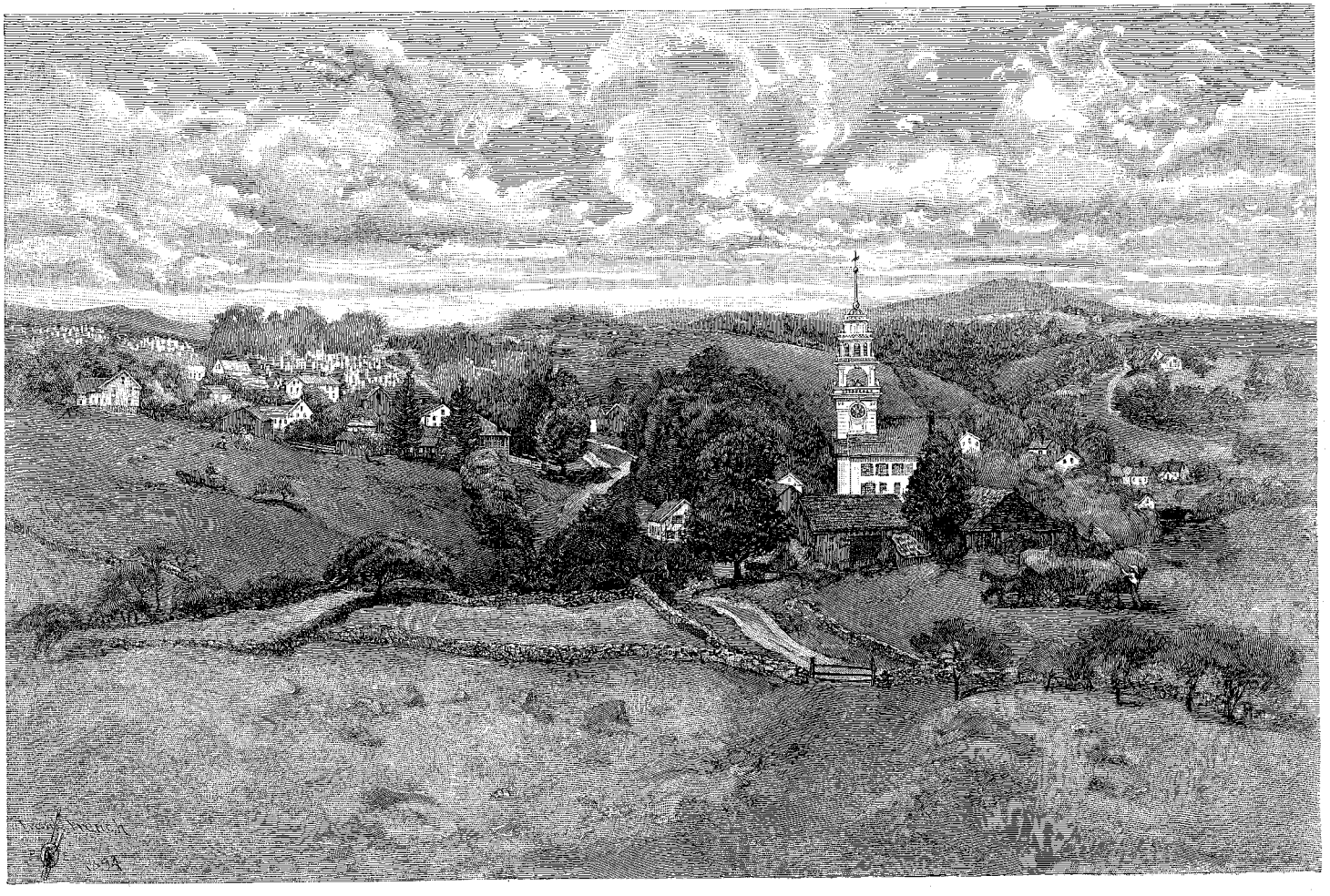

New Boston.

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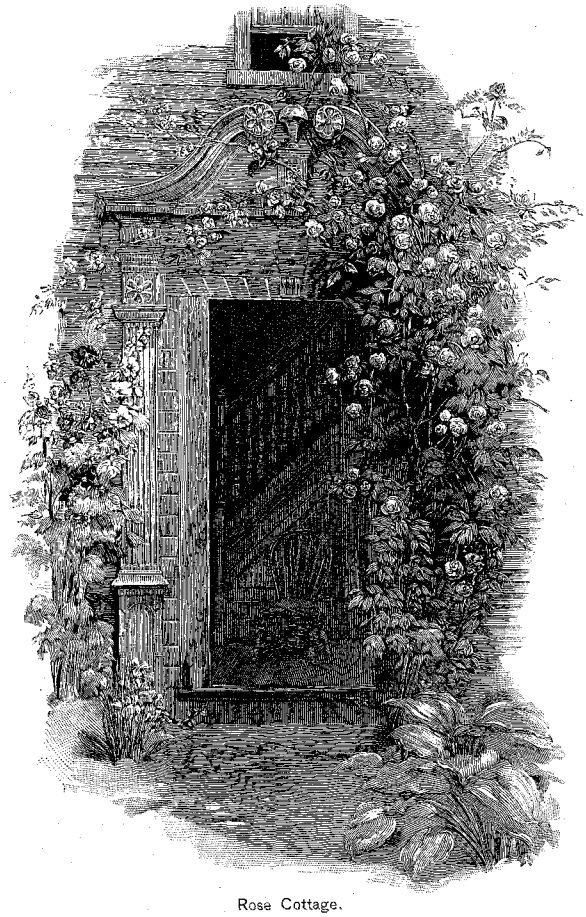
that the greatest conservatism should be used. Never cut down a fine tree by the roadway until you have considered its claims to use or beauty from every possible standpoint — at every season of the year.

Do not put the axe to it until you have consulted such of your neighbors as you know love trees. Reflect that it takes many years to produce a fine tree; you will then be willing to give one year to the consideration of its claims upon your fostering care. If, at last, some doubt remains, give the tree the benefit of the doubt, and spare it. Be sure that if you make a mistake in destroying a noble tree you may reduce the value of your adjoining property by more than the worth of your best horse or cow.

Remember, also, that in European countries, where time has shown the economic value of trees to succeeding generations, the best thought has crystallized into laws which forbid their careless destruction, even upon one's own ground. Such laws are eminently wise and humane. Variety in foregrounds is an important element, and in trimming out crowded roadside growth good specimens of various species should be selected for preservation, rather than many of the same.

In view of the wide-spread ignorance of the character and species of trees, and the added interest which a knowledge of them gives, I would suggest to village improvement societies and to private owners the advisability of placing metallic labels upon good and conspicuous specimens, giving the common and botanical names, as is done in our parks.

Lamson's Hill, in the town to which this article refers, presented to me a beautiful and humane suggestion for the planting of shade-trees. The hill is long and difficult of ascent, but the forethought of some kind soul has bordered the road upon either side with sugar-maples and chestnuts which have grown to maturity; meeting overhead, they afford dense and cooling shade for man and beast the whole day long. The undergrowth was evidently kept down during the early life of the trees. The shade is now sufficient to prevent growth below, and the large, strong trunks rise eight or ten feet above the stone walls to the lower branches, which spring horizontally from pillar to pillar, framing delicious vistas of distant mountain and near pasture-lot, and allowing free play to the cooling breeze. Meantime the little downy woodpecker hops diligently over the furrowed bark, and the robin teaches



Rose Cottage.

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her young to care for themselves among the branches.

If you have ever broiled in an open wagon, with the thermometer in the nineties, over a long, barren, and dusty hill, your feeling heart tormented with pity for your panting and sweating horse; the varnish upon the wagon stewing and odorous in the sun; the leather of the cushion upon which you sat too hot to rest the hand upon; the air pulsing with the ascending waves of heat; your discomfort intensified by the hectoring cry of the cicada—you can understand how I blessed that dear heart of a former generation, who unselfishly planted those trees for posterity. Why should not this plan be carried out upon all exposed and barren hills?

Upon the same road I came upon an apple-tree, very near the wheelway, and was surprised to find it had been grafted years before with the Porter apple. How grateful was that ripe and cooling fruit! How heartily did I thank that good Lamson of a past generation for his kindly thought of the wayfarer and the stranger!

Here was another hint: it would cost but little for each farmer to set a graft in every wild apple-tree which grows along his frontage, mocking the stranger whose temerity leads him to test its sour and puckering pulp.

A little care bestowed upon the huckleberry, blackberry, and raspberry bushes which grow naturally along the roads would repay abundantly the effort required. With judicious planting and grafting the roadway should easily produce enough apples and pears and berries to satisfy the sojourner and supply every poor family in the town with all they could use.

There is, perhaps, no single point in the constructive work of roads where artistic design can be more effectively used than in the building of bridges. There are examples of eminently beautiful arched stone bridges in Hillsboro', N. H., in use for generations, which are still in perfect order, showing that an artistic bridge may be a serviceable one as well.

Drinking-fountains are by no means as frequent as they should be about the towns, and the guide-boards are a constant puzzle. Driving to a neighboring village, the first finger-post I met with said Francistown, seven miles; about two miles farther on, another said six and a quarter miles; the next, four and a quarter miles; the next, five miles. The untrustworthiness of these false guides suggests that a large amount of guesswork has governed their placing, or that different standards have been employed in the measuring. There are various standards, among them the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet, the Irish mile of 6,720 feet, the German mile of 24,318 feet, and the Swiss mile of 9,153 yards. It is thus a matter of some importance to the traveller whether he have an American, an Irish, a German, or a Swiss mile to ride or walk. However, these deceiving finger-posts usually point one in the right direction, and are far better that none. It is not pleasant to find one's self at the fork of two roads in a desolate region, at the approach of darkness, with nothing to direct one, and this is not an uncommon experience in New England. If one could always meet a citizen at these puzzling points—But then, the information about the "main travelled," etc., is not always easy to follow.

One day, with a party of "fellow-boarders," I was driving to a glen which bears the dismal name of Purgatory. We became somewhat doubtful if we were on the right road and halted for consultation. A country pedler with his tin trunks hove in sight. Our party was a merry one, and perhaps the old man unjustly surmised that some of the levity which he witnessed was at his expense. I asked him if he knew the way to Purgatory, and he answered —"Y-e-s."

An awkward pause ensued, followed by a burst of laughter at my expense. I then begged him to impart the desired information to us, and he said, "You'll git there if ye keep right on 'bout's your goin'."

Returning along a roadway made extremely narrow by the encroachments of the bushes, which contracted it to the width of a single vehicle, and turning a bend, we were confronted by a loaded ox-team, which completely

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blocked up the narrow way. The driver of the oxen, who was still some distance from us, at once began a vigorous "*Gee, Buck—who hish, Duke!*" forcing the heavy load into the bushes and giving us nearly all the road. Trembling at thought of the consequences, had he been less obliging, we thanked him heartily for his kindness as we passed on.

"What do you want ter *thank* me for? Do you think a man's agoin' ter make a hog of himself jist b'cause he's gut a good chance?"

I attribute the rapidly increasing growth of bushes, which, in long reaches, crowd upon the wheelway, shutting out the breezes of summer and the splendor of hill and mountain and meadow, to the modern road-machine. No doubt, if properly used, this machine saves labor. The tendency, however, is to depend too much upon it. It is usually made to scrape along close to the wheelway only, returning from the gutter the loose material washed down by showers. This material does not unite with the solid roadbed, and is washed back again by the next rain. The always aggressive bushes, now undisturbed, gain a foothold, and will quickly monopolize the soil. The old-fashioned plough and scraper, aided by spade and hoe, used to range all the way from the road to the fences in search of good serviceable road material.

Bushes and shrubs should be so thinned out that the entire roadway from fence to fence would be discernible between groups, preserving its breadth and airiness. Conspicuously beautiful shrubs, like the shad-bush, the barberry and black alder, and the wayside flowers, should be encouraged, at the same time the entire wayside growth should be kept under proper restraint.

The old stump fences, of which remnants remain, are weirdly picturesque relics of the early days, when the settlers cut down the primeval forests and cleared the land.

They will soon vanish entirely. The stone walls of New England are eminently appropriate and picturesque. The individual bowlders which form them are fine exponents of the law of variety, both in form and color. So many elements of beauty, of interest, of utility and appropriateness dwell within them, that I earnestly protest against their neglect, which is apparent everywhere. It may be easier to stretch a barbed wire above than to repair their gaps, but how degrading the effect!

I would also call attention to the fact that many of the cemeteries throughout rural New England present a picture of inattention which is painfully repulsive and out of tune with all that is humane and tender.

I am constrained to believe that the removal of door-yard fences, which has been advised by village improvement societies, and carried out by many, has proved a detriment to the beauty of New England roads and homes. White painted picket-fences used to protect a wealth of iris, larkspur, day-lilies, hollyhocks, Boston balsams, and climbing roses which arched about the door, where now is bare and unattractive space. Feminine love of blossoms still asserts itself in potted plants, which shrink for protection upon the piazza, fearing the trampling hoof of horned cattle or the blighting visits of the omnipresent dog.

When an artist paints a good picture he endows it with a leading motive, or idea, which runs through the whole performance, concentrating at some focal point, where the enlightened eye and mind may rest satisfied. From the very nature of roads, and the uses for which they exist, the leading idea, or motive, is the human element. In developing their picturesque beauty, each landed proprietor should bear this in mind, and see to it that every rod of his frontage reflects his humanizing and refining care, while all that is tender and human in his living roadway picture should converge and focalize at a flowery door-yard and rose-embowered entrance.

The wayfarer would pause to admire, and to hope that his weary feet might some day find rest at such a placid haven. If he should be disposed to knock, and ask for a pink or a pansy, he could do so with confidence, for love and gentleness would have hung their perfumed banners upon the outer wall.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE author of "Thirty-two Ballades in Blue China" some time ago took advantage of the announcement of Mr. Henley's new edition of Byron to express the opinion that Byron is forgotten. "A country bookseller" had recently told him that Byron was "not so much asked for as the other poets." Mr. Lang had no tears to shed. On the contrary, he exulted in the situation, which he ascribed to the *Zeitgeist*. He remarked that as a boy Byron had "bored" him "dreadfully," and appeared to him "tedious, false, theatrical, and inharmonious"—a curious crescendo of censure. "Of course, Byron, like Shakespeare, was 'a clayver man,'" he admitted, but such an admission needs too much qualification really to count. Finally, he exclaimed that he knew what Mr. Stevenson meant in calling Byron a "cad," though he deplored such language. As to this, it may be remarked that if I should call Mr. Lang's *causerie* "prattle" every one would know (or rather "feel," as Arnold, who invented this happy turn, has it) what was meant, but that would not make the epithet an apposite one, unless there were other and decidedly stronger reasons for its appositeness. That, however, is unimportant. What is interesting is to consider whether Mr. Lang is right in believing that Byron's vogue and fame are really smitten by the *Zeitgeist* with eternal frost, and why he takes the view of Byron that he does.

Culture and Byron.

As to the first, when Mr. Henley's and Mr. Murray's editions appear we shall see. The demand for them, if considerable, will outweigh the evidence of "a country bookseller." And they will be likely, in any event, to provoke expressions of opinion, from which the *Zeitgeist's* real opinion of the matter may be inferred more accurately than from Mr. Lang's guesswork. Meantime, I should be inclined to wager that the *Zeitgeist*, alive to his own interests, as we know him to be, will prove rather friendly to Byron than otherwise. Byron certainly had his ephemeral side. He was undoubtedly, to a certain extent, a dandy, and the *Zeitgeist* is unfavorable to dandies. But he was not all a dandy, nor intellectually speaking, was he a dandy at all. Indeed, Mr. Swinburne, whom Mr. Lang cites as "apparently" agreeing with him about Byron against "Mr. Henley and the Poet Laureate," has testified to his "splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength." Besides, Mr. Lang would not be likely to object to him as a dandy. His main charge is that, owing to a premonitory intimation from the *Zeitgeist*, he was bored by Byron as a boy, and even then found him "inharmonious." But, then, Mr. Lang was probably not a very representative boy, and it is highly likely that he interpreted the oracle less wisely than the ordinary boy, who is apt now and then to hit it off very happily with the *Zeitgeist*. As the kind of man naturally developed from the boy bored by the inharmoniousness of Byron, he is a still less representative witness, I should think, to testify to the enduring fame of "splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength," because "inharmoniousness" grows on that kind of a boy out of all proportion to its influence upon boys and men in general.

Now, we can only judge of what the *Zeitgeist* really thinks by observing what boys and men in general think and how they feel after a sufficient lapse of time. No conceivable amount of culture is as good a guide. Culture is, indeed, peculiarly liable to be mistaken about the *Zeitgeist's* real sentiments in

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just this matter of sincerity and strength. For sincerity and strength it has itself no especial savor. Its critical value consists rather in its sensitiveness to other qualities—qualities such as delicacy, grace, precision, penetration, form, perfection, and so forth—qualities, certainly, which it is impossible to estimate too highly, and which yet appeal so little to the Paphlagonian man that but for the criticism of culture they would run great risk of being overlooked or depreciated by him. Culture has first and last winced a good deal at Byron for offending its taste, and this is entirely proper, of course. It is impossible to defend bad taste. But one should bear in mind that to overestimate the importance of taste is to be lacking in it one's self, and when Mr. Lang attributes his youthful yawnings over the "Siege of Corinth" to the monitions of the *Zeitgeist*, and argues from them that Byron's poetry is superficial and ephemeral, one may say that his taste lacks, at least, the element of catholicity. On the whole, the only remedy for culture that errs through eclectic limitedness is, perhaps, more culture, and it may very well be one of the ironies of the *Zeitgeist* that the critic, once subject to the thrall of culture, must keep on cultivating his mind and taste as well as his art if he would avoid remaining in the Enchanted Land of dilettanteism instead of reaching the serene heights of the Celestial City. It is to be remembered that such authoritative apostles of culture as Goethe and Matthew Arnold agree with "Mr. Henley and the Poet Laureate" rather than with Mr. Lang as to Byron: that Goethe called him "the greatest talent of the century," and that Arnold prophesied "We shall turn our eyes again, and to more purpose, upon this passionate and dauntless soldier of a forlorn hope, who, ignorant of the future and unconsoled by its promises, nevertheless waged against the conservatism of the old impossible world so fiery a battle."

Perhaps, after all, it is Mr. Lang's interest in that "old impossible world" and his disgust at the disrespect with which Byron treated it that is at the bottom of his feeling for Byron. This, at any rate, would explain his satisfaction with Mr. Stevenson for calling him a "cad." But if Toryism and "taste" are to stand and fall together, he can rest assured that the *Zeitgeist* will spare the latter as little as it has the former.

The Dog Days.

AFTER all, there is really no dull season in all the year; for what is the dull season for one lot of people is the busy season for another, and the dullest month in town is the liveliest in the country. Take the very dog days, when advertising is slack in the newspapers, and no lawyer who respects himself goes near his office, when the dressmakers fold their hands in their laps, and water runs low in the streams, and the mills shut down or shorten time. It seems a dead month to the superficial observer, but there is some sort of harvest going on in most parts of the country: builders are building, architects are looking after them more or less, factories are hustling to get their fall orders filled out, the excursion business is at its height on the railroads, and, this year, the great national industry of electing a new President is beginning to get under way. August is a busy month, after all. If the exigencies of the calendar demanded that we should spare it now and then out of the year, we should come to realize its value, and think of it with greater respect. What, for one thing, would courtship do without it? Courtship requires some leisure and a reasonable degree of propinquity. In August, vacations abound, and in town hours of labor are short for many of those who cannot get away; so that young men and maidens meet for longer periods and under circumstances less adapted to distract their minds from one another than at other times. Courtship is the natural incident of holidays, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. After that, summer habits begin to grow fixed, matrimonial purposes begin to grow more intelligent and less sentimental, and possible partners who have passed their twenty-fifth year without becoming engaged are liable to pursue detached courses for several years longer, until they are actually ready to marry, and can see their way to the keeping of a house. The late Senator Conkling once began a famous political speech with an allusion to the experience of a certain old woman, who said that she had found that when she lived through the month of February she always lived through the rest of the year. It would be over-rash to assure the parents of marriageable children that if their offspring get through the month of August unentangled they are proof for another year against an unsuitable match. Young people do fall in

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love in other months than August; but, still, August is a dangerous time, and should be planned for with discretion by heads of families who wish that the alliances of their children should be to their taste. The details of their precautions must be left to themselves, but of course they will bear in mind that absence does not make the heart grow fonder, except when it follows a more or less continuous presence; and that it is a much simpler matter to avert an entanglement by dodging it beforehand than by nipping it after it has gone even so far as to be in the bud. Fortunate are those parents who have grown children of such discrimination that they can be trusted to choose wisely for themselves. August need have no anxieties for them, and all their care will be to provide a proper field for a serene capacity for judicious selection to accomplish its perfect work.

The Decay of Personality.

IN thinking over the important English and American novels of the last ten years, one wonders why the heroes and heroines are so unreal. Small measure of life is granted them. We look for human beings, and find mental attitudes. Any philosophic, economic, or scientific opinion suffices for a public that apparently does not discriminate between people and arguments. There may be feeling about feeling or about a way of thinking, but simple emotion is nearly obsolete. One feels a kind of chill at the end of the modern novel where two intellectual convictions meet to go hand in hand down the long discussion misnamed life, or separate to wander forever along different lines of thought.

It is significant that the novelists who grasp life through a notion of life are for the most part women. To a woman we owe the scientific determinism embodied in the curly-headed Tito. To a woman we owe the incarnate dogmatic doubt in "Robert Elsmere." It was a woman who personified disease in "The Heavenly Twins." It was a woman who dramatized the "Westminster Shorter Catechism" in John Ward. It was a woman who created "Marcella."

"Now clear-eyed Athene shaped a phantom fashioned in a woman's form."

One wonders at times how the passion *motifs* of past ages would look if translated into terms of the fiction of to-day. Othello would be maddened by the consciousness that he was jealous of an idea. A lover would be the last thing to be feared. It would be a notion, something that he could not smother nor yet refute, that would rob him of his peace. Juliet would probably disapprove of Romeo's ideal of love and would find some way of committing emotional suicide. Perhaps she would study philosophy. As for poor Lear, his daughters would be away on a philanthropic mission, and would be offering up a sacrifice of filial neglect on the altar of duty.

Is there already a reaction against our severely intellectual view of life? One story whose lyric style caught something of the throbbing of pure emotion has been eagerly devoured by a hungry generation. In *Trilby* there are men and women human to the touch. Hall Caine dares cope with human passion. But the spectacular emotions of his heroes have in them something too remote to win our sympathy. We cannot all have platforms on which to pass the crises of our lives. Meredith still preaches his gospel that life is greater than any one idea of life. But at times the eagerness of the preacher weakens the message. His people, though not incarnate notions, are too often incarnate impulses.

If it were not for these signs of change one could almost think that in real life too, not fiction only, personality is fading into the abstract. It is possible that these impalpable heroes and heroines represent an actual loosening of grip on reality on the part of people supposed to be alive.

"There aren't any real women in the world any longer," said a clever critic the other day. "They are just ideas. You might fall in love with a half dozen of them and not know it."

The remark carries with it a warning to a generation more interested in questions about life than in living.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE COLOR REPRODUCTIONS OF MR. BLASHFIELD'S DECORATIVE PANELS—THE SHERMAN MONUMENT COMPETITION—EVOLUTION OF ARTISTIC TASTE.

A BEAUTIFUL example of contemporary art applied to a utilitarian object is the decoration recently made by Mr. Edwin Howland Blashfield for a piano, the property of Mrs. George W. Childs Drexel. A critical description of it, accompanied by black and white illustrations, will be published in the FIELD OF ART for October. The charm of this work has induced The Magazine also to reproduce, or rather to translate, in color, four of the rectangular panels, which illustrate allegorical music, and are an important part of Mr. Blashfield's scheme of decoration. The first of these panels is the frontispiece to the present number, and the series will be continued in succeeding issues. It is needless to say that in these translations, as in the smaller ones in black and white, the purpose and environment of the original decorations are wholly changed. It is necessarily a peculiarity of a good piece of decorative work that transportation to strange surroundings is more or less fatal (such art being in this respect quite unlike the easel picture, which may accommodate itself anywhere), and it was therefore much to ask of these allegories and personifications that they should leave, not only the almost barbaric splendor of their gold framing and their sympathetic, self-completing arrangement, but also all that atmosphere, that *milieu*, which the painter had in view when he so carefully elaborated them as decorations for a golden piano in a modern drawing-room. To carry out these translations successfully in the black and white pages required most careful consideration of many technical problems, much as the sculptor has to modify very materially his processes when he is modelling for bronze or carving wood instead of chiselling marble. It is evident that black and white reproductions give a certain greater truthfulness of "values" than color prints, and that the latter naturally are truer in a more obvious manner. But this color could not be a fac-simile of the original. To make head against the gold of his environment on the piano the painter put in his back-grounds in very rich blue and greenish-blue mosaic, but in the reproductions for the frontispieces he had to find some new harmonious medium. Therefore the backgrounds have been changed to gold, and a tint has been spread around the whole panel to soften the transition to the white margins. The colors had to be modified, heightened or lowered, so that the *ensemble* might tell as harmoniously in The Magazine as it did on the piano. All the changes made were worked out under the direct supervision of the artist himself. These pictures are particularly striking exemplifications of one of the most necessary attributes of good art; although they stand alone here, instead of being in conjunction with their companion panels, each, by virtue of its individuality, presents itself as a well-ordered, complete, and decorative composition.

THE Sherman monument competition furnishes much food for reflection upon the management of public art matters here in the United States. The threshed-out story need not be repeated here. The committee of the Society of the Army of Tennessee, having in charge the erection of a monument to General Sherman in Washing-

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ton, pushed aside the advice of the jury of experts who had been invited to pass judgment on the designs and made a selection thoroughly their own. The committee probably did this for one of two reasons—it thought the preferred designs of the jury were bad art, or it thought the characterizations were bad portraits. Either objection would be well taken if proved to be well founded. But was either of them well founded? And who is the better judge of this—the jury of experts or the committee of the Society of the Army of Tennessee? Evidently the committee thought at first that the jury of experts was the better judge, else why did it seek its advice? And the first thought of the committee was better than its second thought. There can be no doubt in this age of the world of the superior value of expert knowledge. The whole progress of mankind is based on differentiation and the study of separate branches by special students, and the knowledge of a specialist is absolute where that of an outsider is merely relative. A clergyman differing with a surgeon about an operation for appendicitis would not be more ludicrous than an army committee differing with a committee of sculptors about the design for an equestrian statue. It is certain that a body of artists who have made a life affair of art knows more about it than a body of ex-army officers who have considered it sporadically or not at all. It is almost as certain that a body of sculptors, whose business it is to study faces and make likenesses, knows more about what constitutes a portrait than a body of laymen, familiar as those laymen may be with the original. The sculptors know what are the enduring and salient features of a likeness; they know the limitations of materials; they know what can and what cannot be done. The chances are ten to one in favor of their selecting the better and the nobler likeness, and a hundred to one in favor of their selecting the better art. Why, then, was their sought-for advice not accepted? Evidently because the brave ex-generals and ex-colonels finally concluded that they knew more about art and portraiture than the artists. Had the sculptors asked the advice of the ex-generals and ex-colonels about the planning of a battle, and then had they rejected that advice, carrying out a plan of their own to disaster, we all know what the world would say. We all know, too, what the world has said about sculpture in the United States erected by congressional, municipal and society committees. And it may be insisted upon just here that the world is a largely interested party in matters of this kind. The Society of the Army of Tennessee is not to please itself alone. The Sherman monument is to be erected to a public man; it is to be placed in a public street, in front of public buildings, in the national city of Washington. The Society of the Army of Tennessee is not the sole proprietor of General Sherman's name and fame; they belong to the nation. The Society is not the owner of the street or the buildings in the capital; they also belong to the nation. It has no right to erect a monument to a public man in a public place unless in so doing it performs a public act in a fitting and permanent manner. The Society of the Army of Tennessee will pass away, but the monument should last for a thousand years. Who, then, should be the satisfied ones—the hundreds of the Army of Tennessee or the millions who shall pass that monument in the years to come? Has the Society, through its committee, pursued the right course to satisfy the public? We think not. It has relied upon its own questionable judgment, and rejected the best expert knowledge that this country could produce. It has virtually said that the artist does not know his art, and that the portraitist is ignorant of portraiture. It had been hoped that here in America we had outlived such folly, but it seems that the committee of the Society of the Army of Tennessee is disposed to perpetuate it. The principle that general information is better than special knowledge is the king-pin of all foolishness.

SMALL straws show which way the wind blows. And nothing more truly indicates a people's advancement in matters of artistic judgment than its attitude toward the little things of life, the details of its surroundings. The average citizen is timid of asserting his "inalienable right" to a vote in disposing of the larger public art-commissions. Accordingly, by giving its works of this sort into the hands of men of large reputation, and by entrusting them with complete liberty in design, a community sometimes gets a substantial bit of good art in spite of itself. But this same average citizen is "bumptious" enough in tyrannizing over the

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architect and the furnishers of his own home, and the result has been that, in this Nation of Homes, the artist, to whom bad taste in furnishings is the most discomforting of all inhospitalities has been a social outcast from almost the whole country.

The evolution of artistic judgment in a people passes, more or less gradually, through these stages: First, there is a scramble for the bare necessaries of life; herein, of course, artistic matters must go by the board in practical entirety. Then follows the lust of gain; and finance is the chief art practised. At length comes the realization that the community is rich. With this rises the passion for ostentation. The wealth of the community is advertised more or less blatantly, and artists are summoned primarily to display the opulence of their client. After the barrenness of the first estate, the sordid neglect even of comfort in the second, and the noisy splendor of the third, comes a generation born into commercial stability and into a leisure that opens the eye to refinement, to culture and to the ugliness of the paternal gewgaws. This generation seeks its graces in a large simplicity and a perfect fitness of each thing for its function. It recognizes the eternal compromise between utility and beauty.

The salutary decrease in bric-a-brac is a case in point. The usual drawing-room grew, from a funereal and awesome mystery opened only on state occasions, to an inextricable mass of curios, heaped up without rhyme or reason on cabinets, whatnots, tables, door-frames, mantles, brackets—everywhere; until the general appearance of the place resembled a junk-shop more than a reception-room for friends, and the slightest movement was actually dangerous. The eye found no satisfaction, the body no comfort; and even the bric-a-brac was at a disadvantage from its very superabundance. But now, unfortunately for the curio-dealer, though happily for the nerves of the artistic, a soberer sense is bringing order out of the wreck, and the beauty of free space, the charm of unencumbered roominess, and the elegance of a rich simplicity, assert themselves increasingly in American homes.

Office and club-house furniture is showing the same wholesome spirit. Where desk-chairs, lounging-chairs, and divans were once as ornate, as stiff, and as hard as a Gothic cathedral—and about as comfortable to sit on—one now finds a tendency to substitute great arrangements in buxom leather, inviting and soothing. Even the street-cars and ferry-boats show the evolution. Formerly they were upholstered in garish stuffs and elaborated with complex friezes and gaudy panels. Many an artist, struggling then for his very life, though now grown into prosperity—one might mention even a recently elected Associate of the Royal Academy—many an artist of present fame executed these artistic burdens that cumbered the old boats and street-cars and the old Broadway stage-coaches.

The ferries and street-cars are now built more sensibly of light woods, managed with great simplicity, yet with eminently satisfactory effect. Indeed, there are many pretentious works of art—or, at art—that have less grace and taste than the Broadway cable-cars with their plain light woods, their undecorated interiors, their simple lettering and their severe outlines conformed primarily to directness and utility. Our sleeping-cars, unfortunately, have hardly yet emerged from the stratum of knick-knackery and gloom, though, to relieve the tedium of travel, they have especial reason to display good taste.

The large hotels of the larger cities are a tremendous power for evil, where they might be missionaries for all that is good in art. The *nouveaux-riches* from the smaller cities, and the well-to-do of the larger towns, coming to the metropolis, put up at the widest-famed hostelries and accept as the gospel of best taste—"art," they call it—whatever manifestations of apocryphal judgment they see there. A massive pile of architectural gingerbread is the exterior to an interior of equally meaningless frippery. Gaudy ceilings, beds and chairs groaning with embellishments, dining-rooms of riotous design, offices of divers marbles and over-much gilt, parlors of oppressive elegance — these are set up at once as the ideals of beauty, the summit of good art. When the pilgrim goes back home he carries perverted standards that will prove a huge impediment to the judgment of many a later generation.

Still, the new movement for better standards is in the air, and a better day is on the horizon of American art-life. Its full coming will be marked by a general appreciation of the value of simplicity, breadth, and honest utility.

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ABOUT THE WORLD

INTO several generations of American youth has been pedagogically instilled the belief that the use of the metric system in place of our present hybrid standards of weights and measures would inaugurate a period of unprecedented prosperity; that it was a consummation as devoutly to be wished as Universal Peace, or the disappearance of drunkenness. At least that was the impression left on one boy's mind after a startling tabular exhibition in his "Arithmetic" of the time, the energy and the money that would not have been spent if we had been metrical ever since the Declaration of Independence. The figures were something enormous. If there be any truth in them at all, it is not so difficult to understand the contention of several members of the National Academy of Sciences that Congress has in the coming session no more important task, from the stand-point of material gain to the nation, than the passage of a bill, held over from the last session, for the compulsory adoption of the Metric System throughout the United States. This bill, introduced last December, furnished material for a deal of debate and some little humor. In its present amended form it provides for the substitution of the metric system immediately in all departments of the government of the United States except in the building, the survey, and the public lands, from and after the first of July, 1898. The second and most important section provides that from and after the first day of January, 1901, the metric system of weights and measures shall be the only legal system recognized in this country. The ultimate standard of weight was to be the kilogramme established at the International Convention of May 20, 1875, with the ultimate standard of length the metre, of the same bureau.

Are we to have the Metric System?

It is a rather curious psychological fact that this bustling race of Yankees, intent enough on short-cut, labor-saving methods, and with small respect for the "argument from authority"—should have discussed this question of weights and measures during more than a century without finding it possible to overcome the inertia of the present mixed system. It was a pet project with Thomas Jefferson, as early as 1790, to introduce the general use of a decimal system. When Secretary of State, his wonderfully brilliant and ingenious mind evolved a system almost identical with that subsequently adopted by French scientists after a vast deal of cogitation and labor. Jefferson urged his plan on the Senate; while the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures considered it, news came of the movement in Europe toward a uniform international system, and the American legislators decided to wait and see what the Frenchmen would do. Though they saw, we are still waiting, these one hundred and six years. Every decade or so, some well-meaning reformer in Congress has brought forward the manifest disadvantages of the system we now labor under, and quoted the figures which express our heritage of laziness in the matter; his colleagues treat his harmless hobby with good-natured amusement or fierce opposition according to their mood, and confine their enthusiasm to questions which are attended with more picturesque issues. Perhaps it will not be until a presidential candidate is nominated on a metrical platform that relief will come to the irritated metrologists and the legions of handicapped clerks. But the physicists seriously maintain, irrespective of their politics, that there is more to be gained in the reform they advocate than in any currency legislation ahead of the Fifty-fifth Congress.

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Jefferson was not the only Father of the Republic to burn the midnight oil over this wildly vexing subject. In 1820 John Quincy Adams put an extraordinary quantity of labor in a report on weights and measures, ending a panegyric on the metric system with a recommendation to forego its benefits because of the nuisance of changing everything. Considering that there were then something more than one-tenth the number of citizens that must suffer now, and something less than one-hundredth the amount of disturbance that might possibly be created, it is plain that Mr. Adams made a costly mistake. Congress has seemed, indeed, strikingly loth to avail itself of the luxurious privilege accorded by the Constitution, of regulating the standards of weights and measures. Not a single act appears until 1828, when the ultimate authority of the pound troy was very lamely invested in a pear-shaped lump of brass copied from the imperial troy pound taken from the House of Commons for that purpose. We say lamely, because the adjustment of this sacred object was attained by the addition of certain fine wires introduced in a cavity in the upper part. This brilliant arrangement prevented any determination of the density of the weight, and it has no value as a standard. After this achievement our Senators rested beneath their laurels, so far as weights and measures were concerned, until 1866, when John A. Kasson and Charles Sumner, by dint of carefully refraining from delivering the speeches they had prepared, secured the passage of an act legalizing the use of the metric system throughout the country. The bill had no obligatory clause, however, and its only actual effect was the introduction of metrical tables in text-books on arithmetic.

So the antecedents of this question, which will aid "free silver" in making work for the next Congress are, briefly: In 1790, Thomas Jefferson proved that the decimal system would save an unconscionable amount of labor; in the same year Congress decided to wait to see what France would do; in 1820, John Quincy Adams also thought that the metric system was incomparably the best, but decided that it was too much trouble to make a change; in 1866 Congress enacted that if anybody wanted to use the metric system they might do it with impunity. Let us hope that 1896 will bring a decided addition to this meagre record of legislative endeavor.

THREE hundred and odd summer schools! The Bureau of Education is the authority; and a really formidable array of circulars, programmes and curricula which have reached the writer would furnish conviction to any who needed visible support for the backbone of these statistics. This new method of occupying and edifying one's self in the vacation months is very new—a growth of the past ten years—and it has only reached these surprising dimensions in 1896, though Harvard began systematic summer work in 1869. Some of the schools are private ventures, others are run by corporations or universities, some are conducted for gain, others purely in the cause of knowledge. Some give instruction in a particular branch of science or art; some are only for teachers; some are for the general public. This combination of the picnic and the lecture-room has its forerunner in the school founded by Louis Agassiz in Penikese Island in 1873. In the next year Bishop Vincent laid the metaphorical corner-stone of Chautauqua, and to-day there are, in addition to the Alma Mater, and her tens of thousands of students, no less than fifty-nine lesser Chautauqua assemblies scattered from California to Maine and from Florida to Oregon. Nor is the summer fever for knowledge cooled by the Atlantic and Pacific; England, and Europe, including Russia, Norway, and Sweden; Japan, and even the unspeakable Turk, have gone into camp under the banners of Minerva. A goodly number of summer-school prospectuses were collected that this paragraph might inform the public, after reference to the schedules of studies, of the special subjects discussed in these assemblies. But a mere enumeration would require several instalments of the entire department, and it is safe to say that one may find represented every line of research—save those which require cumbersome laboratory appliances—from dancing and violin-playing to Kant and the Hindoo epics. The most picturesque programme, not set down in the Bureau of Education report—not yet come into fulfilment at all, indeed—provides for the summer cultivation of æsthetics, pure and simple. The projector has come to the conclusion that vacations are spent idly, or extravagantly, or both; that the beauty is gone out of them. He is a serious-minded man of a reforming tinge,

Three Hundred Summer Schools.

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and he regrets that the loveliness of the mountains, the sky, and all that in them is, passes by the average vacation-taker with no adequate or true appreciation. His form of summer school is designed to train people into a practical and outspoken sensitiveness to the beauties of nature, and the order of exercises, as actually outlined in his preliminary circulars provided, for instance, for morning walks in the pleasant secret places of the woods, under the convoy of, say, the author of "Wake Robin." Instead of passing by the dozen or more species of birds which the pilgrims might see with no more recognition than of a bunch of feathers of this hue or that, each pretty trait, song, and tint would be intelligently explained by the conductor, with, doubtless, some elucidation of the poetic thoughts which should be aroused in each instance in a well-trained mind. One can imagine and admire the opportunity offered by the discovery of a bird's nest and its store of eggs, and the point where the less ethereal discourse of the natural historian, *pur et simple*, might begin. In like manner, the afternoon might be devoted to the co-operative consideration of a mountain sunset, and there were ambitious thoughts of persuading Mr. Ruskin to interpret thus rhetorically the spiritual beauties of the White Mountains to the band of summer scholars which such a plan, with judicious advertising, could scarcely fail to gather. The flowers, of course, would come in for their share of exploitation, and the prospectus hoped to obtain the services of a very well-known artist, with a penchant for floral subjects, to accompany the peregrinations and show each blossom that was beautiful and why it was beautiful. It requires little imagination to fill in the details of the work of a so-much-needed-institution.

But the majority of the hundreds of summer schools whose sessions are now in full blast make no such delicate demands on the energies and intellects of their members. Most of them, like the great Martha's Vineyard Institute and the National Summer School at Saratoga, are for teachers exclusively. The benefits which the school-ma'am may receive from a three months' sojourn in pleasant vacation surroundings, with opportunity ever open to gather new ideas from other school-ma'ams, are obvious. No profession leads into such a deep and long rut as the teacher's, and this is the first systematic endeavor to afford any and all teachers the easy chance to know what their fellows in all parts of the world are doing and thinking. In any case, the vacation of three or four months is more than any reasonably ambitious teacher is willing to take up in pure loafing; it is a relic of the times, not wholly left behind, when the occupation of teaching was looked upon as a makeshift, a temporary misfortune preparatory to better things, or as a heartbroken recourse after final disaster. The teacher of to-day, whether of the public or private school, is coming to be a man of very different kidney. He is much more apt to hope for constant advancement in his chosen occupation; he has a sense of its dignity, and reads, or even writes, discourses on his "place" in the most serious magazines. If he is in the public school he has a consciousness that the better part of the world is behind him in defying the arts of the small politician, and the unworthy colleague who has a "pull." He flocks together at stated intervals with others of his kind, and develops almost as much *esprit de corps* as a bicyclist. Such a live young man cannot afford to let his wits luxuriate in idleness for three consecutive months, and it is he who furnishes the legitimate and most necessary material for the summer school.

The educators best qualified to judge make some criticisms of the summer-school work as it is now being carried on, while they heartily approve of the general idea. The programmes are too ambitious, they say. The work of each assembly ought to be more carefully specialized; it is impossible for one slight staff in three months to offer effectively a scheme of general culture for laymen and special training for both experienced and untrained teachers. The promise of ultimate success lies in the concentration on one of these three purposes or the teaching of a single subject. Whatever be their shortcomings, their popularity is a very much accomplished fact, and questions of Hindoo Swamis, theosophists and sociological celebrities are coming to take the place, in summer-resort desirability, of fresh eggs, rich cream, and the absence of mosquitoes.

LORD KELVIN'S jubilee furnished very little fun for that dissenting side of human nature which generally has its secret innings during the contemplation of purely ornamental and congratulatory oc-

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casions. Not many hundred years have elapsed since the men who were giving up their lives to such scientific endeavor were classed with the odds and ends of humanity, with court fools and shady priests; and the chances were decidedly better for an admiring audience before the bonfire which was to roast them, than for such an assemblage as gathered to do Lord Kelvin honor. And so far from inducing, by a full sense of his achievements, any slightest opposite current in the sympathies of his auditors, Lord Kelvin was never more striking than in the large modesty of his acknowledgments—not mere polite disclaimers, of course. With the earnestness and dignity of the philosopher he said: "One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly during fifty-five years; that word is failure. I know no more of electric and magnetic force or of the relation between either electricity and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach my students of natural philosophy fifty years ago in my first session as Professor. Something of sadness must come of failure; but in the pursuit of science, inborn necessity to make the effort brings with it much of the *certaminis gaudium*, and saves the naturalist from being wholly miserable, perhaps even allows him to be fairly happy in his daily work." These words Lord Kelvin spoke to the six hundred banqueters come together to do him honor at the jubilee celebration by the University and City of Glasgow of the fiftieth anniversary of his Professorship. Thousands of visitors from the uttermost parts of the earth took part in the three days of festivities. The grand old University buildings were decked in holiday attire, and an exhibition was made of the hundreds of inventions and physical appliances which Lord Kelvin has given to the world. A single one of these, the apparatus for deep-sea sounding, has certainly saved thousands of lives, not to speak of hundreds of millions of dollars, to the human race. One of the spectacular incidents of the celebration was the transmission of a cablegram around the world, via San Francisco, in seven and a half minutes. The great ocean cable companies, which largely owe their existence to the Professor's discoveries, were much represented from all parts of the earth; and, indeed, it was rather a tribute from humanity to the man whose life is practically identified with half a century of the progress of science than a mere compliment from a university to a professor. Not the least quality of his wonderful mind is his ability to grasp both the theory and the application of scientific truths. When this rare fact is taken into consideration, it is difficult to name another living man who means as much as he does to the world of science. He is a living defense of precocious attainments against the common idea that an early maturity of the intellectual faculties portends an equally early decline. At eleven he was already attending university classes and attracting attention to his brilliant work; and before he had reached his fifteenth year he had, in the intervals of a fortnight's trip to Germany, mastered Fourier's Theory of the Flow of Heat—which, by the way, he, while still in his teens, defended against the attacks of authoritative critics. He is now seventy-two, but his clear, active brain shows no signs of needing rest, nor of resting satisfied with the imposing array of degrees, which were lengthened considerably during the jubilee celebration.

Lord Kelvin's Jubilee.

Add to Lord Kelvin's magnificent record of scientific achievements the charm of a thoroughly lovable nature, modest, courteous, and unaffected—Professor Huxley, after their great controversy, introduced him as his successor to the presidency of the British Association with the words, "gentler knight never broke lance"—and it will not be difficult to sympathize with the enthusiasm which filled Glasgow and its visitors. It is a pleasure to every man to see honor so well bestowed, so magnificently earned.

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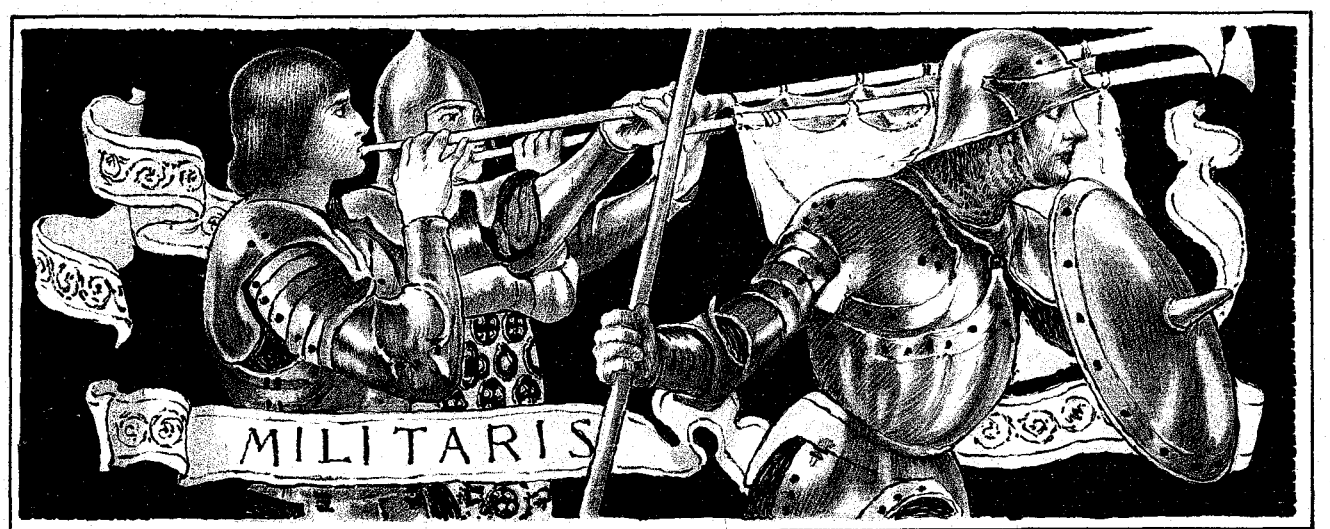

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